

Chateleine

MARCH

Ten Cents



Walter Huston and Beatrice Lillie on "What the Public Wants"

"Of course I'll go— LISTERINE got rid of my SORE THROAT"



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Chatelaine

H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director
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THEY ALWAYS tell a reporter that names make news.

Ergo, big names make big news. Which should mean something special for the series beginning this month with Walter Huston and Beatrice Lillie. These Canadian stars abroad begin a parade of brilliant men and women from the Dominion who have made an international reputation for giving the public what it wants.

What does it want? Who should know better than those who have succeeded in giving it? Edward Johnson, Ned Sparks, Reginald Stewart, Arlene Jackson and Catharine Proctor are a few of the personalities in stage, screen, radio and music who will tell you what they think about their jobs—and about you, their public.

No two opinions are alike. And the astonishing part of it is that all have attained such prominence—with vitally different approaches. Kathleen McDowell, the Toronto writer, has been cross-examining these stars—and I think you'll find her series of very definite interest.

Switching from public life to private life brings us to Gloria Queen's reasons for having a civil marriage. When we heard that this young Winnipeg girl had selected this form for her marriage vows, we asked "Why?" Her answer is frank, direct and very much to the point.

Anticipating the flood of controversial ideas that would follow this article, I sent it, instant, to the Rev. Dr. Stanley Russell, of Toronto, a noted divine who has always been particularly interested in this field of thought. Dr. Russell's reply to Gloria will be a feature of the April issue you shouldn't miss.

And if you can't resist expressing your own feelings on the subject, I'd like to see them—provided they're in letters that are short and prompt.

IN THE WELTER of manuscripts that daily flood an editorial desk, one comes across the occasional story that is really distinguished. Such a one, I think you'll agree, is "The Curse of



Kay Bell, who illustrates "The Curse of Goat's Wood."



Melanie Benett, who contributes the strange "Curse of Goat's Wood."



R. V. Gery, who fictionized for us the movie version of Baroness Orcy's "Scarlet Pimpernel."

Goat's Wood," by Melanie Benett, of Westmount, P.Q.

Here is an Irish fantasy with a haunting quality of beauty to it.

Kay Bell, the young illustrator of Mrs. Benett's story, is a Canadian artist who is practically untrained in academic fields as she spent only four months in a technical art school. Yet her work is winning acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic. She's particularly fond of painting the little folk—and her fairy illustrations are exquisite. When she was small, Kay Bell spent hour after hour in the fields, drawing not the broad landscapes, but the small, almost insignificant things—a tiny group of flowers nestling at the roots of gnarled old trees, or the fernlike outlines of graceful birches. She would spend infinite labor drawing with meticulous care so that not one beautiful line should be missed. You can see that in the loving detail of her illustrations for this story, can't you?

There's a special interest to the London Films version of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" which is fictionized for you this month, as Raymond Massey, the Canadian actor, has the rôle of Chauvelin, the villain of the piece. How are you enjoying these film stories? Any one you'd particularly like to have in story form?

Next month brings three of the best known Canadian writers to *Chatelaine* in fiction that is arresting and vivid. Leslie Gordon Barnard, of Montreal; Martha Banning Thomas, of Victoria Beach, Nova Scotia; and Bruce Hutchison, of Vancouver, will all be present. So will a word picture of that young Canadian who has caused such an uproar among Manhattan critics—Florence McGee, unexpected star of "The Children's Hour." And there'll be plenty of other features which will, we're all hoping, make April a particularly worth-while issue.

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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PUT ON THE CLOCK

by BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

DON MORRISON, freelance journalist, roaming the South Seas on far too little money, would not have exchanged his lot for that of Rockefeller or the Duke of Westminster. His ties were bargain basement; he smoked the sort of tobacco that thrifty housewives go out and buy for Charlie because it is just as good; he travelled for the most part tourist—steerage it would have been called in the days before the war; but Don didn't mind what you called it; even if you had called it sewerage, which was what it smelled like, it would have been all one to him. He didn't mind anything. The great thing was that he was travelling, that he was free.

To the Fanagi group he came in a cargo steamer, since you couldn't travel there any other way. It was a step below tourist, but Don's journalistic instinct whispered to him that a place so badly served by boats would probably turn out to be worth while. And it was so.

From the moment when he came in sight of the royal trees of Fanagi, the broad Fanagian cedars familiar to collectors of postage stamps, he felt that this was the place for him. The palace, pricking up white amid tropic green, the Fanagi chiefs, striding nobly in their silken shirts and vivid tunics along grass roads that were bordered by fruiting orange trees; the Fanagi girls, tall as the men, holding themselves like queens, and dressed like queens or movie stars, in all the colors of a flower show—these things delighted him. So did the island itself, very flat, with painted lawns and primly pretty tropic fir trees set among the cedars and the palms; it was like an old-fashioned box of German toys; it was as delightfully pre-war as Coward's "Cavalcade."

Don, post-war himself from plated head to rubbered heel, loved things pre-war. He thought they were romantic. And Fanagi hadn't a single motor car or even motor bike. The white inhabitants numbered scarce a dozen; the sole hotel, relic of early days when trade went booming, was almost

uninhabited; a little dusty place with a large bar looking out upon the grass road and the empty beach beyond. It's like a South Sea novel, Don thought, staring about him, while he drank his tea-warm beer. The sound of breakers creaming on the reef came through the wide-throated doorways; there was a southeast wind, the wanderers' wind, humming "like a silver wire" among the treetops; from polyp-fingered shrubs outside the scent of frangipanni flowers blew into the bar like smoke.

I am sure, thought Don, finishing his beer, that everyone is happy in this place. He saw himself in a faded, fly-blown mirror behind the counter; he liked the look of himself; his coat was clean and white, if the tie was shabby, and under the counter you couldn't see his shoes; and what did things like patches and broken soles matter anyhow, when you were twenty-five, with a head of hair as thick as a fur mat and the physique of an interstate football player? Girls . . .

There was a girl passing by now; he could see her in the mirror; a white girl, not a bit like these Milo-Venus Fanagi women, with their great height and their majestic walk and the coronets of black hair piled high on their heads. But pretty. But slim, in a short little frock, with a clipped head smooth as silk; bare legs, and small bare feet showing like white flowers in the grass of the roadway. Hair cedar-colored, shining, complexion pale, eyes—now that she was passing, he could see them—of an uncommon color, a very light, clear blue. Those are northern eyes, he thought. Eyes that look on giant icebergs, watch the tusked seahorses shake their heads in freezing, dark-green seas that might listen to the shout of rending icepacks in the long six months night; small mouth, red, that would know the way to the chilled lips of a man's face buried in the fur of his parka, coming home to camp . . .

These things flitted through the mind of Morrison, newspaperman, reasonless at first, afterward, linked together by

She came, running fast, on those small, bare feet of hers, as if she feared pursuit.

memories of scraps in the popular papers, references to men and enterprises long since "out of the news." And the name that they produced at last, to fling unexpectedly in his face, was "Copeland Smith."

Copeland Smith, the Arctic explorer, who had made discoveries second only to those of Nansen and Peary. Copeland Smith, who had been persuaded by his wife to take her north . . . "Mrs. Peary did; why should not I?" . . . Who had missed his supply ship, been obliged to spend six months longer than he meant, in the world of ice. Whose baby girl had been born there at the cost of her mother's life.

Copeland Smith was broken-hearted, they said. He gave up exploring and was not heard of again for many years; then, he broke suddenly and startlingly into the news by marrying a Pacific half-caste princess. That was when Don was at school; and before he had gone on to the university





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"Will you cheat them all and run off with me till it's too late and you're free?" There was a moment's pause. A parrot screamed and was silent

are always eating, always hungry, and never satisfied. The boy, who was very small, drew back with one hand over his mouth. "No, no," he said, in the island Maori that Don was beginning to understand. "No!" and his eyes dilated with horror.

"Who sent the dinner?" Don demanded. The boy didn't know. Didn't know anything. If the chief wouldn't eat, he would take the dinner back.

He did, and Don, secretly watching him, saw him throw it away behind a bush.

Pretty conclusive, he thought. About as conclusive as the dog, after all.

He lit a cigarette, and went out into the sun and the wind, foodless, save for a handful of biscuits he had picked up from the sideboard. Well, he thought, gritting his teeth, if you'd left me alone . . . but you haven't, and as nurses say to children, I'll give you something to cry for . . .

Hat on one side, cigarette in the corner of his mouth, looking as much like Admiral Beatty as he could, and feeling very like him on the whole, he set forth. The first thing was to find the girl. Blanche, daughter of the snows, left in charge of a half-caste stepmother, under age and in her power, going to marry this big lump of an Isua. Well, he was going to know why, and that jolly soon . . .

LUCK FAVORED him; he knew it would; it was his day. He found the girl down on the beach by herself, stringing frangipanni blossoms into thick, scented wreaths. She had a basket of the flowers, and seemed so hard at work that she did not see him until he came right up to her. Then she dropped the wreath she was making and gave a sharp exclamation.

"You shouldn't be here," she told him. "Go away."

He took a seat at the other end of the log on which she had placed herself. He lit another cigarette and looked at her, quite at his ease. He had never felt more certain of himself, or of what he was going to do. Yes, she was a pretty kid, a darling; he liked everything about her; he liked her clipped hair, her plain little blue frock, spoiled somewhat by the necklace of imitation pearls that was twisted two or three times about her throat, and left to dangle loosely—but you couldn't expect her to know about things like that . . . And when she spoke, he liked the sound of her voice; a silver voice it was, sweet and cool. Bathsheba's voice was gold, hot gold and velvet; well, let her keep it; didn't want it or her; he could imagine some men—most men—would fall in

love with her at sight, as Copeland Smith had done; and for sure, if once you did let yourself go with Bathsheba you would never belong to yourself again. He was glad he wasn't likely to see much more of her; even if she had sent him that dinner, and if it was what he suspected, she was so vital, brilliant, that one could imagine oneself denying an accusation one knew to be true. Even to stand beside her, listen to her speaking, made you see a new color in the sea, feel a new keenness in the scent of the flowers. That was her secret, no doubt. She sharpened your senses as a schoolboy sharpens a pencil; and when she'd done all that what were you going to write with it?

With an effort, he put Bathsheba from his mind. This fair girl, Blanche, the snow-bird astray in the tropic world, was his concern; no one else. If there'd been more time—it was absurd to start wooing a girl you had never met before, proposing impossibilities to her—but what could you [Continued on page 28]

A WHITE GIRL IMPRISONED IN THE MAGICAL BEAUTY OF A SOUTH SEAS ISLAND . . AND A FREELANCE JOURNALIST, AFRAID ONLY OF BEING BOUND. YOU'LL FIND A STARTLING DENOUEMENT TO THIS FATEFUL LOVE STORY

Illustrated by John F. Clymer



he heard of Copeland Smith's death. It had impressed him, because his one desire was to become an Arctic or Antarctic explorer himself, and he'd fully intended to do so, until he grew up and found that the family money had melted away, and that even if it hadn't, he could never have raised the thousands necessary. So he had to content himself with hanging Copeland Smith's picture in his two-room flat, and going "exploring" in the lesser known places of the Pacific.

This girl, he would have staked his life, was the child who had once been front-page news; Blanche, well-named daughter of the snows, now inexplicably stranded on the coral shores of Fanagi. Left with her stepmother, he thought, and a confounded shame if she is. She is like her father; a good-looking chap he was, a rover, and too fond of the girls, but that half-white princess seems to have pinned him down properly.

He wondered what sort of person she might be, this Princess Bathsheba, daughter of a British post-captain who had loved and left, and a Fanagi princess who they said, had been tied in a bag and dropped over the deep side of the reef after her child was born. They had kept the child; he supposed it was because, in the islands, a man-of-war captain is the next thing to a god . . .

The girl had vanished; she went as fast as a running bird, and like a bird was gone as soon as you looked at her. He was sure she had seen him spying in the mirror; he wondered if she minded . . . Girls, as a rule, did not mind being looked at by Don Morrison.

He set down his glass and strolled into the empty, dusty lounge. Does no one ever come here, he thought, no one except the chap who serves the drinks, and wandering birds like me? The barman had left the bar; was in the hotel dining room, talking to somebody. Morrison found himself listening; the other person had an amazingly attractive voice. A woman's voice. She was discussing some prosaic question of victualling, but she sounded as if she were making love . . .

HE MADE a step forward, looked into the dining room and saw a woman of Fanagian build, six feet tall, with masses of thunder-black hair twisted up on her head into one huge coil wreathed with pearls. Bare arms and neck of a rich cream color, like the frangipanni flowers outside. Immense brown eyes, as shining and as hard as Baltic amber. The figure of a Victory, outlined, folded draperies that blew back in the streaming wind against her splendid torso and long limbs. Bathsheba, without doubt. And a nice taste the fellow had, thought Don; ten years ago or whenever it was, she must have been handsome enough to whistle the birds off the trees. She is now, if she chose. They say Queen Carry, is a silly, fat little thing who does everything she's told; they say Bathsheba would have been queen, if her mother hadn't played up as she did. And a proper queen she would have made. She's fire, she's ginger, she'd not let the grass grow under those handsome feet of hers, if she wanted a thing and saw her way to get it.

Thus he thought, lazily, drugged and held by the sensuous beauty of the place, the warmth and perfume of the afternoon, the sleepy sounding drone of the coral reef. There

seemed to be no hurry about anything; the island of Fanagi was wrapped in peace and dreams.

Bathsheba the Princess came forward. "Who is this?" she asked the barman. "He's a gent from off the cargo boat," the fellow answered. "Come to see the island."

"Does he know," she demanded, "that there'll be no boat for six weeks after this one is gone, and does he know she goes this afternoon?"

"I reckon so," the barman answered, above the roar of the ship's steam whistle, sounding the first call.

"You've made a mistake," said Bathsheba the Princess, continuing to stare over Don's head, as she had done from the first, and addressing the barman, who, it seemed, was proprietor and caterer as well. "You have no rooms to spare."

"That's right," he agreed. "I made a mistake."

"You will have this gentleman's baggage brought down to the steamer before it leaves."

"That's right."

"And about the meat—be sure it's all delivered before seven tomorrow morning. The dancing begins at ten."

"That's—I mean, yes, ma'am, certainly."

Bathsheba, shaking perfumes as she went, swung out of the dining room without taking the slightest notice of Morrison. A two-horse buggy waited outside; she got in and galloped away.

"Sorry, I'll have to turn you out," the barman lifelessly said, picking his teeth.

"The deuce you will," was Morrison's reply. "There's a British consul here, I believe."

"He's gone visiting the outer islands, and anyhow he don't interfere in native affairs."

"You'll put me up, or I'll have your license taken away."

"I can't do it even if you could, and you'd have to go to Auckland first. Look here, take my tip and go back to the boat. If she's taken a set against you—"

"But how could she? She doesn't know me, and if she did—"

The man cast his eyes considerably over Don's tall figure, scanned his fine, well-cut features and his merry grey eyes. He seemed to take note, as well, of Don's shabby clothes. He did not miss the fraying tie or the patch on one shoe.

"Take my tip," he repeated. "For your sort—it's safer."

"But what is my sort?" Don indignantly demanded. "I don't understand."

"You ain't got to, and I wish you wouldn't come bothering, with all this on my hands as it is."

"All what?"

"The feast tomorrow—most of it from here."

"What feast?"

"Wedding feast. Bathsheba's stepdaughter, who's her ward by law, and Prince Isua."

"Are they going to marry that girl to a native?"

"Well, you can put it that way if you like, but her father thought it good enough, and so did her step-grandfather, come to that. I wish you'd leave a chap alone. I wish you'd go back to the boat—and look here, for the last time, it's safer."

The steamer shouted again. "There! she'll be gone in five

minutes; she don't keep to the regular three calls. I've a boy will carry you—"

"You haven't. I've come to see the place and I'm staying."

He strolled out of the hotel and stood watching the Fanagians, men and women go down the grassy road. "That's Prince Joshua, or Isua, as they pronounce it," the barman said over his shoulder. "Fine chap, ain't he?"

Don thought the Fanagian was certainly a handsome man and fairly civilized-looking, but as a mate for Copeland Smith's daughter, prince or no prince, he was—to Don's Australian mind—unthinkable. It's up to me to do something, he thought, but what? He felt like a man in a train, who sees the telegraph posts fly past, as thick as reeds, knows that the station is nearly there, and realizes that he hasn't left himself time to pack up and get ready . . .

AFTER AN aimless walk, he returned to the hotel to find his luncheon waiting. It was served on a tray by a small native boy, who informed him that the meal was "a present." Native presents be hanged, thought Don, who had already in his travels encountered several such. They cost more than they're worth, in trade goods, later on.

Everything was decorated with flowers, done up in leaves. He chose a dish of palusami—taro tops cooked in coconut cream—put his fork into it, and was about to begin, when he caught sight in a mirror, of the native child watching him with mouth open and eyes excitedly staring. The boy seemed frightened . . .

Damn it, he thought, there's something wrong with this, and it isn't as easy as a book, after all. If it was in a book, there'd be a dog handy and I'd chuck him some of this and see if he wouldn't fall dead. No, I'd not. I like dogs.

He poised his fork again, drew back again, and finally held out the plate to the boy. "I'm not hungry," he said. "You can have it." Now we'll see what he'll do; native kids



Marguerite Blakeney, beautiful wife of "the biggest fool in England."

book wordlessly and took it back. Then the Comte turned to his wife. "Come!" he said with great dignity, and together the four passed to the waiting tumbril.

In the courtyard of the Conciergerie, however, another officer tapped the Comte on the shoulder. "You are remanded," he said shortly. "Citizen Robespierre wants to see you."

The Comte was led away, and his wife, the Vicomte and Suzanne entered the vehicle. Rumbling and bumping over the cobbles, it headed for the Place de la Guillotine. Suzanne leaned on her mother's shoulder and shuddered.

"Courage!" whispered the Comtesse. "The Scarlet Pimpernel is working to save us. He's never failed yet."

"He's—he's too late," Suzanne faltered.

All at once the tumbril came to a stop. Another cart, driven by a frightful old hag, had pulled directly across its path. She and the tumbril driver plunged into a bitter, acrimonious argument, while the crowd milled around the prisoners, shouting and jeering. For minutes the procession was held up, and then there was a sudden diversion.

A man sprang on to the sill of a high window in a house opposite. His voice rang high above the uproar.

"Long live the king of France!" it cried.

Treason! Here, in the midst of the Revolution! A cry such as that? The crowd stared upward, and fists began to shake.

"Long live the king of France!"

The man was out of the window now, and on the roof, scrambling away. As if with one notion in its fickle head the crowd went racing after him; even the tumbril driver stared and stared. Then he turned back to his charge and went

abruptly green. The tumbril stood empty. The hag and her cart had disappeared.

SUCH WAS a typical Scarlet Pimpernel rescue. Evading the sentries at the gates of Paris, by the pretense that her cart contained a case of plague, the hag—alias the Scarlet Pimpernel—drove rapidly into the country, where a coach met the fugitives. A day later they were on a vessel bound for England, and Suzanne spoke excitedly to Sir Andrew Ffoulkes, one of the Pimpernel's adherents.

"At last I'll be able to see my best friend—"

The Comtesse interrupted. "If you mean Marguerite St. Just," she said coldly, "I will not have that woman's name mentioned in my presence."

Suzanne hesitated. "But mother—you can't believe that dreadful story?"

"What story?" Ffoulkes asked.

"It's the truth," said the Comtesse. "Marguerite St. Just denounced the Marquis de St. Cyr and his family to the Tribunal. They went to the guillotine."

"Marguerite St. Just!" exclaimed Ffoulkes.

"She married an Englishman. D'you know her?"

"Know her?" Ffoulkes laughed. "Everybody in London knows Lady Blakeney."

And meanwhile in Paris, Robespierre, with a hastily summoned Chauvelin in attendance, was talking to De Tournay.

"De Tournay," he said shortly, "I'm making you an offer. We offer you your life. All we ask is that in return you get in touch with your English friends—and tell us who is the man known as the Scarlet Pimpernel."

De Tournay drew himself up.

"You want me to be a spy, eh?"

"A little piece of information, De Tournay—for your life."

"As for my life, God gave it, and he will take it away as soon as it pleases him. But now my family has gone to the guillotine, my one wish is to follow them."

The Comte's last sight of his wife and children had been in the tumbril. Robespierre looked at him queerly.

"Would it alter your outlook if we told you your family was alive?"

"Don't trifle with me," said the Comte.

"They are alive," Robespierre said. "The—Scarlet Pimpernel snatched them away. Probably they are in England by this."

IN ENGLAND, that very fine gentleman, insufferable cad, and general nuisance, the Prince of Wales, was a worthy leader to a set of [Continued on page 80]



"He's a note in his cuff," said Chauvelin. "Get it! Or else . . ."

It was driven by a frightful old hag . . .



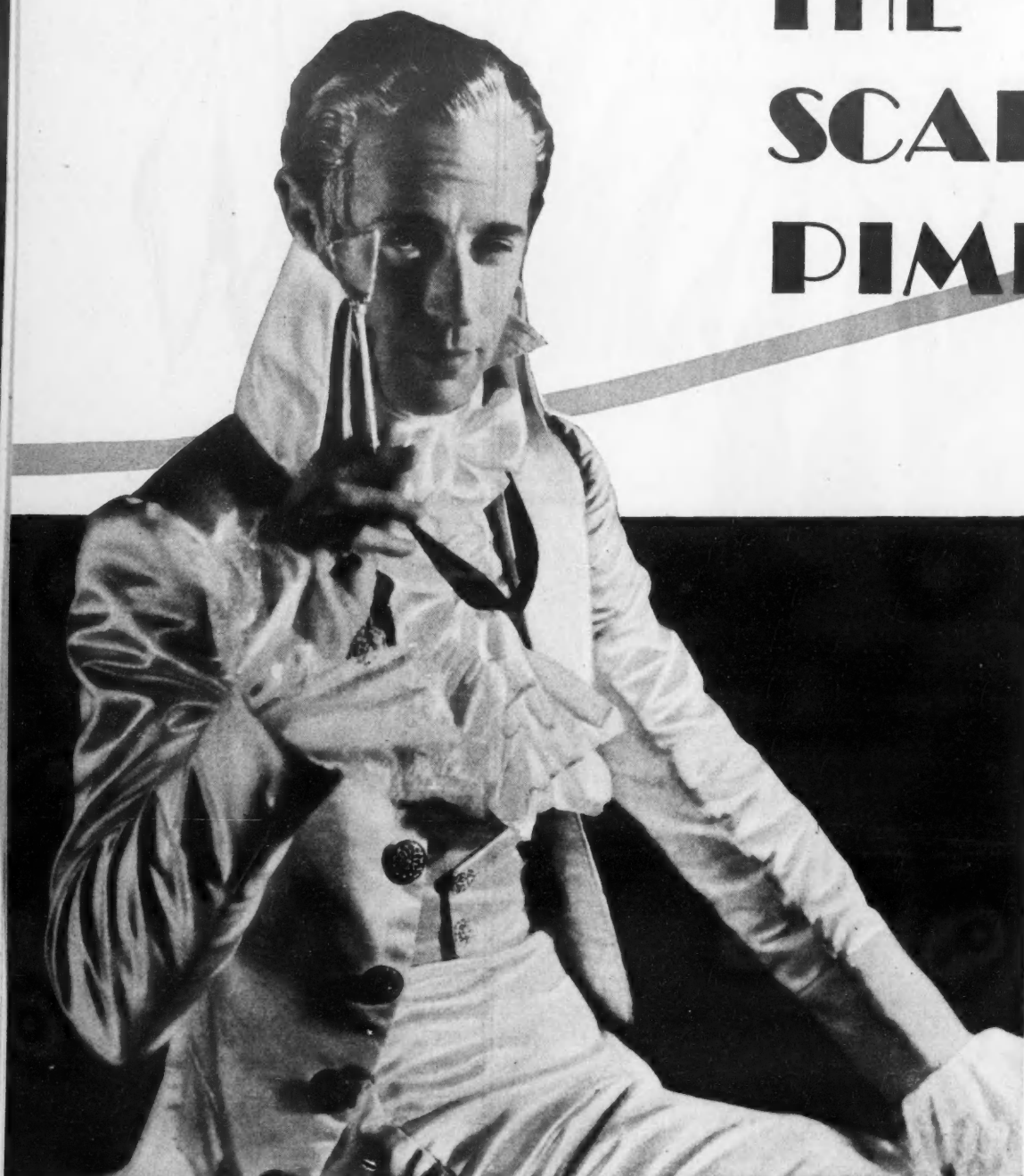
Fictionized by R. V. GERY

Based on the London Films version of Baroness Orczy's famous novel



"Courage," whispered the Comtesse. "It's—it's too late" faltered Suzanne.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL



IT IS PARIS, in the summer of 1792. After three years of turmoil, the Revolution is apparently insatiable as ever—insatiable for blood, the blood of its foes. In the ghastly Place de la Guillotine, the tumbrils still roll up to the scaffold with their pitiful burden, the little doctor's "humane" invention still releases its thundering triangular knife, the heads still drop into the basket. By the hundred they have died and are still dying—the aristocrats, the enemies of the Revolution. Robespierre, the half-maniac little country lawyer now at the head of the Committee of Public Safety, seems to be indulging himself in a carnival of slaughter that is to culminate in these next months with the beheading of a king and queen of France.

Nevertheless, citizen Robespierre is a good deal perturbed. For months now, rescues have been engineered—rescues of these accursed *aristos* condemned by the Tribunal to die. An Englishman is effecting these incredibly daring rescues; an Englishman who, with the devil's own impudence, leaves his signature each time he flouts authority. The signature is a tiny drawing of a wayside flower—the scarlet pimpernel. But who this Scarlet Pimpernel may be, or how and where he works, is a matter citizen Robespierre and his Committee would give much to know.

Across in England itself, unofficially at the Court, they have citizen Chauvelin, a lean fox of a man. Chauvelin has been told by the terrible little lawyer to find out the truth about this Scarlet Pimpernel, or else—And Robespierre's

"or else" means the guillotine, as Chauvelin is uncomfortably aware.

In the gloomy Conciergerie in Paris, the condemned spend their last days, waiting for the dread invitation to enter that rattling, sordid conveyance, and pass amid the yells of the populace to their doom. All ages are these condemned, of both sexes—old men and women, young boys and girls. But all of them, with hardly an exception, seem to know the way to die. *Noblesse oblige*—the pride that refuses to bow before the will of the mob, even if that will spells death. In the wide, barrack-like hall they talk, and jest, and play chess, while the children, for there are children here too, run and laugh at their merry games.

In such a setting, two men sat over a chess-board, while a younger man looked on. The elder of the two players, a grave, thoughtful personage, with an air of quiet authority, was the Comte de Tournay. In the old days, when Louis was still on the throne, he had been fully accredited ambassador to England—the post Chauvelin now held in an unofficial, semi-recognized form. The younger man was his son, the Vicomte de Tournay.

A little apart, the Comtesse was seated, writing, and behind her, Suzanne, her daughter, stands watching the children at play. If it were not for the grim surroundings one might imagine that they were at home in some tree-shadowed château out in smiling France.

De Tournay's opponent leaned back. "Thank heaven for

this game of chess!" he said fervently. "It enables us to forget disagreeable realities."

The Comte smiled and shook his head. "I'm not so sure about that," he said. "I'm not so sure it is a good thing, after all. We've been too detached from reality, all of us, all our lives. That's why," he dropped his voice, "we're here now, waiting to be shaved by the national razor."

He looked up abruptly as someone pronounced his name. "Comte de Tournay?"

It was a young priest, in soutane and shovel hat, who had just entered. Under his arm he carried the usual breviary, and he now stood by the chess-table looking gravely at De Tournay and his companions.

"At your service, *monsieur l'abbé*!" said the Comte rising. "You desired—"

The priest took his book and opened it. "I desire to show you this, citizen. If you will look at the passage I have marked, your spirits will surely be uplifted."

De Tournay smiled again and bowed. "We're not afraid to die, *mon père*!" he said.

"Nevertheless," returned the priest in a significant undertone, "it is sometimes better to—live!"

De Tournay shot a swift glance at him. Then he took the book and inspected the opened page. A slip of paper had been inserted in it, with the single word: "Courage!" Then followed the by now well-known little device of the scarlet flower with spreading petals. De Tournay looked at the priest, and in spite of his iron control, hope blazed in his eyes. The priest put his finger to his lips and indicated by a gesture that the book should be passed round. The Comtesse, Suzanne and the Vicomte all saw it, and their faces cleared.

Then they darkened again, as there came a hateful, ominous clatter at the door. An officer entered, with the chief jailer.

"How many, *mon capitaine*?" the latter asked.

"Sixty-four today," said the other. "Robespierre gives Madame Guillotine extra fodder today."

He began reading out names in a harsh voice. "The *ci-devant* Duc de Tours—the *ci-devant* Abbé de Sans Preux—the *ci-devant* Mademoiselle de Bour-nard—the *ci-devant* Comte de Tournay and family. . ."

They stared at each other, and at the priest, who reached for his



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He had been born in the sign of those mortals who are always just missing a violent end.

"Member," he asked, "the time I fell out of the top of that pig-nut tree and just happened to catch a limb halfway down?"

"And the time," countered Spider, "you just missed yourself with your dad's burglar pistol? And we dug in the ground for an hour where the bullet went and never got that deep."

They had skirted a damp, shady locality where the jack-in-the-pulpit grew; and the rather dismal wild geranium, a lavender flower with a delicate, cold green leaf. Now they climbed a rocky escarpment on this side of a wooded height. Along the top were columbines, little red and gold lanterns hung to their stems by thin fibre. And here, too, were the rarest and most prized of all the native wild flowers, the little orchids called Lady's Slippers.

"Member Betty Proutt? She always wanted to get her name on the board the most times for flowers. She used to get fellas to get them for her and then bring them in herself."

"Yeah, the darn' little cheater. And she'd pick buds and then get 'em open some ways with her tongue."

"Let's build a fire. Know what? Let's build a hut."

With their jackknives they cut poles and made a lean-to against a rock, lacing in the roof and sides with fragrant pine boughs. They lounged on the carpet of pine needles in the doorway of the hut, watching the fire. Turkey opened his knapsack which he had flung on the ground.

"I don't s'pose you brought any grub," he said. "Never mind. I guess I got enough." He opened the canvas flap and peered inside. "I got some hunks of bread. And some rashers of bacon—"

Gee, what a slick word, rashers. Turkey always knew the good words that made him sound as if he knew a lot.

"How many rashers you got?"

"About twenty rashers. Good long rashers, too."

"Boy, I bet a coupla guys could live a long time on twenty good rashers of bacon." [Continued on page 51]

and clawed the air. Right in front of him on the hump where he was bound to land was a big old fat watersnake.

The reptile, doubtless alarmed on its own behalf, slithered hastily but none too soon into the brook. Turkey landed white and shaken, just where the snake had been coiled. Spider raised the airgun and fired, but the snake only reared its ugly head. Once more, after recocking the gun, Spider fired, but without effect. The monster slipped out of sight among the water weeds.

"Whyntcher hit it?" cried Turkey.

"I did, but the shots just bounced right off'n him."

"I guess that's right. You couldn't kill no snake like that with no air rifle. Boy, I betcha he was six feet long."

"I only saw about half of him," said Spider, "and that was three feet long anyways."

"Didja hear him snarl when he stuck his head out?"

Spider had thought he had imagined he heard a sort of a hiss. "Did I!" he cried. "Say, we better get out of here. His wife's li'ble to come back after us. They do."

"Sure they do. Say, d'y' expect he was poisonous?" When you've just been not bitten by a snake you naturally want it to be as deadly a one as possible.

"He was a moccasin. And beside a moccasin a rattler is a nice safe snake." Turkey shivered with delight.



"I have my own subtle ways of holding a man" she said.

LADY SLIPPERS

by
ARTHUR T. MUNYAN

Illustrated by John Holmgren



He turned to her on a sudden,
fierce impulse. "Lois—wait for me!"

AS HE CAME out on the high rock ledge above the road he felt his throat contract suddenly at the familiar vista now lovely in the raiment of April. The road curved past and went winding away out of sight, and a brook tumbled along beside it. The brook plunged under it and meandered off across green meadows, a thread of silver. He followed it with his gaze to where it vanished against rocky wooded hills beyond. All about him the world was vibrant with spring.

The stir of new life was exciting, almost visible. There was a murmur of it in the air, and an earthy smell of spring torrents. The maples were like tall exquisite coral in the gay red of their buds, and other trees were putting on new leaves of a green so fragile that it seemed to come from a palette of April sunlight. Young Edward Martin's blood sang with an ecstasy that was part pure joy and part a vague, restive sadness. Something faintly oppressed him.

He was a boy, with an adolescent's dread of being alone. He felt that dread now. The loveliness, the wonder of spring, only made it sharper. He wished Turkey Merritt was here—

And saw, as if in instant answer to his wish, a movement in the meadow below. It was Turkey. In a pitch of excitement he made a trumpet with his hands and shouted:

"Oick! Oick! Oick! Hi, Tur-key. Wait for me!"

Turkey turned after some seconds. His answer came faintly seconds later.

"Hi, Spider. Hurry up!"

Spider Martin went scrambling down over the rocks. He skipped across the road. The springy sod went squidge, squidge under his feet as he loped across the meadow and came up to his friend, panting.

"Gee, whyntcher wait for me?"

"I came over to your house," said Turkey.

"So did I came over to yours. Your Annie said you'd gone—"

"Aw, that crazy biddy! What'll we do now?"

Spider hesitated. "I was lookin' for flowers."

"Aw, what we want of flow-w-ers?"

"Nothing—only—"

They were both silent. Flowers were kid stuff, grammar grade stuff. They were past that. Yet it seemed too bad to drop all that secret lore of the woods they had gained in years past. Turkey said: "Oh, we might 's well go where they are." They had to walk somewhere.

So they followed a tortuous course: along the stone wall where bloodroot and furry-leaved hepaticas hid; along the brook for cowslips, wild iris, white violets and the long-stemmed pale blue ones.

The two grew reminiscent. "'Member Gimp Miles? Nut! How he used to stick a violet in ammonia or somepn and say, 'Ooo, teacher, lookut the pink violet I found—'"

"Yeh. And he tried it on Auntie Choate in the six' grade. Gee, he never done that again."

"Look at the skunk cabbage over there. Pfui! 'Member when Pig Lunt brought one to school and says, 'Lookut, Miss Choate, I brought in the first skunk cabbage.' 'Yeah,' and she says, 'and the last one, too, if you're wise.' And she give him a sock on the bean with that silver-headed pencil of hers—gee, it weighed a pound!—and could she sock!"

"Yeah, and pinch! She did it with her knuckles some ways. She'd get your ear in her knuckles and twist the same time. Boy, you knew it!"

"She wasn't so worse, though. She could learn you grammar. She was nuts about grammar."

"Language, too. She'd learn you language—or break her arm—trying . . . Hold my air rifle a minute, will you?"

Turkey's talk had become punctuated by froglike leaps. They were crossing a section of pasture which was made up of grassy hummocks placed like stepping-stones in the swampy ground. He had a long jump to manage.

Poising on one foot, he swung the other one for aim and impetus, then launched himself high and wide—In mid-flight he suddenly emitted a blood-curdling yell of terror

"A Good Laugh and a Good Cry"

says

BEATRICE LILLIE

ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT introduces Beatrice Lillie as "The Canadian Catastrophe," meaning, no doubt, a momentous event which may or may not be a misery to man. Then, he adds on an aside, "Also Toronto's nightingale"—and she says, "I sing, but how!"

America's favorite raconteur, be it known, is the same Alexander Woolcott, "The Town Crier" and gossip of radio fame. Beatrice Lillie in private life, as he would say, is "Lady Peel" to you, and England's greatest comédienne. She is the friend of George Bernard Shaw, Noel Coward, Rudy Vallee and others of the great and near great. But it was Beatrice Lillie, the stage comédienne and radio star, whom I visited in her New York apartment to ask for *Chatelaine*, "What does the public want in entertainment?"

Should anyone know better? To get a serious answer from her is like trying to catch a firefly. She is hospitable, gracious, unassuming and natural. She is nervously sensitive and jumpy, and it all makes up a lovable, funny mixture, but not a straight answer to anything, although it does give a nice, subtle, indirect one.

The day I called at her apartment overlooking the East River, one of the worst storms of the year was being slashed in from the ocean by a cyclonic east wind. To try and "rise up" to a brilliant scintillating mind, while the wind blew through my rattling bones, was just too much. I was virtually blown off the elevator into her hall to find it filled with heavy blue smoke. "Tut, tut and egad," I thought to myself. "Beatrice Lillie burning incense! I simply can't bear it." And I wrestled viciously with my overshoes. There seemed to be at least five strong women all in grey, opening and shutting doors, and then, Beatrice Lillie—in grey—hurried down the wide hall and we went together into a cheerful English living room. She attacked the fireplace immediately, explaining between gasps and chokes that some gadget in the flue needed to be pushed some mysterious way.

The waft of smoke that came out then smelled like pine needles. Hopefully, I mumbled that observation. She gave me a quick, sharp look and said, "It just smells like smoke to me!" And, after darting off to close more windows and doors, she remarked sadly, "I did so want a bright fire on a day like this." She then slumped weakly into a chair—only to spring up vindictively and bang a large log on the smoldering blaze. She dusted her hands off in a most profane manner.

Thinking all pestilence and fires over, I sank into the most feathery dull red chesterfield beside the hearth. Miss Lillie assured me cheerfully that it would probably smother me to death as I'd never be able to rise out of it. She preferred to sit quite upright on a stiff carved chair by her son's life-size portrait on the side wall. She looked at me and waited expectantly. So blythe, as she is, she gave little motherish signs of being lonesome, but being her son's first term at Harrow she felt that Easter must be the time for their holiday visit. "You see, I'm very busy now," she explained. "I am on my first radio contract and—well, I'm just petrified, I really am; my tummy turns right over every time I stand in front of the mike." That was surprising, and I asked why an artist of her stage experience should have "mike-jitters."

She twisted about on her lumpy carving and said, sticking her chin out as far as possible: "They say to me: 'There are meel-y-uns and meel-y-uns listening to you,' and then they don't expect me to be the least self-conscious." And she quickly gathered her feet up under her.

"Were you ever self-conscious on the stage?" I asked. "No," she answered. "Well, if I ever was, I never repeated the thing again;" and she took a nervous turn around the room, finally lighting on the red feathery chair opposite. "In doing sketches," she said: "the laughs we expect sometimes never come off, so I put it in the back of my head not to do it again and use instead the spontaneous thing that just comes up." Here her work is the opposite to that of Mr. Walter Huston, who does not deviate from the written line, though both are true to life in their own way. I reminded Miss Lillie of an encore she used—in "This Year of Grace," I think—where she seized the red and white check tablecloth as she came out and made herself a Spanish dancer's shawl of it. Instead of dancing, she sprang lightly over the back of the chesterfield and was gone. Because it was Beatrice Lillie it was funny. And there she agrees: she says, "The public likes me best when I am being myself—and in satire. 'Oh, Please' was loved in Canada. In it, many of the best things were quite spontaneous, which is one of the reasons I like the stage best. I like doing the things I have the most fun in doing." Mr. Huston agrees with this point perfectly—even if it is not a financial success.

"How about your audience?" I asked. "Naturally, I get inspiration from it," and she added rather behind her hand as though hiding the thought, "if they aren't laughing I get along quickly."

Just then a door banged a couple of good healthy bangs, and she rose from her chair like the aforementioned firefly. Eventually, that draught died down and when she was drawn, came back again to the subject. She told me in all seriousness that when she gave a sketch—for instance, of a waitress—it was her own peculiar observations of a particular waitress she had seen, and when she sang Galli Curci's song about the fairies it was based on the Galli Curci style. But I said, "You do it in your own way." Up went the hand again in front of her mouth; she looked a question but said nothing. Perhaps she doesn't like to think that the Beatrice Lillie personality comes through everything, for she confided she never admired acting which made one conscious of the actor.

It has always been her personal ambition to do "a straight." She longs to do pathos as every comédienne does, and when she sang "World Weary" she didn't think anyone would have the heart to laugh. They did, and I have a secret feeling it made the artist in her feel rather badly. She says even her feet are supposed to be funny: she herself, had never been aware of that, so that when she played the straight legitimate part of a nurse first, as she had seen many an efficient nurse in life, the audience roared and laughed as she stepped on the stage. The way she put down her feet—heel very much first—was cartooned next day. She said, "It isn't fair, it simply isn't fair; they laughed before I even walked." She looked at me rather critically and said, "Do you think my feet are funny?"

They seemed rather expressive feet to me as they were held out in their brown suede walking shoes; so, evading, I suggested that maybe her walk was too efficient. Whereupon she jumped up to demonstrate—her red knitted ascot tie flying out behind her in her zeal. "Anyway," she said, "I hadn't even walked." But after all, what was the use? If it hadn't been the hands or the feet or the expression, or the walk, or the tilt of the head, in this instance it would have been the red tie flapping down the back of her beautifully hand-knit grey suit. The front view was very correct with its red strip down the jumper to pop the red buttons through, but when she had got fussy with the fire she had thrown the collar behind as the limb of Satan. It wiggle-waggled and did things with her now. Beatrice Lillie is Beatrice Lillie on and off the stage and that, after all, is why the public like her.

Bernard Shaw's play, "Too True to be Good," was the first straight play she tried. There was a bit in the first act and part of the second act which couldn't have suited her better, if written for her personally. She wanted to play the Theatre Guild's latest play by Shaw in a straight legitimate way; that is, no fooling, no ad-libbing, for who would dare take liberties with Shaw? Beatrice Lillie certainly did not intend to. She tried to memorize her lines with care. She said she would put them under her pillow at night, turn off the light. Try and say them. Get up and turn on the light. Read them. Turn off the light. [Continued on page 45]



COMING! In succeeding issues the notable Canadian entertainers who have made an international reputation for giving the public what it wants, will appear in crisp, colorful interviews. Watch for Edward Johnson, Reginald Stewart, Catharine Proctor, Ned Sparks, Arlene Jackson and other vivid personalities.

WHAT DO WE LIKE?

"A Human Play about People We Know"

says WALTER HUSTON



INTERVIEWS BY KATHLEEN McDOWELL

WHAT DOES the public want? Or doesn't it know? What is good entertainment? Why does one play succeed and another flop? Why is one picture a gold mine and another a box-office funeral?

Said *Chatelaine*: "Go and find out. Ask some of the artists, because they are practical as well as artistic successes."

So, one bright day, I went off to find genius in its den—wherever genius lives. In New York I found and talked with Walter Huston, Beatrice Lillie, Edward Johnson and Catharine Proctor, as well as Arlene Jackson, Leonidoff and Rogge, and many other well-known Canadians. In Toronto I interviewed Reginald Stewart, Geoffrey Waddington and others of the musical and radio world, as well as the droll Ned Sparks, who was having a short breathing spell away from Hollywood. Many of these artists agree on fundamental points but heartily disagree on others, as you will find that you never get views reflected by one or more.

To Walter Huston I went first, because he is not only a noted artist, but in the illustrious George Cohan's opinion, "America's greatest actor." Hollywood must also agree, for when its directors wanted a star to portray Abraham Lincoln, who was not only a great man but a human one with broad understanding, charitable and benevolent, they chose Walter Huston, a Canadian. He will always be remembered in that rôle, and everyone will be glad that he left the movies rather than do any twaddly character for box-office receipts.

Walter Huston has that gift of knowing what the people both need and like in entertainment. A master in interpreting the human emotions, he diligently seeks the truth. As he is both versatile in his work and resolute in his character, he selects the human play which embodies this characteristic; for even the most amiable person may be obstinate and determined on a few points. He demands a play that rings true to life and believes you do, too. He doesn't think you care for a sham play with sham acting, but one so true that it takes you completely out of yourself and makes you live it with him. And what kind of a play is that?

"What kind of play *do* we like the best?" I asked, while visiting in his dressing room at the theatre where he is play-

ing the leading rôle in "Dodsworth," a dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's famous book. Mr. Huston looked at me thoughtfully. "You like a play that has people in it whom you feel you can know." He spoke definitely: "A fine play is a play in which the characters live. It always attracts, even if it is tragedy, though tragedy has not so wide an appeal, because people have too much of it in their own lives. They enjoy the pleasant things, the human things."

Mr. Huston was a little late and making-up for his part in "Dodsworth." Watching him reminded me of the scene in the play where the husband and wife get undressed for the night, popping in and out of the sitting room of their hotel suite while they talk over the evening's party—just as chummy husbands and wives do in real life. As Dodsworth, Mr. Huston made his exit in a very sketchy and ridiculous attire, getting thereby a great laugh. I asked him if all audiences laughed as heartily at the same spot. He answered with a twinkle, "They do—even in Philadelphia," meaning, people like the informal human touch the world over; and he uses it.

He went on, rubbing in his make-up as he sat in front of the dressing table, but being gifted he could talk intelligibly with his mouth straight, in an "O" or sidewise. It was fascinating. He said: "That's why 'Dodsworth' is such a success. The people are ordinary human beings and you get to know them so well." We all know that in life, let alone the stage, we are neither diverted nor amused by something like—well, like a stone. It may be dependable and useful, but not entertaining unless we understand stone life. We like what we know.

"And you must realize," he continued, "humor and tragedy depend on who writes them;" and turning sidewise in his chair he said: "The mood has to be true to the spirit of the play and to the character building; this makes you feel you know the people. Anything that furthers that for the ultimate finale of the play is good."

"Also, in portraying character never take anything from outside," Mr. Huston pointed out. "In this play, I must know how Dodsworth really feels when he leaves his business. I must tell the truth about him at all times." Of course,

I remembered the good old saw about there being a lack of intelligence and courage when one does not tell the truth, but running true in an interpretation of a character by every tone of voice, facial expression, gesture, walk and attitude of mind is another thing. It requires art and intelligence to make it convincing. "Shakespeare is not convincing now when done in the old ranting way. The day of ranting is over," he declared. This was not hard to believe, for his "Othello" was a success because he approached it, he said, not from the intellectual point of view, but from life.

"As Othello was a Moor," explained Mr. Huston, "I studied his time and his background." Here he assumed the Moor's tranquillity and poses, one following rhythmically after another in smooth, slow motion. I did not wonder he had packed 12,000 people at Central City, Colorado, into the open-air theatre last summer. But he was now interpreting Abraham Lincoln, with his head thrown back and his arms out in the gesture of giving; then in reverie with head down and hands clasped behind his back. He assured me that he had read everything about Lincoln he could find, and all his letters. From the Great Emancipator he went to his character in the "Bad Man," looking evilly out from under his eyebrows with a threatening slouch. I asked how he could interpret that type with such realism, and he said: "I went about where those kind of people lurk and watched them. One must also get their attitude of mind."

At this point he reached for his collar and tie—and a fierce green tie it was! The collar wouldn't go on; the valet took it and handed it to him again for a fresh beginning. It turned out to be a wrestling match and having witnessed many, many others of the same kind, I twitched a little uneasily in my chair. "Is *this* my collar?" asked Mr. Huston. "Yes, sir," said the valet smartly. He took a hurried try at it again. "Are you sure it's my size?" he choked. "Yes, it is, sir," very firmly. He took it off and they both looked at it. "Was it the collar I wore at the matinée?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then, it goes on." And he went at it with patient purpose, no temper, no shredding it to pieces. The collar went on, but the tie continued the struggle.

Mr. Huston uses the same patient [Continued on page 45]

Illustrated by Ralph Pallen Coleman



With her heart in her throat she ran and turned him over. His lips were blue, his face like wax.

With embarrassment she admitted that she could not. "Okay, then. I'll do it. I'm rather smug about my bannocks. 'Nough wood, I think. Come over here."

At the plane he indicated the landing ski, two hardwood runners, six feet long and one wide, turned up in front. "See these. I figured this out first time I saw a plane rigged for winter. We lash 'em side by side and there's a toboggan, slick as you could want. Better than packing, by a darn sight. If we kill meat we can take it all," his warm blue eyes smiled into hers. "If you get bored with travelling I can tote you."

She helped him detach the skis and move them to the fire.

Yorke's bannock was excellent, the hot tea stimulating. They sat by the fire sipping it, while he worked at the toboggan securing the ski with cross-slats and wire from the wreck, and contriving breast harness from the same material and a tump-line which he had.

DARK HAD come down, a sullen darkness, close above the treetops; snow was still falling; the firelight flickered on the crowding lodge-poles and on the young man and woman crouched on the ground-sheet, and revealed vaguely the gaunt loom of the wrecked plane with the snow thick already on its upper surfaces.

A sense of awe came to Evorie. It was not fear: she realized that except for her concern at her companion's loss and injuries she would be enjoying the unique experience. A solemn awe was her emotion, for the swift onrush of events which had caught her up.

Three months ago, Heronshurst, her grandfather, Rod Cameron the multimillionaire, with his spoiled and luxurious family around him, life ordered, easy and with money so plentiful as to have no significance. Now, the great Rod Cameron dead, a poor man almost, his heirs, incredulous and impotent in their changed estate, reviling him for it bitterly and without compassion, and she, as a result of her impulse to make good for him his dying wish, marooned alone with a strange man in the subarctic wilderness. And with her awe came a familiarity which she could not explain, till with her thoughts of her grandfather the truth dawned on her. Why should she feel strange? The winter wilderness was in her blood. In it Rod Cameron had had his riotous beginnings; this was the land from which his wealth was wrung; through it her grandfather had munched out overland to Edmonton after his triumphant Yukon years. With an intense thrill she realized that thirty years ago they might have been encamped close to that very spot, Rod Cameron and the mysterious Donovan, to seek whom with the old man's dying message she had made this journey.

And then it came to her with a breath-catching impact [Continued on page 24]

BREAD ON THE WATERS

by ALLAN SWINTON

IN MONTREAL the family of the late "King of Canada" were gathered to hear the reading of his will. Fabulously wealthy, old Roderick Cameron had spent the last part of his life supporting a spoiled and petulant family of children and grandchildren. Gold from the gravel beds had started his fortune—he had been one of Dawson's strong, successful men in the Yukon stampede of '98. But now he was dead and his family would squander his hard-fought gains. The will, however, held surprises. Instead of the comfortable inheritances each expected, a lump sum of \$10,000 was left to each grandchild and \$25,000 a year to each daughter, this last to end with the life of his children. Clearly, old Cameron had lost heavily in latter years. And his family were shocked and resentful.

Purely incidental to their resentment came a further development. A book found by the bedside of the dead man revealed Rod Cameron's writing. "... here alone tonight," was written haltingly, "death is very near. It is curious how that knowledge clarifies the vision. So now I know the truth of Donovan and Jingling Creek—that Donovan was right and I was wrong. . . . In Alaska back in '98 we made our own laws and stood by them. . . . too late and everything is lost to me. . . . If I had strength I would crawl on my knees to ask his forgiveness. . . . tell him I did not know. . . . wipe this sin from my immortal soul. . . . give me back my honor. . . . too late."

On one person, however, this discovery made a profound impression. Evorie Cameron, daughter of old Cameron's dead son, was different from the rest of his descendants. She alone seemed to have inherited his energy and his practical, clear-cut philosophy of living. It did not take her long to realize that the debt her grandfather wrote of was their debt also. They must pay it, she told the family, and if—quickly discerning their amused scorn—they did not feel it was necessary, she would go up into Alaska and find this Donovan herself. Tolerantly, her fiancé backed her up, admitting, however, that he himself would be forced to remain behind because of his law practice.

Up in Skagway, while waiting for the ship for Yukon, Evorie met young Martin Yorke and agreed to become his first passenger in his newly bought plane. He took her to Dawson City where Evorie interviewed Grigi Kurlov, an old man with a long memory. He told her that the last he'd heard of Donovan was fifteen years ago, when he'd been trapping in the Fort Simpson country. Evorie asked Martin to take her to Fort Simpson. After several hours travel, the plane headed into a heavy snowstorm, which threw them off their course and forced them down in an emergency landing.

EVORIE SAT with her arms braced ready for the smash and stared at the pointed treetops as they raced past in the greyness made by thickly falling snow below the wings of the amphibian. A slender treetop caught one wing and the plane swerved wildly. Yorke yelled "Hang on!" and as she pushed frantically against the seat there came a wild rending underneath her and a fusillade of cracks, and with a long crunching

shock whose force buckled her arms and punched out her breath against the protective dunnage piled in her lap, the plane rolled partly to her side and crashed to immobility.

After the catastrophe, occurred the uncanniest and most terrifying silence that the girl had ever known. The plane lay as motionless as if it had been there for a hundred years, a little canted, the hull buckled but not collapsed. Yorke was hunched up in the angle of the cockpit where he had been hurled, and not the tiniest sound or movement save the falling snow disturbed the abysmal soundlessness.

"Martin," she cried. "Are you all right?"

He did not move, and frantically she thrust the mass of dunnage from her lap and pulled him upright. Blood trickled from his mouth and nose; his head lolled on his shoulder. With shaking hands she wiped the blood and as she did so his eyes opened and he put his hand to his head: "My cripes," he groaned, "that dashboard's hard."

By and by, with an obvious effort he collected himself and turned to see her; the movement made him clutch his side with a gasp. "You all right?" he queried in a tight, strained voice.

"Oh, yes. But you're hurt."

He explored his countenance with careful fingers. "Broke my nose, shouldn't wonder. But that's happened before." He peered from the window, dabbing at his mouth with reddened handkerchief, "Slap into a patch of lodge-poles. Well, if it had been a lake I could ha' landed her; if we'd hit a hillside we'd have been killed sure. You can curse or give thanks according to your point of view."

He tried without success to open his door: "Buckled. Gimme the axe or the rifle, somewhere behind you there."

Turning, she was startled to find that the entire end of the tail was gone, and to see through a jagged orifice the crowding trunks of slender trees and the falling snow. She passed him the rifle from the mass of gear piled by the impact against the back of her seat, and with the butt he hammered the door open, to reveal that they were perched on a tangle of the growth crushed by the plane and five feet or so above the ground. Yorke climbed out awkwardly across the debris, turned and assisted Evorie to follow, and they surveyed with awe the wreck of what had been an exquisitely birdlike airplane. Jagged stumps had pierced her sleek red hull, her yellow wings had been ripped off, and twenty yards away her tail hung forlornly between the two trees which had trapped it by the ailerons.

Yorke turned with a smile which failed to hide the depth of his dismay: "Well, she'll be grand for the crows to nest in."

"Oh, Martin, I'm so sorry. It's all my fault."

"Horsefeathers! I was running a jitney, wasn't I? You were paying, and plenty, too, and I was tickled to death to get the job. I'm only thankful that you're on your feet. Good job I'm Scots. I always swore I'd be prepared for anything like this, and as soon as I got her I put in emergency supplies." His face fell. "Cripes

though, the grub was 'way back in the tail. Come on and see."

A flour bag was dangling from a splinter of the severed hull; caught so the trees had ripped it and most of its contents had poured out. Carefully they disentangled it. In the bottom was perhaps half a pound of the twenty which it had contained. Yorke breathed: "Can you beat that for a lousy break! But the rest of the stuff must be here somewhere. We'll go over every inch of the ground."

At length they stood by a spread groundsheet and regarded the sum total of their assets save the clothes they stood in; an eiderdown, light axe, 30-30 rifle, aluminum frypan, billy and cups, a thermos in which they had brought hot coffee for the journey, packsack and the food—the remnant of flour, six tins of bully beef, baking powder, useless now—and small quantities of currants, chocolate, beef tablets, tea and matches.

Yorke looked at Evorie. "Might be worse, I'll tell the world. We can travel for a week on that. It all depends where we are, and I've a pretty good idea. I held on through the snow till I figured I'd the distance, and then I circled for say half-an-hour and waited for some visibility." He glanced about him. The slender spruce trunks crowded in on them, close overhead hung a grey pall touched already with approaching dusk and underfoot was the first snow of the year, six inches deep with more drifting downward through the windless air. "This is bottom-stuff. My guess is we've overshot it and are somewhere south of Simpson in the Liard-Mackenzie fork. Now, so long as we don't get heavy snow, or a cold snap. . . ."

She knew he was referring to her clothes. He was in mocassins and fur cap and had a heavy mackinaw. But she wore high-laced leather boots and shirt and breeches, which though adequate for the moment would be useless in a swift drop of temperature such as might be expected any time after the snow stopped. And as they had no snowshoes, a really heavy snowfall with a wind to drift it would immobilize them.

He said: "All we can do now is to get organized for an early start tomorrow. We'll camp right here." He smiled at her: his lips were swelling fast. "You don't mind my bossing you around a bit?"

"Of course not."

"Okay. Then suppose you start a fire with loose stuff while I cut some solid wood for the night."

Busy with her task, she was concerned to see how constrainedly he moved and how often when he stooped he caught his breath, and when he thought she was not looking pressed his hand to his side. Suddenly alarmed, she ran across to him.

"Martin, you're hurt. I know you are."

He shook his head and smiled, but his smile could not conceal the knotted muscles in his cheek. "I bruised my side a bit and it catches me when I bend, that's all. That's a fine fire you've got. If you're through you might give me a hand." She helped him pile the logs he had contrived to cut, and then he said: "Now I've a job to do on the bus, and after that we'll eat. Can you bake bannock? There's flour enough just for one."



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WHY I HAD A CIVIL MARRIAGE

by
GLORIA QUEEN

Editor's note: In presenting this article, Chatelaine does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed. A forthcoming issue will bring a reply to Mrs. Queen-Hughes's ideas from the Rev. Stanley Russell, noted divine of Toronto.

IN THE SUMMER of 1931, a perfectly sane and perfectly charming young gentleman persuaded me it would be a bright idea if we walked down the aisle—pardon me—I mean faced the judge, together. Since the proposition seemed very bright indeed (to me), we were duly married in one of the large court rooms, at the Law Courts building in Winnipeg, November, 1931.

When *Chatelaine* wrote and wanted to know "Why did you have a civil marriage?" I could think of a million reasons. But they did not all affect me alone. So I went into a spirited huddle with my husband, for I could hardly write about my own marriage and not about his. We came to one important conclusion, namely: that in order to understand our reasons for a civil marriage, it is essential that readers have some inkling of our ideas on social organization and sex.

We are both socialists. (I expect my readers to be prepared for an honest, frank discussion). Being socialists, our approach to life is closely related to our ideals for a new social order. We believe in placing human rights before

the female. There are exceptions, as in our own case where this is not true, but generally speaking the pretty, new bride is expected to don a pretty, new apron and waste no time in getting busy on the carpets or the egg beater. There is usually a wide howl of protest if she decides to continue with her business or professional work, and along with her husband bring home a monthly cheque. Conservative citizens scream that she is displacing another breadwinner and so on, until, particularly in years like these, her employer will suggest that one income is enough for one family.

That may or may not be true. But the point is that a man is looked on as the breadwinner of the family. His wife is the housekeeper. And then we hear ballyhoo about emancipated women! I believe that woman will never be free until she is economically free, until she has the same social standing as a man, until she has the right to choose her life occupation, until it is socially accepted that a wedding ring should not be a hindrance to business responsibilities. I feel that marriage should rather be encouraged by allowing women to make their own decisions in this regard. And so, my husband agreeing fully with me on this point, we had a civil marriage. We felt it implied this principle more than a church marriage would, so that was reason number one.

In spite of the eyebrow-raising and head-shaking that

property rights. Therefore we believe that human beings should have the fullest, freest and happiest sort of life it is possible for our present civilization to offer. And when we married we wanted the sort of ceremony that would best express these ideals.

We were conscious of the fact that, today, marriage implies a superiority of the male over

went on, we proceeded to put into actual practice as many of our ideals as were possible under our present social organization. We have no patience with silly conventions (which we are forced to observe), and annoying traditions (which we are forced to honor.) We tried to sweep away the cobwebs of custom which to us had no logical explanation, and see through the mist of precedence to find a bright, shining path to life itself. And that was another reason for a civil marriage; it was not bound up with superstitions.

THIS ANTIPATHY to custom, convention, superstition, brought with it an attitude to sex. But our attitude to sex was not born in a minute. It rather developed after careful examination of all the facts available. Our attitude to sex is the result of much thought and some reading, and the reason we consider it of so much value is, of course, because of the importance it plays in marriage. We knew that most marriages which go wrong do so because of misunderstanding about sex, and we were anxious to make our marriage go right.

Never for the life of me could I understand why sex problems were not handled in school, and sex taken as much a part of child life and education as music. To me, sex is probably the most beautiful influence, given the proper attention, in our lives. So often it is the most distorted.

Why tell children the stork brought them, when it is more to their advantage and beauty of thought to tell them they were born because two people loved each other? Why teach them to hide their healthy, lovely little bodies when everyone knows there is not a more priceless thing in the world than a healthy, happy child? Why discourage their innocent questions about the various functions of the different organs of the body, and then expect them to take your word for it that it is bad when they need and desire honest explanation? Why not begin from the cradle to teach honesty in sex, honor and loyalty in sex as in other things? And believing thus, in honesty in sex, in the single standard for both men and women, my husband and I again decided in favor of a civil marriage. It was free from

[Continued on page 49]

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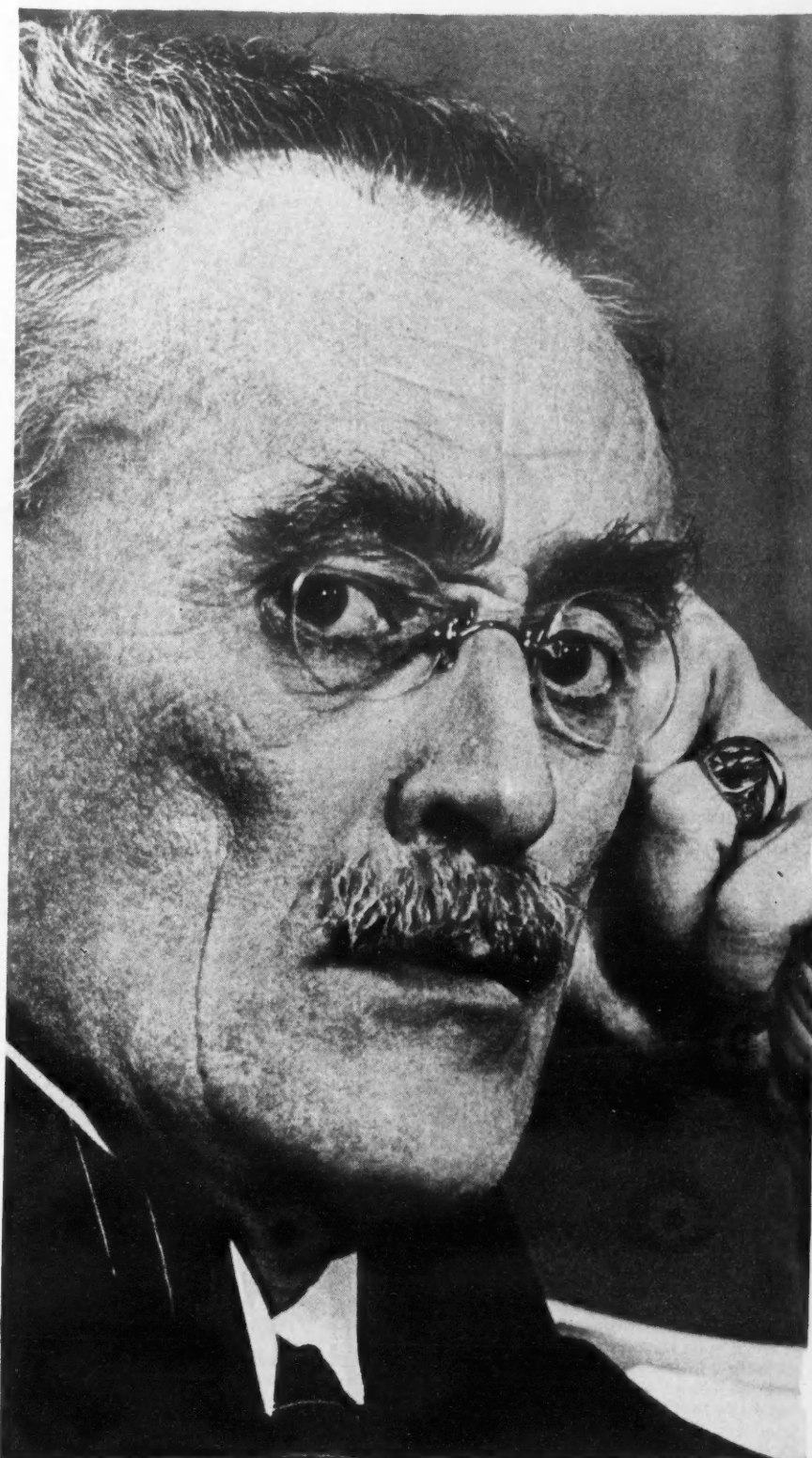
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by JAMES W. DRAWBELL

EXPERIMENT IN ADOPTION



Photographic Studies by Metcalfe and Williams



(In the summer of 1933 the writer and his wife decided to adopt a baby boy as a companion for their little girl Diana, who was just two years old. Diana was prepared to welcome her little brother John when he came, but trouble started at his introduction. John was ten months old, and Diana soon grew very jealous of him. This enthralling true-to-life drama of the psychological development of two children and their parents, continues this month with the initial mistakes made.)

WE MADE two initial mistakes. One, we both felt afterward, was in making Marjorie arrive with the child in her arms. At once, in Diana's mind and imagination, John became too much part of Marjorie. We would have done better, perhaps, if we had arranged that John should arrive in my arms or in the arms of someone else altogether.

Two, we allowed John to sleep at first in the tinier cot in the room with Marjorie, while Diana slept alone in her large cot in the nursery.

That was an appalling blunder. I cannot see now how we could make it, except that we are all wiser in the light of after events. It seems to me now—it seems to both of us—that that was the one thing that any person of intelligence would have avoided like a plague. With one gesture, in spite of all our preparations, in spite of all our love for Diana and our concern for her welfare, we shut her out into the loneliness of the nursery while we took the new baby brother into the softness of his mother's room.

But, like everything else, we thought we were doing it for the best. Marjorie was loath to leave the boy alone at first, and she explained to Diana that he was only a baby and so could not do things for himself or have a room to himself, the inference being that Diana was growing up—was a big girl now, in fact—and was privileged to have her very own room. That was quite good psychology for any other occasion, perhaps, but it was wrong in this instance.

This, again, was one more move in the game that Diana had been warned about, had apparently accepted, but had not realized its full import till she was faced with the event in actuality. Before John arrived we had told her that he would sleep in his own little cot in Marjorie's room so that Marjorie could look after him.

On John's first night with us, Diana showed her surprise

when he was carried into Marjorie's room and she was carried into the nursery, but she did not make any spirited protest about it. She was probably bowled over by the heartlessness of her parents.

It would have been better if she had made a protest. That would have reminded us of the foolishness of our move. As it was, she took the blow quietly, took it away into a corner—or, to be more accurate, took it away into her nursery to sleep with. And so was sown the first seed of her resentment, jealousy, and later unhappiness. The evil had been started—started by us, the parents. We did not know that yet. Beyond Diana's slight surprise there was nothing to indicate that we had started wrongly. The first day with John drew calmly to a close. Everything had gone off well. And so we went to bed that night—John in Diana's cot, a waif with a home of his own at last; Marjorie, protective and mothering, ready to help when the new arrival needed help; I, fairly confident in my mind that we had done the right thing; and Diana alone in her nursery, not so blinded by affection for her baby brother that she could not feel temporarily eclipsed.

NEXT MORNING Diana was difficult, practically for the first time in her life. There were signs in plenty that she was not the happy little thing she had been the morning before. She was not very interested in John, she resented the time that Marjorie was compelled to give to him, and she showed her resentment. She got in the way, she knocked things over, she whined a little: any mother knows how any

child can be difficult when it chooses. Diana did all that the difficult child can do.

There were signs in plenty for us to notice and to take heed of. A little thought and a little care at this time might have saved us considerable worry later on, and might have saved Diana much unhappiness. This was the time to set everything right, and our disturbance at the ominous signs might have guided us to the weak spots in our conduct before it was too late. But something else happened that day that put Diana further back.

Some friends called to tea in the afternoon. They did not know about John. They had not called to see him. They just dropped in, as friends do, to have tea, to stay for half an hour, to gossip. At a time when some unifying process was badly needed in our home, it was unfortunate they should have chosen that particular day to make their call; doubly unfortunate because they are charming people. John was asleep in his pram at the foot [Continued on page 32]



'Twas only a moment I stood rooted to the floor, with the taste of terror in my mouth.

them—on the Little People, ma'am, who else? 'Twas no use, you see, for him to do it, it being me had laid the insult. But stubbornness rose high in me, and I would not.

Only when the cattle fell sick, things began to look black indeed. It was the bad sickness—the foot-and-mouth—and the herd was dropping in the fields and laying down to die by the sweet brook that watered all our land. And them that did not die of the sickness had to be killed. A cattle inspector the government sent down on us, a cold man with the voice of authority and no heart at all, and the trouble was very heavy on us, seeing our fine cows and heifers and young calves all destroyed entirely. And nowhere else in the whole county was there any outbreak at all, nor on any farm near us.

So Father Shane, who was the priest in that parish, came up to the house one fine hot afternoon to comfort us on the transitoriness of this world's distresses, and to give us good counsel about when and where we should replace the herd. A grand wise man was Father Shane, and a deep student in many things but especially in the human heart. For he saw there was some trouble in Padrig's mind beyond the loss of the cattle and set to work to find it out.

And at last Padrig told him, and it was indeed a blessed relief to me when the good father scolded him for his country superstition.

"I'm surprised at you, Padrig, a sober, sensible, strong young man like you to think such things! And you my own churchwarden and respected by all the parish! Let me hear no more about the Little People, Padrig, or I shall have to be very severe on you indeed."

"Then why is it called Goat's Wood?" my man says to him, hanging his head under reproof, but still set in his mind. "Answer me that, Father Shane."

Now it was a beautiful bright warm day, that day, the sun glittering on the sea like blue fire, and turning the ripening fields all golden; and birds singing with the madness of late summer. But from where we stood by my white door-stone I could see the trees of Goat's Wood dark and sombre against the living blue, and in the western sky the tall thunderheads piling up and up with a great majesty and silence. There is a storm coming, I thought. And I was very uneasy, having always feared and hated the thunder.

"Well, Padrig," says Father Shane, with the little crinkles of mirth forming around his small dark eyes, "there is enough goats of all kinds in the county for Goat's Wood to be named after. Nanny goats and billy goats and great big silly goats like yourself, Padrig!"

My man flushed at the saying, but he was not to be turned from his thought. "Silly goat I may be, Father, but it isn't for the likes of me the Wood was named in the old days. 'Twas for one who dwells there, that has goat's thighs and little horns—"

"If it is Satan you are talking of," says Father Shane sharply, "sure he dwells a great deal closer in the parish than Goat's Wood, as I know to my sorrow."

"Not Satan," said Padrig, "but that other—"

"What other?" asks the Father, with the sudden quick note of anger in his voice. "What other, Padrig?"

"One that came from the far, old countries," says Padrig, shamefaced but certain, "when man was young. One that plays music on a reed and to whom all the Little People pay their homage—"

"What is this heathen story you're telling me?" says Father Shane. "I'll have no more of it, young man, understand that! There is to be no more of this nonsense. Mary, have you been listening to your husband's foolish tales?"

"Indeed I have not, Father," says I. "And if there was one dwelling in Goat's Wood, Father Shane, and if there *was* a Little People, still would I defy them," says I, laughing. "I would defy them all," says I, having taken great comfort from the priest's reasonable anger.

And just at that moment, as though all the world listened to me, a wide silence fell over the sunny afternoon. No birds sang, and a little breeze that had stirred the leaves of the fruit trees died like a sigh.

"I must be away," says Father Shane. "'Tis a long walk

back to the village." And he put his blessing on the house, but sharply, as though anger still lingered with him. He went down the path in the bright sunshine, while from the sea, from the great dark clouds assembling together behind Goat's Wood, came the first low rumble of the storm.

Like the sound of deep laughter.

Padrig turned to me and said, with a strangeness about him: "Oh, Mary, Mary! Now you have sealed our fate." And suddenly—for I was expecting then—I felt the child stir and struggle under my breast, and fear for the first time touched me.

YET THINGS were better after that, and through the autumn. The harvest was in, and the rabbits mostly departed from us. The big fox paid our henhouse a visit now and again, and made mock of the Hunt, to the Master's great grief and chagrin. And my man began to restock the cattle barn—for ours was chiefly a dairy farm—buying carefully and to advantage as our means allowed. We drew breath that winter, awaiting the coming of spring and the birth of our child; only in our two hearts we held our separate thoughts, not speaking at all of that which weighed heavily on both of us.

When spring had come with a wealth of greenness, I was standing one evening at the house door, full of a sweet calm and quite forgetting that we lived still under a threat. The apple trees were all rosy and pale with bloom, and there were small innocent violets in the long grass. Down in the paddock near the barn was the fine young bull my man had recently bought, a tremendous cream-colored beast, strong and proud and yet gentle in his strength. As I looked down that way I was astonished to see a grey goat outside the paddock bars; that tossed its head and cavorted, for all the world as though it taunted the young bull with his imprisonment, mocking and goading. There were no goats on the farm, and none of the neighbors kept an animal so large that I knew of. The young bull bellowed in a great rage and pawed the soft moist earth, and I saw my husband crossing the yard with the red setter bitch limping at his heels. I called down to him, "Mind the goat there, Padrig! It's loose—" But when I glanced back at the paddock the creature was gone.

And the bars were down.

Oh, God! Oh, God! Never will I forget that moment. When I lie wakeful at nights I live it again, over and over, over and over—

I screamed once, and started to run. All the lovely evening peace was shattered. I can hear still the shouts of men, running from their work, and the wild barking of the red setter, and the great thundering of hoofs as the infuriated bull charged through the gap, and the one dreadful cry my man uttered.

[Continued on page 76]



The Curse of Goat's Wood

by MELANIE BENETT

Illustrated by Kay Bell

An Irish Fantasie



"Eileen saw the grey goat dancing."

THE IRISHWOMAN walked up our path on a hot summer noon, her decent black garments grey with the soft dust of country roads. She asked for food, and because she was old and very tired my mother made her sit down at a little table on the back porch, brought her cold meat and bread and brewed a pot of tea. The porch was shaded by a wild grapevine, so that the brilliant sunlight was filtered to a green undersea dimness. The clusters of unripe fruit were cool as jade.

My mother was a good woman, and always kind, but she could not resist the impulse to order and arrange the lives of others. Watching the Irishwoman, with her seagrey eyes still brilliant, sunk in the shadowed caverns of her skull, she began inevitably to ask questions. Have you no home? Have you no friends, no children? It isn't right for a woman of your years to be tramping the roads.

Something broke and quivered under the harsh lines carved in the ravished old face. I can still hear the moving sound of her voice, its rich inflexions, its warm sadness.

"No home, ma'am. No child. Not since these many long years. My life is all gone from me. It must be fifty years past that I fled from the old country. I am a very old woman, ma'am, for the years are like a cloud about me; and yet I cannot recall with exactitude the day of my own wedding, nor the day my child was born."

A barrier had fallen and the words came in a flood. My mother stood unmoving, while the pattern of leaf shadows changed on the bright pale surface of her print gown, her closed hands pressed on the edge of the table, fascinated and a little alarmed at the torrent she had unwittingly released. I sat on the top step, close to both of them, keeping very still so that my mother would not remember to send me away. There was a strange magic in the old Irishwoman's speech, though many things she said were without meaning for me then. I could only feel the force behind them, that made them real. The terrible force of an old fear.

MY LIFE is all gone from me, she said again. I am a dead woman walking empty roads. Death has forgotten me, ma'am, and so I must go on, carrying the heavy burden of my memories. Sometimes I think that if I could make my way back to the old country, to the rocky coasts of Galway; if I could tread again the steep path up to my own place, I might find Him waiting there for me.

Oh, and I shall never forget the day I first came to that place! A young bride, a strong young woman, sitting very proud and sure beside my man in the little jaunting car, behind a grand lively young horse. Town-bred I was, ma'am, and my husband of the country. God knows how long his people had struck their roots in that one place. Anyways he owned the farm—Goatswood Farm, they called it—and made a decent good living from it, and was looked up to by all.

That evening—it was then past set of sun—the sky still had a pale strange color in the west, though the sea under it lay dark and quiet as a pool of spilled ink. We could see lights in the windows of the farmhouse, set by neighbor hands to welcome us home, and the white walls glimmering faint against the darkening fields; and beyond a little headland that thrust out bold into the sea. Crowned with fir trees, very black and still against the sky.

"Yonder is Goat's Wood that the farm is called for," my man told me, and checked us sudden in the middle of the road. The young horse was greatly annoyed to stop, knowing himself a very little way from his pleasant stable. But my man held the reins firm in one hand, and digging in his pocket with the other, brought out a handful of such small silver as our honeymoon in the town had left us. Sixpences and threepenny bits, and even a shining half crown or two.

So he counted it over like while the car stood in the road, and the first bright stars came pricking out above the branches of an old thorn tree that grew near by.

"What would you be doing with the silver, Padrig?" I asked him, "And us only two minutes from the house?"

"I'll just toss it out," says he, "by the old thorn—for the Little People. So they'll be bringing us luck, my darling, in our life here together," he says, and would have thrown it, only I was too quick for him. For he was a grand big strong man and slow a little to move, as big men sometimes are. I caught his hand and took the silver out of his palm, thrusting it into the little blue reticule I wore, pinned to my belt, for all the world as smart as the Queen herself. And did it all laughing.

"You and your Little People!" says I. "Throwing good money into the hedgerows! I'll keep that silver for myself, to buy me a fine silk handkerchief when fair day comes along. You and your Little People!" I says again, still laughing, for I could see he was very uneasy and distressed about it, grown man though he was. In country parts, ma'am, the Little People are deeply respected, and for good cause. 'Twas bad chance for our happiness when I denied them so lightly their just prerogative.

You may smile. But luck changed on the farm from that day. In little things at first. We began to lose our chickens—by a red fox big and bold as a lion nearly, that was seen to slip out of Goat's Wood, and never harassed the hens on any farm save ours. The master heard tell of him, and came around to see us, saying they'd lay the bold thief by the heels sure as fate that winter, and glad indeed he was to hear of a fox that had guts and strategy about him, for the breed in those parts was running very poor. But they never got him, no, not though the hounds went belling and hollering through Goat's Wood and over our fields a dozen times that season.

And then the rabbits! What with the dogs we kept on the place and that red devil coming out of Goat's Wood every second dawn or so, you would think the rabbits would have been kept down with great severity. But they bred and multiplied, and grew bold also, sitting up pertly to look at any that came by, bright-eyed and without fear, and then leaping away with a flash of their white scuts in the twilight, for all the world like the flash of laughter. Oh, and the havoc they made among the growing things!

Traps in plenty we set among the burrows, but all we caught was our fine red setter bitch, who broke her leg in the cruel jaws and limped for ever after.

"Oh, Mary, Mary!" says Padrig to me, binding the creature's foot with splints and her whimpering like a human child and licking his face to show she understood he meant no hurt. "Look at the spite of them that would harm this kind and gentle lady for only that she is attached to us!" And he asked me again in a low voice, for he felt it hard that I should still mock at what I said was old women's tales, silly for a man to listen to, he asked me again to lay a bit of silver under the thorn tree, and to tie something of my own, a length or ribbon or my fine crochet lace maybe, in its branches as a sign I was sorry for the slight I had put upon

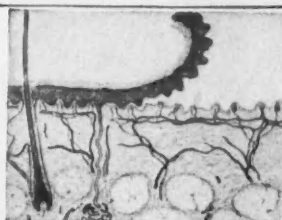
Dreaded Age Signs first Appear *Under Your Skin*

Lines and Wrinkles begin Below Surface as early as 20—Dermatologists say



IF YOU COULD LOOK UNDER YOUR SKIN!

Underneath your outer skin, or *epidermis* is the true skin, or *corium*. Here are myriads of tiny blood vessels, cells, nerves, elastic fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands, hair follicles! On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, the under skin loses vigor. Then, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines—eventually wrinkles!



Lines, Wrinkles, signs of wasting under-skin—loss of tone—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

Coarseness is made worse by clogged pores, neglect, improper cleansing.

Blackheads come from pores clogged by thick secretions from overactive skin glands.

Dryness is often due to poorly functioning under skin, inadequate oil supply.

Blemishes. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

Sagging Tissues, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of the muscles.

Coarseness Blackheads Blemishes
All develop when under-skin fails to function

You can Fight them all with this Single Cream

DO YOU KNOW what is the time of a woman's greatest beauty? . . . *The glorious teens!*

Here's what a great skin authority says: "From 16 to 20, a woman's skin literally blooms. It is satiny, clear, glowing. Not a line, not a pore. From 20 on, the fight to keep a youthful appearance begins." A fight it is!

If you want to know the secret beginnings of blackheads, blemishes, coarse pores, lines, wrinkles, you would have to see into your under skin.

There's where the firm young tissue first begins to age. Where circulation slows. Where tiny oil glands begin to lose tone. When these things happen, your under skin actually starves! As a result, the outer skin grows harsh—sallow—lined.

To avoid these faults, you must give immediate help to your *under skin*.

This is what Pond's Cold Cream does. In this famous cream are specially processed oils that sink deep into the skin. This rich, penetrating cream sustains the failing nutrition underneath—aids the natural functioning of the oil glands.

Use this youth-sustaining cream. See how quickly its use brings back a satiny texture. Even wipes

out lines. Clears away blackheads, blemishes.

Pond's Cold Cream is a wonderful cleanser. Use it *at night* before retiring. It sinks deep and flushes away all skin impurities, grime, and rubbed-in rouge, powder.

Your skin feels wonderfully freshened, renewed. A *second application* patted in vigorously stimulates the circulation. You actually look years



MRS. ROBERT NELSON PAGE (above), admired for her dazzling fair skin. "Her skin is soft—a perfect texture. No lines or blemishes"—Dermatologist's Report. Mrs. Page says, "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my pores fine—my skin smooth—banishes blackheads."

MRS. ADOLPH B. SPRECKELS, JR. (left), socially prominent in Europe and America. "Has a perfect skin—no blackheads—no enlarged pores"—Dermatologist's Report. Mrs. Spreckels says, "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses my skin as no other cream ever did."

**Send for generous supply—
See what this famous cream will do for You!**

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younger! In the morning and in the daytime before you make up, repeat this. Your powder goes on so smoothly—stays that way for hours.

Send the coupon today for the generous tube and other Pond's beauty aids. Then see if you do not win back that youthful charm every woman should have!

Bread on the Waters

(Continued from page 15)

that her own fate might soon give to the world outside as deep a mystery as Donovan and Jingling Creek. They might be farther from the fort than Yorke assumed; their food was meagre; the subarctic winter was impending; a real cold snap, and then . . .

Yorke looked up from his work and straightened painfully: "There we are, all set. Nothing to do in the morning but load up and mush."

Impelled by sudden impulse Evorie got up and took from her grip the book with Rod Cameron's last message written on the flyleaf. She sat down beside him. "Martin, I'm sure you've wondered why in the world it was so important for me to find this Donovan, and I feel I'd like you to know. Read this, will you?"

With a surprised glance at her he took the book. When he looked up after reading she said: "You see? If this affair was so important to my grandfather, I thought the least the rest of us could do would be to try and see that Donovan should know about it. But none of my family agreed, so I came by myself."

Yorke looked up at her. His black hair was wild and his lip was swollen; the light of admiration kindled in his eyes. "That's just the kind of thing I knew you would do. That's worth doing, that is, that's better than working just to make a pile like most of us. I'll tell you what. I'd like to help you see this through. I mean for the sake of the thing itself. It'll be a longish job, the fellow may be dead. But I know the woods and the country." Suddenly he was diffident. "Would you—count me in, until you're through?"

"Oh, it would be such a help. You let me know what your pay ought to be, what you would earn otherwise . . ."

He shook his head with emphasis. "Nope. Not that kind of a deal. I'll be in it for the same reason you are, because it's worth while. You'll have to put up for expenses because—well, because my last cent was in that crate there," he jerked his head toward the wreck of his machine. "But I'll come for the—for the adventure, shall we say. It'll be a neat solution anyway of how I'm going to eat for the next few months." He grinned again his disarming grin, and then he flinched and his hand went to his side.

Presently she said: "All right, Martin, I'll go you. But on one condition."

"Yes?"

"That you call me Evorie. I've been calling you Martin all day long."

He grinned again. "Okay, Evorie."

By and by he got up, contrived to shake out the big sleeping bag and spread it, dog's eared the corner and went back to the fire.

"All set," he remarked, not looking up. "You'd better turn in. You'll need your sleep."

There was a silence after that. The snow had almost stopped; there was no wind; a few flakes fell desultorily and the smoke climbed through the air in smooth, blue ribbons. Evorie looked at the eiderdown, at Yorke, at the fire.

Lost in the winter-swept wastes of the Yukon ... Will a gallant impulse end in disaster?

"How are you going to sleep?" she asked. "Me? Oh, I'm all right. I don't sleep much when I'm in the woods. You hit the hay."

There was more silence. Then she said: "There's lots of room in that eiderdown for two."

He shook his head. "No. It's all right. I'll have my mackinaw, and yours, and the groundsheet. In you go."

She stood up and came across to him. "Martin, this is absurd. You're hurt. You must have proper rest and you'll be cold. There's simply heaps of room in those things."

"Beat it, I tell you."

"I shall not. You can share the eiderdown with me or it'll go empty. It's—it's absurd. You look at me."

He did not raise his head. "You hear! Look at me."

Presently he looked up and met her eyes. "Isn't it—" she insisted, "absurd?"

At last he said, "If you say so, it is. You—you're something, you are. You've guts and sense and humor. I didn't know women came like you."

"No? You've no guts yourself, I suppose?"

She went to the eiderdown, took off her boots, loosened her belt and combed back her hair. She said "Good night, Martin," got into the big green square, turned her back on him and pulled the bedding round her shoulders.

By and by he got up, built the fire, took

off his moccasins and gingerly inserted himself into the bag beside her.

The snow had ceased; the fire glowed thickly on their still forms, on their meagre belongings and on the gaunt shape of the wrecked amphibian beyond it.

WHEN EVORIE awoke she lay for a while in the delectable half-world between sleep and waking. She was aware that she had rested splendidly, of a strange black-barred effect on grey about her and of a pungent smell. Then a man's voice said softly: "Hell's bells, that's hot," and she remembered everything and sat up with a jerk.

No snow fell, but the sky was still grey and lowering; the tree trunks crowded close about the smartly burning fire with the billy bubbling on it and Yorke kneeling with the tea-bag in his hand; beyond, with a catch at her heart she saw the snow-cloaked ruin of the plane.

"Good morning, Martin."

He turned to her stiffly. But for the latter fact his manner was as casual as though there were in the morning nothing much unusual; as if this were a snowshoe picnic instead of the middle phase of an adventure whose end conceivably might be their death.

"Oh, hullo. You conscious? How did you sleep?"

"Marvellously."

"Okay, then. Stay there till I bring you an eye-opener."

Soon he came over with a steaming cup.

The morning air was sharp; she warmed her hands on the cup and sipped. Yorke brought his own and lowered himself with difficulty to the eiderdown. "I feel ashamed," she confessed. "I should have made the tea. Your side is hurting awfully, isn't it?"

"Stiffened up in the night. Bound to. Be all right when I get going. Soon as we've eaten we can mush."

In half an hour they stood ready.

Yorke slipped into the harness, then turned to regard the wreck of the plane with his puffed lips twisted in a rueful grin.

He spread his hand in mocking salutation: "My old man's legacy, three years guttin' fish and trappin' and my share of a maybe gold mine, rest in peace." And before she could speak, he leaned into the harness and gave the old shout of the *coureur de bois*, "En marche là! Mush!" broke out the toboggan with a sidewise jerk and trudged into the crowding, stunted spruce-growth.

It was a rolling country, bleak and empty; from the ridge-tops, to the north and west they saw far off the sparsely wooded heights of foothills with the hint of mightier mountains towering through the greyness far beyond them. Somewhere beneath those foothills ran the river that would guide them to their destination. Yorke set a steady pace which, with her constant pulling on the drag-rope this side or that to steer the load clear of obstacles, soon had her hot and breathing hard. The snow gritted underneath the runners and the clear, sterile air stung her nostrils. Sometimes they came to drifts that covered her high boot-tops and in which she floundered. After each hour or so Yorke halted for ten minutes rest and at noon they boiled the pot and made two cups of beef tea. Yorke sat on the load holding his shoulder rigid and sipped his brew. She

noticed that his hands were shaking and his eyes seemed most unnaturally bright, and the sense of romance that till then had held her was dispelled by icy apprehension. She said "Martin, let me pull now. Please do. You look so ill."

He shook his head. "I'm okay. It's easier for me anyway pulling than it would be worrying at the drag-rope. We must travel. I'm hoping to see the Mackenzie before dark."

When they resumed he fell completely silent. Till then he had maintained a desultory conversation when the going permitted, but now he plodded on unspeaking, picking his way ever northward, and her attempts meeting no response she desisted, giving her mind over to her private thoughts . . .

They had mushed hours since noon without a halt and she was tiring fast. Her boots were galling her, her feet were leaden and she had a sick feeling in her middle. But still Yorke leaned on the harness, trudging on in dogged silence.

They topped a slope and started down the other side, where at first the load dragged heavily through some brush. But by and by it came clear abruptly, the harness slackened and deprived of its support Yorke pitched face downward in the snow.

With her heart in her throat she ran and turned him over. His lips were blue, his face like wax. Frantically she chafed his hands, till presently his eyes opened. He made an ineffectual attempt to rise. "Sorry," he panted. "Have to . . . rest a minute. Side's all swelling up. Made me feel . . . sick." [Continued on page 46]



She said, "There's lots of room in that eiderdown for two."

SONG



The Regency bonnet is hailed as a fashion leader. Schiaparelli. Right: A black felt hat with purple veil.



Taffeta for the flat sailor at extreme left. The plaid band around the crown matches a plaid collar. Molyneux. Chanel is stressing white piqué for spring and summer.

These exclusive photographs of early spring models come to Chatelaine direct from Paris. With the exception of the Chanel, all photographs are by Scaioni, who will present more of his interesting fashion studies in Chatelaine from time to time.



SPRING



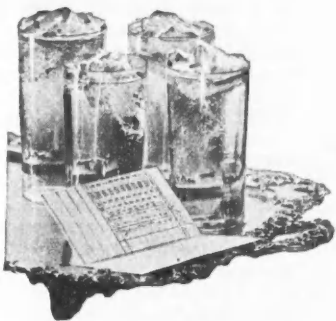
At left, two hats in a similar mood. The crowns are folded, slightly peaked, but flat at the back. By Rose Valois.



The straw sailor tilts provocatively, and the spring posy climbing up the crown is an entirely new, captivating note. Rose Valois.



Crowns may be peaked, but not too audaciously. Brims dip sharply forward. Rose Valois.



High spot of the evening

When the long, tall drinks taste unusually mellow and smooth, there's bound to be a good reason for it. And often it's due to a fine, dry, old mixer...

... of course it's CANADA DRY

"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"



For years, Canada Dry has been the standard of real ginger flavour and lasting sparkle. All alone or as a partner in long, tall drinks, you just can't go wrong when you serve The Champagne of Ginger Ales.

That is also true of Canada Dry's Sparkling Water—the *double* club soda with the long-lasting sparkle.



Prevent Diphtheria!



"The inoculation was perfectly simple. He didn't mind it a bit. This young man will never have diphtheria!"

THE number of deaths from diphtheria in Canada dropped from 1,468 in 1923 to 239 in 1933—on the average, about 120 each year. In those cities and towns where inoculation of pre-school children is the rule and not the exception, the danger from diphtheria is steadily decreasing. In fact there are many large communities where no deaths from diphtheria have occurred over a number of years.

Antitoxin, discovered years ago, was a partial victory over diphtheria. It usually relieved the severity of an attack of the disease and helped to save many lives. With the extensive development of toxin-antitoxin or toxoid inoculations, a preventive method for blotting out this disease has been found. All children should be protected against diphtheria when they have reached the age of six months. Inoculation gives the great majority complete and lasting immunity against the disease. Whether a child lives in the city or in the country, a nearby doctor can give him the inoculation.

Not all of the diphtheria tragedies are due to lack of information or to negligence on the part of parents. In some cases mothers are under the impression that their children are in no danger of contracting this disease because of the devoted care given them. They are reluctant to have their healthy children immunized. Parents should realize that the utmost care may not protect their boys and girls from this preventable disease. Successful inoculation in infancy will protect them.

Nearly two-thirds of the fatal results from diphtheria occur between the ages of six months and six years. Those who recover from an attack may even then be left with permanently damaged hearts. Inoculation is a simple matter, soon over with, and leaves no scar. If you have children of your own who have not been inoculated, protect them at once.

Metropolitan will mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria and Your Child." Address Booklet Dept. 3-L-35.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER,
PRESIDENT



CANADIAN
HEAD OFFICE
OTTAWA

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872



Put on the Clock

(Continued from page 7)

do, with the telegraph posts rushing past like the teeth of a comb (bad metaphor—combs didn't rush) and the station coming on like thunder, and no time for anything?

"You're Miss Copeland Smith—Blanche Copeland Smith," he began. "I—I'm Donald Morrison, just wandering about the islands for a bit. There's no one to introduce us. I—I hear you're going to get married."

Her fingers flew among the frangipanni flowers. "Yes," she answered; no more.

"Is that some of the decorations?"

"Yes."

"Why are you working away like that?"

It was not going well.

"Because there's very little time before the wedding."

"You're going to marry Prince Joshua tomorrow?"

She did not answer at first. Her hands, he thought, trembled a little among the flowers.

In a minute she said: "When Bathsheba tells you to do a thing, you have to do it. At least, if you're in her charge and can't get away."

Don pulled at his cigarette. "What's it all about?" he asked.

"They say," she told him, "that Isua will come to the throne by and by; Queen Caroline's always sick, and she has no children. Bathsheba would have been queen next, only—"

"Yes, I know."

"And I . . . think . . . they suppose it would be a good thing for the islands. I'm almost one of themselves through my father's marriage—and Isua says we would be king and queen, and sit on gold chairs in the throne room, and the chiefs would all get off their horses when we passed. That's if the British Government doesn't take over; they're always afraid of that."

"Why?"

"Fanagi's fearfully in debt; and you know how it was with Fiji: King Thakombau had to pawn the place first to America, and then let England take it over. So I daresay—"

Don broke through what seemed to him to be a mass of irrelevant cobwebs. "It wouldn't matter if England did, I should say. Good thing for the country; teach them to behave themselves. You can't go and do a thing like that because of their stupid politics."

"Isua's . . . kind," she said. "He's educated, been to mission schools. I was at school in Auckland till father died; that's

different . . . But you see, my father married Bathsheba; and her father—"

"I don't care if they did; you've no business to—Is she your real guardian?"

"Yes, till I'm twenty-one."

"That," he said, "will be a good while yet." She did not look more than eighteen, he thought.

But she told him to his astonishment: "No, not long. I'll be twenty-one on Friday this week. The twenty-seventh."

"Why are they in such a hurry to get you married before you're of age?"

"I—I don't know. I suppose, maybe, they think that I might go and marry just anyone, after that." She shot a side glance at him. She was not all polar ice, this girl, he thought. Of if she was, she'd melt at the right time.

But Isua—but anyone of these Fanagian gigos! that was all they were, dancing and feasting and kissing their lives away. No, thought Don, this baby of the north, this snowbird astray, deserves the best. If nothing better available, why not me?

There was no time. There was no time. He'd never felt so hurried in his life. But keep your head, Don; this is romance, with a big R.

He said, "Have I got this right? They've coaxed you and persuaded you, and they're determined to get you turned off before the twenty-seventh. You're Copeland Smith's daughter; you ought to be brave. Will you cheat them all and run off with me till it's too late and you're free? I could run a cutter up to the Fijis with you in no time; there's British government there, thanks to old Thakombau and his debts, and by that time you'd be your own mistress and could marry whom you liked." (And I reckon I know who that will be, he thought.)

"Then," she repeated, "I'd be my own mistress and could marry whom I—"

"Do you think you could?"

There was a moment's pause. The wind, tearing down the beach, sent the torn frangipanni flowers flying; a parrot in the palm-trees, screamed once and was silent.

Blanche rose to her feet; the sand half covered them as she stood, pretty feet, shapely as hands, and bare as the white corals of the beach. She's poor, thought Don. We shall be bitter-poor, the two of us, but I'll get something to do, in the Fijis or elsewhere, settle down, stop this rot of dreaming about being an explorer—

"If you'll take me," she said, "I'll go."

Both knew that she was promising more than her company on a boat trip to Fiji, but neither dared, as yet, to realize what had been asked and answered. It was all too hurried, too improbable.

"Then," he told her, "you be here tonight any time after dark, and I'll have the boat ready."

She was going to answer, and he had just made up his mind to ask for, or maybe take

[Continued on page 30]

It would be the South Seas for life; well, a man might do worse. If only he hadn't had that longing for the North in his blood. If he hadn't wanted, above all things, to carry on the work laid down by others. But Polar exploring nowadays wasn't what it had been in Copeland Smith's time; you had to seek publicity, go hat in hand, make a sturdy beggar of yourself, smile and smile and give advertisements for toothpaste and somebody's soaps and beef juice. Copeland Smith had done nothing of that kind; he had stood on his own feet, paid for everything himself.

Paid for everything himself! "Great guns!" cried Don, almost letting go the tiller, "what a bat I've been."

"Yes?" said Blanche agreeably, from her nest in the stern. Don didn't even know she was speaking. He said again, "Bat!" Through his mind rushed a whole Niagara of facts and proofs, unnoticed before. The cost of exploring—who should know that better than he, who had pored despairingly over outfitters' catalogues, made himself miserable studying the tantalizing pamphlets of tourist agencies. Listened—for he dared not ask—to people who discussed the cost of charters. The cost—and Copeland Smith had paid it. Paid for everything. Copeland Smith who was rich. Captured in the isles of Circe at last, kept in sweet durance by Circe herself. Left his daughter and his daughter's fortune in her charge.

And if Blanche, the daughter, married before she was of age, while Bathsbeba's consent was necessary, Bathsbeba could keep her from marrying outside of Fanagi. Needy Fanagi, with the Royalties in debt everywhere, as Thakombau had been, before he lost his kingdom to Great Britain.

But if Blanche, the daughter, managed to wait till she was twenty-one, and if she met some man of her own kind, she could smash all their plans, with one gesture of one finger of her left hand.

No wonder they were prepared to go to any length in order to put the marriage through in time! That is, if he was right.

"Blanche," he asked suddenly, "why do you go barefoot?"

Blanche, playing with her necklace, answered carelessly: "Of course, because all the roads of Fanagi are grass."

They were. He remembered. And all the chiefs, and the princes and princesses went barefoot. The pleasantest thing to do in that warm climate. On those perfect pathways.

What a bat he had been! Running off with a beautiful beggar, indeed! He was running off with an heiress, just like the people in early Victorian novels. And if he did not mistake, the parallel went still farther. For now, on the verge of the horizon, he could just perceive a pearl-white triangle of sail; and even though he had no proof, he was very sure that the sail was bringing up as swiftly as possible, the heiress's guardian and her frustrated bridegroom. In fact, the coach with the angry parents, pursuing, to Gretna Green.

"Who was going to marry you?" he asked, with sudden hope. He had heard no talk of any missionary and the consul was away.

Blanche dashed his hopes at once. "Onions," she said. "He mayn't look like it, but he's the only magistrate they have."

"Then," said Don, "if that's their boat they'll bring the beast with them."

"They will, of course. Can you see anything ahead? I can."

Don strained his eyes. "You're right. I see a sort of blue shadow. Girlie, I think we've done it. That will be Taviuni, and with this wind—"

"We haven't done it," she objected. Her wind-tanned cheeks looked curiously sallow; color had died out of them, out of her heart-shaped mouth—the mouth that Don had never ventured to kiss since they left Fanagi. "I daren't," he had thought—

"I know as well as you," she went on, "that it's only the twenty-sixth today. Even if you get there—and with this wind I think we might—I'm in her power till tomorrow. And what she wouldn't do—and he wouldn't do—to get things their own way—isn't worth mentioning."

Don understood the threat. The coast of Taviuni, where they would land, was empty, uninhabited. Farther on there were coconut plantations, residences of white planters. But if Bathsbeba and Isua, and Onions, caught them up on the empty beaches, without witnesses—why, then there would be trouble. If he were out of the way, if Isua and Bathsbeba had the girl at their mercy.

No, he wouldn't follow that thought. He had a card up his sleeve yet.

THE PALE-BLUE coast of Taviuni came up clearer. Lesser isles began to show themselves, some on the right, others on the left, but Don shook his head when Blanche suggested that they might steer for one or other of these. Taviuni, and Taviuni only, seemed to be his goal.

Behind him, now, the schooner of Prince Isua was coming up fast. Don had the advantage of her with his cutter, in that the latter could sail more closely to the wind; but the size of the prince's boat gave her the higher speed. While Taviuni was changing from blue to violet, from violet to silvery green, the schooner was, still more rapidly, growing from a pin-point to a pyramid, to a hull and two tall wings, to a deck, plainly visible, with a native crew standing ready, and three passengers sitting on the hatch. One was white, one was brown, and the third, unmistakable by reason of her height and carriage, was Bathsbeba, the half-caste princess.

"Take the tiller," Don ordered, handing it to the girl. He studied his chart; told Blanche to let her up into the wind a bit. "We'll be ashore in ten minutes," he said, breathing hard. He was like a man in the last hundred yards of a race.

If there was a race in progress, it became clear, within five minutes more, that Don was winning; more, that he was in a remarkable hurry to land on Taviuni. He ran the cutter right up on the nearest sandy beach, leaped off her bow, and pulled the ready Blanche after him. There wasn't a house or a living creature near; only the ivory beach, blue-shadowed like snow, the inevitable coco palms behind it, and, away at the back of all, a shred of purple hill.

"Now," said Morrison, "leave it to me."

Isua had put out his dinghy; he, Bathsbeba, and Onions landed together. Even in that moment, Don could not but admire the appearance, the poise of this Fanagian prince and his cousin. Tall, splendid, self-possessed, they stood beside the grinning uneasy Onions, who seemed, in their company, to reek of all the slums of all the world. "The master race," thought Don; well, it's a good thing we're not all built on Onions' pattern; and a good thing, too, that Bathsbebas are scarce.

"I want to ask," Bathsbeba said, speaking in English, rather slowly, "what you mean by ab—by abducting my ward. Do you know you have broken the English laws, they could put you in jail here in Fiji? You will give her back into my charge at once."

"Blanche," Morrison replied, with all the coolness he could muster, "is her own mistress and can do as she likes. She is going to marry me as soon as we can walk to the other side of the island, where there's a missionary, I believe. It's about two hours from here."

Bathsbeba retained her self-command, but Prince Isua blew up. "You dog," he said, "you low beachcomber, this lady can't marry without her guardian's consent, and you know it."

"Not till tomorrow," Bathsbeba put in, very sweetly, "and till then, she must stay with us on the schooner; I cannot allow my ward to be ab—abducted."

There was a moment's silence. Blanche, as white as her own name, faced the pair in silence. She can hold her tongue; what a woman! thought Morrison gratefully, I'd marry her for that alone.

Then he unloosed his own tongue. "What," he said, to the prince and to Bathsbeba, "did they teach you in your mission school over there, besides the misdoings of

[Continued on page 42]



... but he's saying "I'm sorry" now!



It was Ada who really saved me. I was telling her how Bill and I had quarreled that morning because I couldn't get his shirts white enough to suit him.



"Your trouble sounds like 'tattle-tale gray,'" Ada told me—"and that means left-over dirt. Change to Fels-Naptha—its richer golden soap and lots of naphtha get out ALL the dirt."



And am I glad I listened to Ada! My washes are like snow. They've lost every bit of "tattle-tale gray." Bill's so tickled with the way his shirts look that he's been sweet as pie ever since!

YOU bet Fels-Naptha will get your clothes cleaner—and whiter!

For Fels-Naptha brings you something that no "trick" soap can—two dirt-looseners instead of one. Not soap alone, but good golden soap with plenty of dirt-loosening naphtha added to it.

Chip Fels-Naptha into your washing machine—and see what a gorgeous job it does. It's great in your tub and for soaking or boiling. You'll find it gentle—safe for your finest silk stockings and daintiest lingerie. And it's kind to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Get some Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's today!... Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

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Nothing better expresses thought for your guests' comfort: nothing does more to establish your reputation as a hostess, than your choice of household cottons. Your great-grandmother knew this and it was for her that Colonial

household linens were first made. They are made for YOU today—Colonial Towels with the identifying blue tab; and Colonial Sheets and Pillowslips; honestly made as always, for lasting wear. Sold throughout the Dominion.

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COLONIAL TOWELS
CANADA'S FINEST

Put on the Clock

(Continued from page 28)

without asking, the kiss that he felt was honestly his due, when Blanche suddenly pushed him back into the scrub. "Hide!" she whispered. It was more than ever like a book or a play, he thought, as he crouched among the leaves; it was romantic, unreal. But it wasn't either unreal or romantic that someone had tried to poison him that afternoon.

Onions, the barman hotelkeeper, walking quickly, came into view. "Here," he called to Blanche, "what've y' been doin'? They want y' up at the palace. Come along with me, girlie, and bring y'r flowers with y'. Where's that tourist? Have y' seen him?" "There was somebody who looked like him on the beach a while ago. Do you want him?"

"Want him, be hanged. Nobody wants him. Come on, Bathsheba's fair shriekin' for y', and Isua's off his bloomin' nut. They've got your dress and are goin' to try it on. The Queen says it's bonzer, and me, I say it'll do for your coronation by and by, but I didn't say that to her. Hurry, girlie."

Don waited till they were out of sight and then came out again. The money in his belt would do, he thought; it wouldn't leave him a bean afterward, but, as Lord Nelson had said, something always must be left to chance. He could hire a cutter from one of the chiefs and say it was for a fishing trip. He'd get provisions from the store, and a compass and a chart or two, and a general map of the central Pacific; that was important, for reasons that probably would not occur to anyone on Fanagi save himself. Might not have occurred to himself, either, had he not belonged for years to the frustrated band of map-readers who pore upon blue paper with delight and aching desire. He had always loved maps, and his love was returning dividends now.

Isua, he knew, had a small schooner, but her engine was out of use; there was no benzine left in Fanagi owing to the depleted state of the Treasury. With a fair start, he could get to the Fijis first; it would not take him more than three or four days, with the southeast roaring behind him. It could be done. It should be done.

He waited long that night when the southeast wind had failed, and the sea, beyond the reef, was lifting and booming in breathless intervals, and along the shore, everything was so quiet that you could hear the ghost-crabs scuttling among the weeds and the shellfish popping among the low-tide pools. There'd be a bit of a land breeze with the rising of the moon; he hoped she would not be too late.

SHE WAS not. Noiseless as a flying gull she came along the beach, running fast on those small bare feet of hers, as if she feared pursuit. . . . I'll buy her shoes, he thought, and silk stockings, too, in Suva, if it takes my last bean.

There was no time to talk. "The moon's nearly up," she gasped. "Let's go. They think I'm asleep. I got out of the window and climbed the wall. They won't find out till sun-up, but we might be seen."

He swung her into the boat. "Lie on the bottom," he said, throwing a spare sail over her. It caught in the chain of pearl beads, and she gave a little cry. "Take care!"

"No harm done," he said, tugging at the halyards, "and anyhow if I break them, I'll buy you a new string in Fiji."

"Why," she said, "you couldn't do that; they're real!"

Almost he let go the halyard before the mainsail was up.

"My hat, you don't mean it?" he cried. "How could they be?"

"They are. Dad left them to me. Some-

times Bathsheba wears them and sometimes I do. I took care I had them tonight. They're mine and no one can touch them."

Don knew very little about the value of pearls, but he was conscious of a certain shock, a feeling of perplexity that he had no time to analyze, with the sails just taking the breeze.

Casualty, he put the thought aside. "Are you warm there?" he asked. "We'll get it a bit outside. Are you afraid?"

She laughed. "Afraid? With you? But—what will you do when they catch us up?"

The cutter was lying down to it now, water chattering along her keel, passage clear ahead, color of sapphire in the moonlight, between the bone-white horns of the reef. "Why should you think they will?" Don asked, swinging the tiller.

She said: "This is the twenty-third, Monday. It's four days to my birthday; that's three, you might say, because it's nearly midnight. Don't you think they'll catch us up in three days before we get to Fiji? Of course they'll know we're going there; there's nowhere else to go."

"What if they do?" But he knew what. The person, man or woman, who had sent him a poisoned meal, would have other resources; would not scruple to use them, in the safe isolation of the high seas—or even in the outer, little inhabited isles of the Fiji group, which was as far as they could go before being overtaken.

Nevertheless he was not downcast. He knew what he knew. He knew—or thought he did—exactly how long it would take to reach his goal; he had the course plotted out, and trusted to the steady southeast wind and to his secret, for the rest.

"I'll rig you up a screen when we get clear of the Fanagis," he said, "and you can sleep behind it as snug as a—like a bee in its cell. Weather couldn't be better. Leave me alone to do the best, girlie, and you'll have a pair of new shoes from Fiji for your birthday." He had already forgotten about the absurd pearl beads.

The passage and the grumbling reef were past; the wind, with the approach of morning, began to rise again; and like the captain of the *Hesperus* and his little daughter, they steered for the open sea.

TUESDAY WAS the first day of the journey. On Thursday morning, the twenty-sixth, they were two days and three nights out, and the Fijis were not yet in sight. The cutter had done splendidly; running day and night before the unfailing southeast trade, she had flung the sea-miles behind her like a launch. Almost as well as if he had already traversed it, Don knew his way from the Fanagis to Fiji; it is one of the recognized ocean routes for sailing craft, and from March to December, safer than a street—for a man who has learned a bit of navigation on the yachts of friends, and knows, on occasion, how to make use of a compass and a chart.

If they had met steamers he would have been surprised; but it was an odd chance that no sailing canoes came their way; and, as the days flew on, a chance that Morrison regretted. He would have liked to check their position.

Already he felt as if he and Blanche had known each other for a year. She was, he told himself, the finest little sport in the South Seas; she hadn't a whimper in her; she could steer like a witch, and handle sails like an A.B. He revered her, he wondered at her, he was crazily in love with her.

He was very proud of what he had done—carrying off a poor beauty, a lovely beggar without a shoe to her foot, saving her from the dark machinations of the villain and bringing her safe to a good British colony, where he could, he hoped, get a job to keep his wife. About that he felt uneasy at times; he was not too young to know that the time when a man most badly wants a job is the very time when one is least likely to be landed.

However, they had the Pacific Ocean to themselves and it was glorious weather, and the food and water were holding out well; so he thought, he would not trouble trouble till trouble troubled him.



Beauty Culture

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In 67 different countries Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste." Only recently, in scientific tests, Pepsodent was proved the least abrasive . . . and therefore safest . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders. Until new scientific discoveries are made in the field of dentistry our laboratories know no way to improve Pepsodent . . . or the remarkable polishing agent, exclusive with Pepsodent.

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Pepsodent at a greater saving. The identical, time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you—with the tube alone changed and the quantity increased. Druggists are selling the new tube at a new low price.

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Over a hundred million tubes of Pepsodent have been sold. Year after year, people have gladly bought Pepsodent . . . rather than endanger teeth by buying harsh, gritty "bargain" tooth pastes. Now new processes have cut costs . . . and we're passing this saving on to you. Today dealers are selling Pepsodent in a new larger tube . . . at a new low price.



Experiment in Adoption

(Continued from page 20)

of the garden. Diana had just done a "potty" on the floor. This was another sign of naughtiness, another indication of her need for attention and affection, and her efforts to attract both. She was dismayed at her own action and at the few words which Marjorie was no doubt saying to her in reproach. In her mood of the moment, she did not want to see the visitors, although they were friends she liked.

For some minutes they were left in my care and I, like a fool, full of the news of John, told them all about him, enlarged on his attractiveness and led them down the garden to his pram. In the meantime Diana had made the effort to overcome her confusion and meet the callers. She came running into the drawing-room with her mother to greet us, ran out on to the terrace to call to us in the garden, and was confronted by the sight of three grown-up, intelligent people making the usual obvious gestures of admiration over the pram of her new baby brother John.

Diana had forgotten all about John. When friends called, she was the child who had been talked to. She had received the attention and the intelligently tempered admiration. It was she who had always been given their friendliness and affection. It was she who was an integral part of this household. Our friends were her friends. When they came to see us, they came to see Diana. And here they were, two of them—and her daddy—making fools of themselves at the foot of the garden over the new baby brother John.

Knowing her sensitiveness and her imagination, we should have prevented this kind of thing at all costs. A first charge against us was that, having inflicted this new disturbance on her, we should have protected her from its consequences. Instead of doing that, I was aiding and abetting in making her embarrassed and uncomfortable and unhappy. It was a shock to her. We saw that at once. She stopped short and would not go down the garden.

For the rest of the afternoon she was difficult in a way we had never encountered in her before. She surprised our friends, and distressed us by crying and whining continually. She wanted the affection that she was afraid was being taken, or had already been taken, away from her. She more than sensed the menace of John; she realized it. She saw that there were now two where formerly there had been only one. Two to share the affection, the interest and admiration of parents and visitors alike. Two to take and share what had all been hers. It was a blow below the belt and she crumpled up under it.

All that afternoon she wanted to be nursed. Where before there had been sturdy independence, there was now complete dependence. She whined after her mother and would have nothing to do with me. Long afterward I came to the conclusion that this resentment against me, and many subsequent resentments, might perhaps be traced to the fact that the responsibility for bringing the new baby to the house had been laid at my door. When she asked first of all for a baby brother, it was to her daddy that she had been referred. Daddy might be able to manage it, daddy might not. We'll see what daddy can do about it. That was how we had put it. And so it was daddy who had been responsible for the coming into her life of this new John who shared, and who was to share, everything that had been hers.

A very uncomfortable afternoon altogether. We could not scold Diana; it was no fault of hers that she was unhappy. It was our fault. We could not reason with her. When you are two years of age and have

apparently been deposed by the parents in whom you have put all your young faith and trust, you are quite a difficult person to reason with—if there can possibly be reasoning power left in you at all. It would have been silly to pretend that everything was as it had been before. Everything was not as it had been before; everything was changed. Even the charming visitors had changed in Diana's eyes. They were admirers of this thing that had come into her life. They were witnesses of her humiliation. She whined, and cried and sobbed—for anything and for everything.

At the bottom of the garden John woke, sat up in his pram, and bawled loudly. We all went to the door to look out at him. We walked on to the terrace to wave our hands to him.

"Isn't he a pretty little thing?" said one of our visitors. "Haven't you got a lovely baby brother now, Diana?"

What a world of desolation can be cupped in the pools of a child's eyes. She looked down the garden toward John, looked down under her lowered brows, and there was nothing but misery in her face. It was impossible not to know at this moment, if you had any feeling or sensitiveness or understanding at all, that the world of the child lay about her in ruins. At this moment, in her own mind, it could never be built up again. This was utter and complete misery.

"Diana seems so changed," remarked one of our visitors. "I have never seen her like this before."

Neither had we. We glanced at each other over her small troubled face, and wondered. This was the beginning—not a very promising one. Where would we go from here?

TWO DAYS later Diana's grandmother, her uncle and her aunt called to see us. These three had been great favorites of Diana's—her grandmother particularly. She refused to see them.

"But, darling," Marjorie explained, "it's ga-ga."—Diana's word for grandmother.

"Don't want to see her; don't want to see her," cried Diana.

Marjorie held out her hand to lead her into the drawing-room. Diana turned her back and ran away. Marjorie went quietly and persuasively after her. Diana turned her face to the wall and stood kicking the wall with her shoes.

"Don't want to see her; don't want to see her," she repeated whiningly.

Marjorie asked: "Not Auntie Vi and Uncle Will?"

"No! Don't want to see them; don't want to see them."

What she really meant was that she did not want them to see her. She did not want them—or anybody else who had known her before—to see her in this new world that was so different from the old one.

"Don't want to see them; don't want to see them."

Marjorie did not attempt to force her to do anything she did not want to do, but gradually she persuaded Diana to realize that it might not be such a catastrophe after all if she went into the drawing-room to see her aunt, her uncle and her grandmother. Diana, however, would only peep into the drawing-room. Having done that she was once more overcome. She burst out crying, and when the visitors turned toward her as the door opened, she hid her face from them.

She was for the moment that kind of nightmare child who, encountered in another place, one always wants, in one's ignorance, to smack or to bury. It seemed impossible that almost overnight such a change could take place in any child. She had indeed become that impossible kind of child who needs "a jolly good thrashing." We had the very good sense, in spite of our early mistakes, not to make the fatal mistake of giving her that jolly good thrashing. It was our job to comfort her as much as possible, to show her that she was still well loved and that the coming of John would make no difference in her life, or in our attitude to her. That would take time and effort, and a great deal of imagination and understanding.

(Continued on page 42)



Photographic Arts

She is likely to become mentally dull unless she takes up some work.

by
MARION
FORSTER

THE FATEFUL FORTIES

THE FORTIES have always been considered the danger point in a woman's life. The first aura of youthful romance is over, and living for the pure pleasure of it is beginning to get a little stale. At this point, some women begin to wail that their best days are over, some try to hold on to romance by changing husbands or having illicit affairs, some grow old, and—some have careers. This is the critical point. A woman may spend the rest of her days bemoaning the fate of woman, or she can build a life for herself, just as men have to do, and know from the beginning that they have to do.

Nature is particularly generous with her gifts to the young girl, and it is no wonder that she comes to expect too much of life. The general rule is that we get nothing out of life but what we struggle for, work for, and fight for, but it takes a woman a while to find that out. As a girl, she thought that the world was ready to pour its best gifts into her lap if she would but accept them. She was besieged with proposals of marriage from men who, it seemed, wanted to give her everything she could wish for and shower her with affection for the rest of her life and all she needed to do was to say yes.

The boy at this age has to start at the bottom. He goes to work at a pitifully low wage and has to do the undesirable work, take orders from older men, and hope for promotion and better pay in the future. Often he finds his girl friend taken away from him by older and wealthier men. The girl, at this time of life, hasn't a worry. Everything is hers. We might add, parenthetically, that the unattractive girl is not likely to be so deceived. She learns from the beginning to work for what she gets. Once this summer, I noticed three girls on the beach, trying to ride bicycles for the first time. One of them was witty, and kept everybody laughing over her mistakes. The pretty one of the three said that they ought to pay you to ride the things instead of charging for the use of them. The other girl was homely and said

**IF A GIRL IS PRETTY AT TWENTY
IT IS DUE TO THE GENEROSITY
OF NATURE . . IF SHE IS GOOD-
LOOKING AT FIFTY IT IS BECAUSE
OF HER OWN EFFORTS**

nothing at all, but in a little while she had mastered it and was able to ride. For her there will be less disillusionment in later years. But the majority of young girls are attractive and come to depend on it, more or less, though quite unaware themselves that they are doing so.

They should observe that when the poets say,

"When your hair has turned to silver
I will love you just the same."

or,

"Believe me, if all those endearing young
charms
... were to fade and to vanish . . .
Thou wouldst still be adored as this
moment thou art . . ."

they say it before and not after, and it should not be taken too literally. If a woman is loved when she is old, it is because she has earned it and not because she was pretty when she was a girl. There is no intent to deceive, and the

youth who says these things is perfectly sincere and really means it at the moment he says it, although he hasn't the slightest idea how he is going to feel forty years hence.

But our young lady soon finds that her youth and beauty which she had always believed to be due to her own intelligence and good management, are gifts of the gods, and what is more, gifts that are likely to be speedily withdrawn. Her figure, which never gave her any thought, is becoming bulky; and her complexion, which she thought no amount of abuse could harm, is beginning to show the signs of wear. If she is to keep her good looks, it will take intelligent care and work. If she lets herself go, she is sunk. She cannot expect everything to come to her without any exertion on her own part.

If a girl is pretty at twenty, it is due to the generosity of nature; if she is good-looking at fifty, it is because of her own efforts. Not that she should try to look girlish—that often defeats its own purpose—but she can be pleasing to the eye, good to look at. As a woman grows older, it becomes more a matter of personality and less of body, less of flesh and more of soul. Remember how when we were small, and cried and puckered up our faces, our mothers used to say, "What if your face should freeze that way?" That wasn't really a joke. One's face does freeze "that way," only it takes thirty or forty years to do it. The expression of face that one most frequently wears becomes permanently fixed on the countenance. You cannot live with a bad disposition for forty years and not show it in your face.

ONE OF THE most important things for the middle-aged person is to keep the chassis in repair. There are so many people who, when they do not feel well, remark gloomily, "I guess I must be getting old." That is not the right attitude to take. If one is not well, it is a sign that there is something wrong that needs to be corrected. It is true that the older one gets, the more repairing is [Continued on page 54]

DEB FINDS CURE FOR STOCKING RUNS

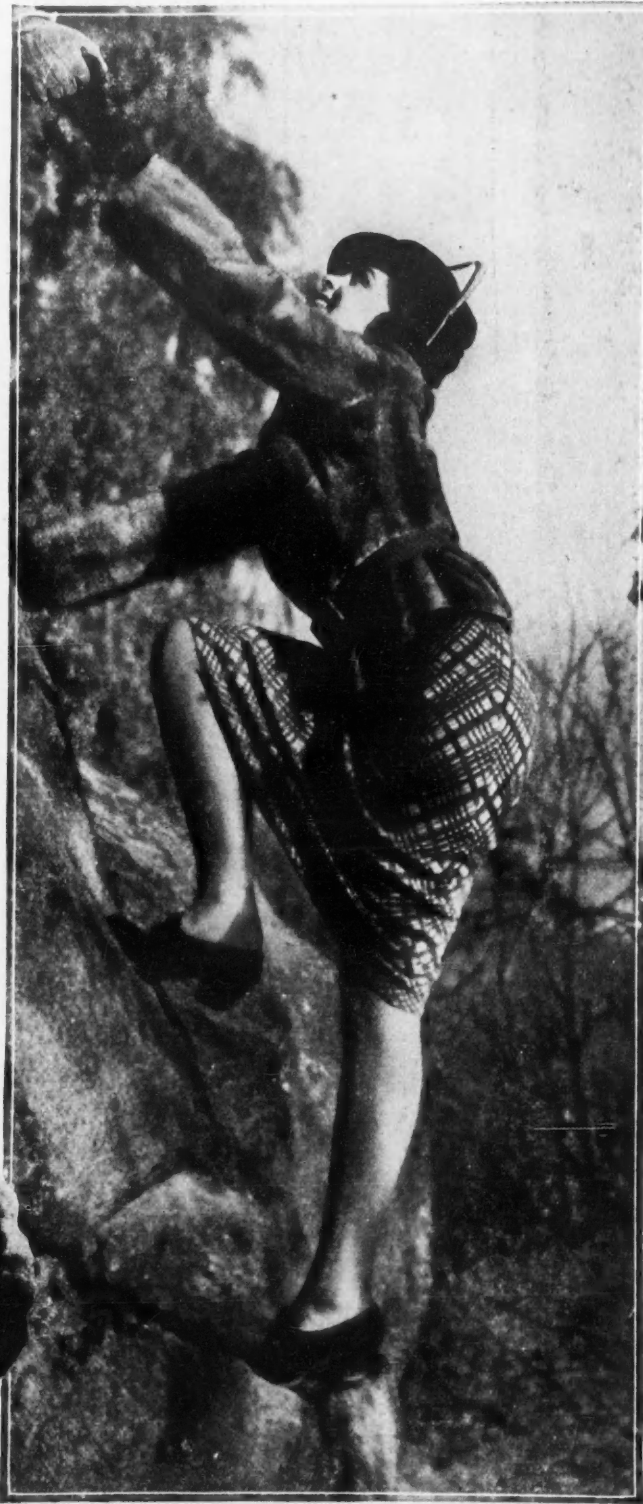


MIRIAM TILDEN, pretty young debutante, holds up the party again! "More run trouble," she explains to her escort. "Honest, I can't help it! It seems as though every time I bend a knee, threads pop like machine guns!" Other girls who have run trouble will be interested to read how Miss Tilden solved this problem!—See her story below.

"**SOMEBODY** tipped me off to Lux. It's smooth. Cut my runs down right away!" says Miss Tilden.

Trust a modern deb to know her onions! Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken stocking elasticity—threads tend to break under strain—then runs start.

Here's Miss Tilden snapped with her cure for stocking troubles!



DARES TO TAKE dare now! Climbing the highest rock on a dare, Miss Tilden finds Luxed stockings stand the strain like winners! "When they say Lux saves *elasticity*, they're 100% right! Thanks to Lux, my stockings give, but don't give up!"

—Try Lux today!

LUX SAVES STOCKING ELASTICITY



by
ANNABELLE
LEE

IF YOU ARE THIN

I WILL NOT try to persuade you that a thin neck is attractive on its own merits, but I do insist—in spite of plaintive denials from the "afflicted"—that a too thin neck has its advantages. For one thing, it usually goes with a slim figure. Apart from that consideration, a thin neck lends itself so beautifully to "dressing," for the lines which suit a long, thin neck are lines that are definitely smart—high, close collars, nonchalantly thrown scarves, rolling collars, fichus—you should plan for any of these when you choose your frocks.

You can be smart with a debonair, sophisticated smartness. You might tuck a scarf inside your plain, close round neckline, and tie it Ascot-fashion against your throat. You may go Russian or Chinese with a banded, upstanding collar, if it doesn't make you look too severe—or you may achieve softness by draping satin suavely across the base of your throat.

And if you're young and long to be genuinely "fluffy" in spite of your hollows, you can manage even this, by devising some such treatment as that sketched above. For this, which is known as the "bandit" neckline, half a yard of net, seventy-two inches wide, was bought. Three yard strips two inches wide were cut off, picoted at the edges, and box-pleated into one-inch pleats. The net remaining made the two pointed pieces which stand up front and back and create the "bandit" mask effect. It is a charming and individual neckline which can be adapted to any frock by lowering the neckline to a V. Tuck a small spray of flowers on the right shoulder, and if you are fair-skinned, choose black net.

Should your neck be too long rather than too obviously thin, there is an effective fashion which you might borrow from Norma Shearer, who adopted it with a black velvet, drop-shouldered evening gown. Fitting close about her neck she wore a narrow black velvet band upon which rested three diminutive gardenias. A matching velvet and gardenia band appeared at the side of her hair. Incidentally, low-dressed hair,

arranged so that it covers—or at least partly covers—the ears, detracts from the length of one's neck.

Attention to the small, important details will save you from being labelled "thin," and give you instead a reputation for wearing smart, clever clothes. Watch your jewellery: your necklace, for instance, should be short but must not be too lumpy in its design. A flat metal necklace contrives to make a thin neck look plumper. Prominent collar bones can be concealed by wearing a metal cravat-like necklace.

And as for the care of your neck, this is particularly important, for a thin neck wrinkles and roughens—more easily than does the plump. The same unremitting massage you give your neck each night will not only keep it smooth and unwrinkled, but will actually help it to become fuller and more rounded.

Use a rich nourishing cream, applying it all around from the base of the neck to the jawbone, and at the back from the base of the neck to the hairline. Then, holding the fingers close together and slightly cupping the hand, begin patting, using all four fingers and half the palm. Pat firmly straight up from the base of the throat to the jawbone; then shift your hand along the collar bone and pat again, progressing in this way along the jawbone to the ear. Pat right of the chin with the left hand, and left of the chin with the right. Then pat the back of the neck in the same way.

Nourishing cream is the best thing to use for this nightly patting, but cocoa butter may also be used with good effect. The butter should be warmed slightly and applied liberally to the skin.

Just as in the case of the too plump neck, exercise will help as well as massage. Sit erect, holding the chin erect but not lifted. Turn the head slowly as far as possible to the right without strain; back to the front; then to the right, then to the front; then to the back as far as possible, without strain. Repeat the complete series of movements fifteen or twenty times each day.



Here's new comfort...

NEW FREEDOM FROM EMBARRASSMENT FOR YOUR DAUGHTER

Most women think chafing is inescapable. But with this new Wondersoft Kotex you forget about chafing entirely! Now sides are cushioned with fluffy cotton to keep them so gentle, so downy soft, that even young, active girls with tender skins, can find no fault. Sides remain dry and soft, yet top and bottom are free to absorb.

No twisting! No roping!

Many women wearing ordinary pads won't believe this possible! Maybe it is hard to realize that no other pad is like this one. This new Kotex, instead of twisting, roping and pulling, constantly readjusts itself to conform to the body. Activities formerly impossible become pleasant. Yet, with all this, the special center insures even greater protection, means extra security from unthinkable accidents.

You wear it! Forget it!

Haven't you longed for just such a sanitary napkin as this? A Wondersoft pad? One that fits so snug that there are no telltale outlines under your clinging gowns? Wondersoft Kotex is made for you women who want "forget-about-it" protection!

New Economy Package!

Thousands of women will welcome the new Economy Package. Con-

venient... Wondersoft Kotex always on hand, in a single box—large families particularly will benefit. Economical... 48 Wondersoft Kotex pads at a new low price.

Buy Wondersoft Kotex at any store. And remember, even the box doesn't look like an ordinary sanitary napkin package.



FREE TO WOMEN!

Choice of two authoritative booklets on Feminine Hygiene. Check your choice on coupon below.

KOTEX COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
Department 635
330 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

☐ I should like a copy of "Health Facts on Menstruation."

☐ Send me "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday," for a child.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

Ask

the next
Busy Woman
what deodorant
she uses



HAVE you ever noticed that it's usually the busy woman who is most smartly turned out?

Because she has no time to waste, she has her toilet rites reduced to a faultless, fast-moving system. She chooses toilet articles which do what she wants done in the quickest time.

This is why she uses Mum—because it does what she wants done in the quickest time.

With Mum it takes just half-a-minute to make your underarms fresh, free from unpleasant perspiration odor for all day. Just half-a-minute!

And you can use Mum any time, after you're dressed, as well as before. For it's harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

You can count on Mum to keep you safe from the slightest trace of ugly perspiration odor. And it does this without affecting the perspiration itself.

Quick, harmless, soothing, dependable—that's Mum! No wonder busy women choose it above all other deodorants. Have you tried it? All toilet counters have it. Bristol-Myers Company of Canada Ltd., Montreal, P.Q.

M53

MUM

takes the odor out
of perspiration . . .

ON SANITARY NAPKINS

There's nothing like Mum to give protection from this danger of unpleasantness.

Your neck can
make or mar
your beauty



IF YOU ARE "PLUMP"

IF YOU are plump, ten chances to one you'll possess that redeeming virtue, a lovely neck. And if you are wise in the ways of dressing, you'll show it. Yes, indeed, even if fashion is busy concerning itself with Russianesque buttoned-to-the-throat collars and high-swathed necklines, you'll defy precedent and go in for a low, square-cut décolletage, for a deep V, for a gracefully draped cowl for soft, long-haired fur—for anything that will serve to reveal the beauty of your skin. Such necklines, too, serve as a becoming frame for a too full face, give the illusion of a longer neck and are distinctive in these contrary days.

If you're plump, praise the little fashion gods who sit in Paris for their consistent kindness to a woman's back—kindness, that is, to a plump woman's back. For when you put on your evening dress you'll score heavily over all the slim young things who unconcernedly sport their backbones and shoulder blades. Style isn't so much a matter of years as it is of figure and appearance. Wear your gown low-backed to the point of daring—and don't go weakly flinging a jacket over your shoulders just because you can count five years into "middle age."

The woman pictured above knows that the square-cut neckline is flattering to her. So she is fond of accenting it—sometimes with a collar, sometimes with lace, and sometimes as sketched, with a one-inch banding of ribbon. The flowers pinned to one corner hang loosely, attached only by their stems—an individual touch which is extremely becoming. The low square and the drooping flowers combine to give a flattering effect for the broad-shouldered woman with a large bust.

Jewellery presents difficulties to some women who do not realize that an unwanted line should never be repeated. Thus, if your face is full and round, avoid like the plague wearing a short necklace, even if it's a gift! A longer fifteen or twenty-inch string ending in a pointed pendant conveys the same impression as does a low-cut V-neckline. So it is with the short, plump neck. It can wear

large, round beads, perhaps, but the necklace should extend at least to the top of the bust. The illusion of length again, you see.

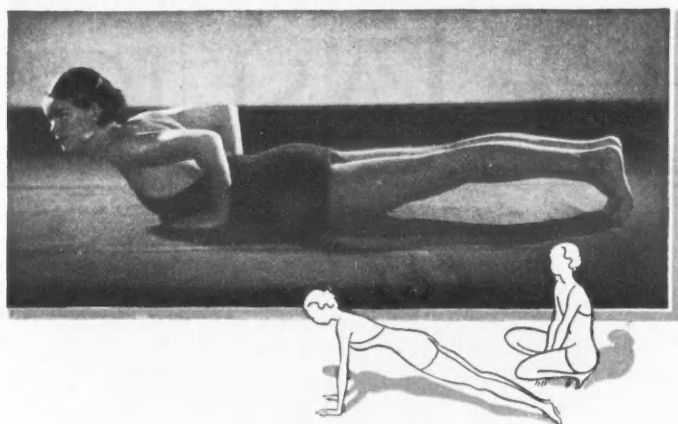
Naturally, your problem, assuming you are plump, is to avoid superfluous chins and heaviness around the jaw. It can be done, you know, and that very easily. Massage and exercise are your twin salvations. The massage may take the form of vigorous slapping with the back of your hand from the point of the chin all the way along the jaw line. Or you can clench your fists, doubling them together against the throat and under the chin, and by a series of pressing, lifting movements, move them apart along the jawbone, thus kneading away the double chin.

Use an astringent when you slap or massage, or better still if your chin has got the better of you, use a reducing preparation.

Exercise is simple, but must be as faithful as your massage. Rotate the head on the shoulders—that's good for the back of the neck as well as for the chin. Then throw the head back, and bite the air several times. It sounds symptomatic, but really it's a well-known chin-reducing trick—you'll feel the pull on those throat muscles as you do it.

Finish your massage each night by lightly smoothing a nourishing cream into the skin. Or, if daily scrubbing with soap and water fails to remove a wintry tendency to be dingy-looking, massage with a bleaching cream—front and back and all around. Coat collars do horrid things to the backs of our necks, and we too seldom examine them in the mirror. Buttermilk, incidentally, is smoothing and mildly bleaching to the skin. Used as a substitute for bleaching cream, it is particularly effective in ridding the neck of its winter-acquired yellow tinge.

Remember, you who are frankly plump, that in your skin you have your strongest asset. Keep it smooth, well cared for, glowing with vitality, vibrant with health. Do these things, and you'll stand with distinction among your smart, pencil-slim friends as a warm, human figure against an angular modernist frieze.



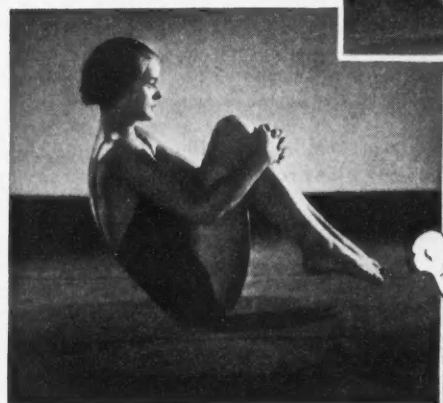
These exercises are designed to slenderize. Begin by devoting ten minutes to them each day, practising the more strenuous movements not more than two or three times. As your body accustoms itself to the daily exercise, increase the time spent on all movements. Ultimately, two exercise periods of fifteen minutes each will keep down increasing weight, destroy "lumpiness" and give you a keen sense of vigor and fitness.

If you want to flatten your tummy, cure constipation and strengthen and develop thin arms, the exercise above is the one for you. From the squatting position in the sketch, crawl forward on your hands to the second sketch position. Now slowly bend your elbows so that your body is lowered to the floor, keeping your head raised and looking straight ahead. Rest a second or two, then slowly straighten your body from the floor. Body and legs must be kept entirely rigid.

Can you keep your back touching the wall, and get down to a squatting position? Try! It's great fun, and splendid for a hollow back and the tummy that is too much in evidence; also for ugly ankles and calves. Stand against the wall with your feet apart, elbows bent, then slide down, stretching your arms out straight to keep your balance. Hold the position for a minute, then rise slowly, still keeping your back glued to the wall, until you are standing right up on your toes.



Painful at first to do on a hard floor, but very exhilarating, and how it gets rid of that tiresome "seat" and fat on the shoulder blades. Sit on the floor, knees drawn up to your chin, clasped tightly. Roll back, lifting your feet off the floor, till you're lying on your back. If you roll back quickly and smoothly enough it will give you the impetus to roll up again into sitting position. Practising this half a dozen times a day will soon wear away superfluous fat in the rear.



"WHEN DRY COARSE SURFACE CELLS ARE MELTED, NEW SMOOTH SKIN APPEARS"

READ HOW SKIN SOFTENER INSTANTLY SMOOTHS HARSH DRY SKIN

NOW it is known exactly how to make harsh, dry skin smooth, fine-textured—almost instantly.

It is an accepted scientific fact that harshness is only stale skin. Just dead particles which, clinging to your true skin, make it rough. Recent tests actually prove that these dry cells can be melted with a skin softener.

Dermatologist explains how—

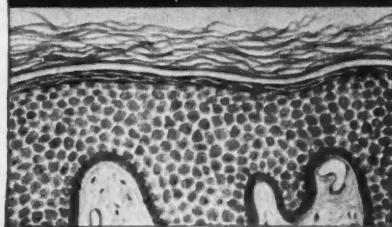
"When a keratolytic cream comes in contact with the dry, horny surface cells, they melt," a leading dermatologist says. "Then the smooth skin appears. It looks clear and of finer texture."

"This vanishing cream also prevents the too-rapid evaporation of needed skin moisture. Thus it wards off, as well as corrects, harshness and dryness."

That is exactly how Pond's Vanishing Cream acts when you smooth it



Dead, horny particles on surface skin make it rough—dry.



Epidermis, or outer skin. Its surface consists of horny cells which are constantly drying, peeling off. They cause the skin to appear harsh—dry—dull.



Coarse, dry cells melted away. Skin gloriously smooth, fine, transparent.

● Mrs. Alexander Hamilton says: "Nothing keeps away dryness so completely as Pond's Vanishing Cream."

on your skin. The very moment this feathery cream touches your skin, scaly cells dissolve. Horny particles vanish. Then your skin looks clearer. Its texture appears finer. More silken. It becomes actually translucent.

Pat it over face, neck, hands, arms after your nightly creaming. Its satin-

izing effect is amazing! With your skin filmed in this cloud-like cream, your rest becomes a real beauty sleep. When morning comes, you have a radiantly fresh, smooth skin.

Powder clings indefinitely. Veil your face—neck—hands with this cream during the day, too. It will shield your skin. Powder and make-up will cling fresh and even through the hours. Your skin will have that suave—finished—well-groomed look that invites admiration.

We want you to test this cream before buying. See harshness, dryness melt away and your skin grow silken-smooth with each day's application. Mail coupon for a generous 10 days' supply.

Generous 10-Day Supply—
Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. VC
107 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont. . . . I enclose 10¢ (for postage and packing) for 10 days' supply of Pond's Vanishing Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Province _____
Made in Canada
All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.



SNOW-FIGHTS... bare hands... wet mittens... of course, their little hands get rough and sore! Apply Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—see how quickly this rich liquid cream soothes chapping and restores smoothness.

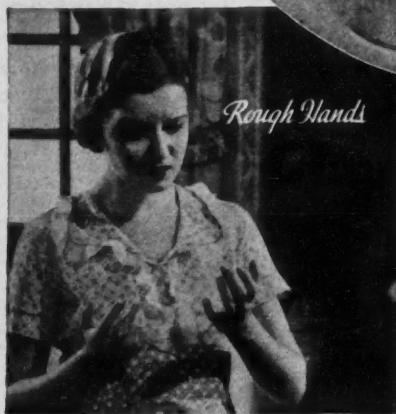
Grown-ups, too, need Hinds when winter-cold slows the action of your oil glands. House-heat dries your skin. Hands, in and out of water all day, are robbed of precious oils. They

become dry, rough, chapped—but not if you use a rich, penetrating cream—Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds relieves chapping quickly—restores a lovely soft texture. Hinds soaks the skin with rich soothing oils, like Nature's own skin-softeners. Yes, Hinds is so effective because it's more than a "jelly," it gives more than a temporary "coating". It lubricates richly, deeply. Use it during the day, also at bedtime.



USE HINDS FOR HANDS, roughened by soap suds and hot water.



TRADE MARK
REGISTERED
IN CANADA.

H125



HINDS *Honey & Almond* **CREAM**

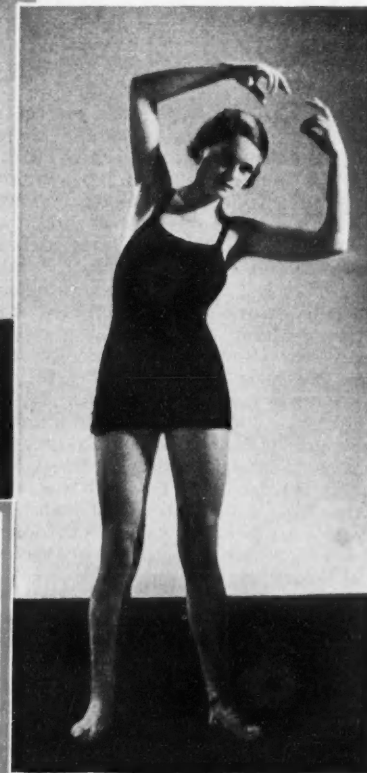
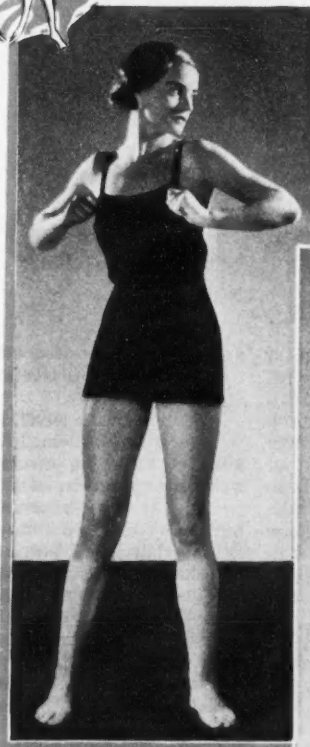
● At all drug stores and toiletry counters. 15, 25 and 50c.

A MATTER OF GOOD FORM ..

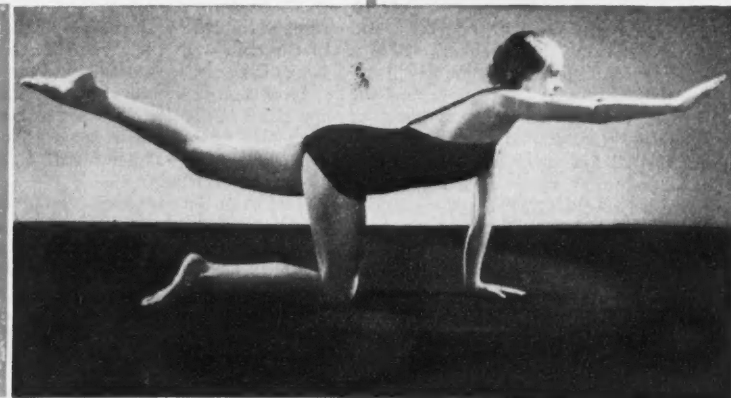


Grand for the waistline, this exercise, and for your bust, too, if it is inclined to be flabby. Stand with feet apart and bend the elbows, keeping them as high and as far back as possible. With the arms in this position and the legs rigid, turn the body from waist only, as far round to the right as you can; then repeat to the left.

Follow the photograph below and the sketches at top left for this exercise which is devastating on that "spare tire." The important thing is to keep your legs and hips rigid. From the position in the photograph, swing sideways and down. The hands drop to the floor, then you begin to swing round, sideways and up again, making a complete circle.



Difficult, but this exercise does the figure from the thighs up a world of good. Kneel on the floor, resting weight of body on hands. Then slowly raise one arm and the opposite leg, as in the photograph. Now kick the leg up as high as you can at the back. Kick twice, then change legs and arms, progressing across the floor, each time you change legs.



SHORTS by KAY MURPHY



Smart little toques with matching purses are being shown—we'll send directions for crocheting them if you feel industrious.

But some of the Baby Bonnets take on tippets of ostrich, and a goodly number of nose veils and forehead veils will help us soften our businesslike profiles.

If you want to look slee-eyed and mysterious, they are showing the Turban, a swathed adaptation of Gary Cooper's head-gear as worn by that suave chap in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

If you want a blouse to dress up last year's suit, take a tip and get it in gay plaid taffeta. They're devastating, and all the rage.

For the lass who likes to purl—or whatever you do in crochet work—they are showing smart little turbans with matching purses which I think would occupy you nicely in the making. (Chatelaine will be glad to send you instructions, if I've made you industriouslike!)

If the redingote is a style you dote on, you will have plenty of chance to indulge! For it is again popular and, of course, very practical. Saw a stunning model—brown rough crêpe "coat," with centre section of gold, brown and fawn printed crêpe, and a cunning double collar of the same material.

The "Pencil Skirt," a trim flannel affair with a pocket that has three slots, and in it pencils of three gay colors. Grand for the school girl, as well as for the secretary to the Chief.

Patent leather bags are arraying themselves for a big season, and I saw some lovely "India Print" cloth handbags that will do things for the spring outfit.

Because it is a navy blue spring, navy blue shoes are being shown by all the shoe-makers, and now along comes the hosiery man with delicious shades of blue in our stockings. Kind of a change, and in the sheer chiffons look very chic.

Knits, knits and then more knits — knitted dresses, knitted suits, knitted hats. Something so satisfactory about a well knitted outfit, isn't there? They're showing them in lovely glowing colors, with rose and pink leading the way. In fact, these two shapes are in for a popularity contest, and side up with the aqua and peacock and grey and beige that are on the style palette.

Maybe it's Noel Coward who's responsible for all this Regency rush-to-the-head. New York went all of a thrill when it saw the beautiful costumes in his "Conversation Piece." And now — behold, even you and I can go walking in the street in high-waisted skirt, little short jacket and coy bonnet. It's a Regency spring, if you please.

Seriously, on looking over the spring fashion parade, I think it is extremely lovely, with colors running high, fabrics keeping up to good quality standards, and a nice discretion of style that tends to be practical, yet soothes our feminine hearts with little tricks of trimming that helps a gal meet the workaday world.



A typical spring dress—two-piece style, plaid taffeta blouse, calyx collar, balloon sleeves.



Step into Spring! ... in one of the clever new knitted creations by Avon Knit. New weaves, new styles, new colours ... these smart Boulaines, Crepeolaines, Frostolaines, and Kempolaines are perfect for both sports and general wear.

Avon Knit

\$15.95
to
\$35.00

AVON KNIT LIMITED - STRATFORD, ONTARIO

TO RELIEVE A COLD ALMOST INSTANTLY

Follow Directions Pictured Below



1. Take two Aspirin Tablets. Make sure you get Aspirin.



2. Drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.



3. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 Aspirin Tablets in 1/3 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat soreness almost instantly.

Now Quicker Relief from Colds This Way

If you catch a cold—don't take chances or suffer needlessly.

The simple method pictured above is the way many doctors now treat colds and relieve the aches and pains colds bring with them.

It is recognized as a remarkably safe, sure, QUICK way. For it will relieve an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

This is because Aspirin Tablets are made to dissolve or disintegrate almost INSTANTLY in the stomach. Hence they start to work almost instantly.

You can relieve nearly any cold you get simply by taking Aspirin and drinking plenty of water. If throat is sore, gargle with 3 Aspirin Tablets stirred in a third of a glass of water. Sore throat eases this way in 2 or 3 minutes, incredible as this may seem.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get Aspirin. It works almost at once when you take it and in a gargle disintegrates completely enough to leave no irritating particles. Watch this when you buy. Aspirin tablets are made in Canada. Aspirin is the trademark of the Bayer Company, Limited. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on each tablet.



DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

FASHION

The fashion shows that are now going on in the famous New York manufacturing district have me all of a dither. With my head turning this-a-way and that-a-way, and my heart flopping up and down at cute new style tricks, I'm gasping to tell you about the newer things.

Quilted taffeta trimmings strike me from all corners. This coat in navy diagonal is collared in an Elizabethan stitched taffeta ruff.

This pert suit of navy Shetland boasts large revers and cavalier cuffs of quilted taffeta.

A lovely navy sheen jacket dress stalks out into the open, with quilted taffeta and collar.

And I saw whole dresses of quilted taffeta in luscious shades of rose, powder, aqua, crane grey and French beige.

So it looks as if it's "Quick, quick into a quilt," gals, if you would do as your sisters across the Border.

We've joined the navy again, for fully eighty per cent of the new suits, coats and dresses are in that spring shade; and the lighter blues, too, are forging ahead, with promise of future glory as the season advances.

Prints are blooming, with dark backgrounds, and tiny floral designs taking the daytime stage, and large floral designs on light grounds sweeping in for the evening.

Sheer crêpes, taffetas and satins are the more favored fabrics that have broken into print for the time being.

Never saw so much femininity as the collars are expressing! The tendency continues to bring the interest to the neckline, and high-type necks, disguised in various ways, are pronounced. Sleeves, too, are bigger and better things than of yore, and seem undecided whether to stop below the elbow or be adventurous enough to reach the wrist.

Suit coats cannot quite decide to be long or short, or arbitrate at hip length. And while some are swagger, the majority are fitted and do things for the figger! You never saw so many perky jacket styles, many of them padding their shoulders, and bi-swinging their backs and doing other things that will make the men green with envy.



Quilted taffeta on coats, suits, dresses—a spring style feature.

But it's the hats that are the honies! Here we have the Bumper, that has a warning tilt to the front, topped with a bow; there we have the Bonnet that gives a gal that demure, butter-wouldn't-melt-in-my-mouth look, the Sailor, that looks as if the fleet is in; the Buster Brown, as naive as its name. Oh, my! They go on and on, but while they have giddy and babyish names they really have a lot of character and look much better on the average woman than they sound.

Petersham, faille, fabric and bright straws are the most important millinery materials, and manipulation of self rather than "foreign" trimmings are noted.



And now it's the "Pencil Skirt"—with a pocket in three slots for three gay pencils.

Hates to take off her gloves



.... she knows her rough, chapped hands are so much older looking than her face—hand skin is a *different* kind of skin that dries out more easily, ages faster

Hands now enchantingly smooth

LET'S not have any more rough, chapped hands—it's so easy to avoid them! You have only to *put back* the precious moisture your hands are constantly losing!

For, unlike your face, which is protected by a delicate film of oil, the skin of your hands is dependent on a special kind of moisture for its softness.

Puts Moisture Back into the Skin

Jergens Lotion has been especially made to restore this moisture to the hands. It's simply marvelous the way Jergens does this.

Of course, you know about its famous ingredients—a truly remarkable whitener, a skin softener specialists themselves prescribe to treat painfully chapped hands, soothe cracked and roughened skin.

Jergens is compounded so expertly that it goes deep down into the tiny dried-out skin cells to restore the drained-off moisture.

Goes in More Effectively

Recent scientific experiments show that Jergens goes into the skin *more completely* and carries its healing emollients into the dried-out cells *better* than any other lotion tested.

That's why it never feels sticky on the surface!

You'll be amazed at what a single application will do for your hands. If you use Jergens regularly, within only a few days you'll be thrilled to find your hands noticeably softer, whiter, younger!

Drug and department stores have this wonderful lotion at 50¢ and \$1.00. There's a handy, smaller size sold in ten-cent stores, too.

A FEW DAYS LATER...



There's witchery in hands that are rapturously smooth, confidently young. But only disenchantment in rough, old-looking hands.



Jergens Lotion

FREE—Generous Trial Bottle to show you how Jergens goes into the skin on your hands, giving them an enchanting, youthful softness. C-3

Fill in and mail this coupon to—

The Andrew Jergens Company, Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

MADE IN CANADA

Like Myself—
My Daughters
Prefer
DELONG
Delnaps



Each Delnap pad has *Extra Layers* for perfect comfort security. But only with a napkin of Delnaps' *Extra Layers* can you be so certain. You'll notice DeLong Delnaps are different—for these two reasons:

1. Delnaps' Pad contains 40 layers of Cellulose, 10 more than the average . . . Absorbs more, penetrates slower, giving Safer Protection.
2. Delnaps' Pad absorbs towards the ends instead of across. Having "Long-way Absorption," they last longer—more economical.

Ask for Delnaps by name . . . in the convenient Jade-green box.

DeLong Hook & Eye Company
of Canada, Ltd., St. Mary's, Ont.

DELONG

DELNAPS

- Extra Layers
- Long-way Absorption
- Softer
- Invisible



Put on the Clock

(Continued from page 31)

the patriarchs and the multiplication table?"

Isua stared blankly. Bathsheba, quicker at the uptake, saw that something was wrong. She temporized.

"You are excited, you, Mr. Morrison. You are saying you don't know what."

"I know extremely well. It's you who don't know. Did no one ever explain to you how time is reckoned? Haven't you heard of the hundred and eightieth parallel of longitude?"

Now it was Isua, the man, who felt the approach of dismay. This might be Greek to Bathsheba, but it was not altogether to

him. Instantly he knew the cause was lost.

"Well, since you don't, I must explain—and you can ask anyone in the first settlement you come to. Crossing that parallel from west to east, you lose a day. Crossing it, as we did a few minutes ago—it runs through this part of Taviuni—from east to west, a day is gained. This isn't the twenty-sixth. It's the twenty-seventh, Blanche's birthday, and she's of age, and you can all go and hang yourselves."

There was a moment of peril and Don knew it. They could still have got hold of Blanche—if he were not there. Without him, they could still have worried her, or worse, into the marriage with Isua. But she was of age; she could marry him that very day; and he saw, to his delight, that this fact, so crucial, so unexpected, had for the moment, as he put it, "knocked 'em clean off their perches."

"Come on," he told Blanche, drawing his arm through hers. "It's no sort of a walk, if the Sailing Directions are right; we'll be Mr. and Mrs. before sundown."

Quietly, slowly, he led her through the palms, and when he judged they were out of sight of the beach, he loosed her arm and said: "Now, kid, show me how you do some of that running of yours!" The sound of their feet, low on the sand and crackling loud among the fallen palm leaves died away.

LATER, AS they came in sight of the Mission House, Don found breath to say two things: "They'll tow the cutter back, I reckon." And afterward: "When a man doesn't really need a job, when he's going to marry a—marry an—" the word stuck in his throat, but he bravely brought it out, "marry an heiress, he can always find a job. They go looking for him."

Blanche said only: "Where can I go and tidy my hair?" She had a good deal to say about Arctic and Antarctic worlds and female explorers, but she thought wisely that it could wait. It seemed to her that there were several things in the science of geography she ought to learn.

Experiment in Adoption

(Continued from page 32)

OUR CONCERN led us to the right and natural step of taking John out of his mother's room. We did this in order to kill the possible suspicion in Diana's mind that during the night John was receiving attention and love from his mummy while she, Diana, was alone in the nursery. We could have achieved our object by changing over John and Diana, putting John in the nursery and returning Diana to her mother's room. But it seemed to us that that would be going too far back altogether.

We wanted to move forward. To put Diana back in Marjorie's room would be to go right back to babyhood. All that Diana needed, we thought, was some evidence in front of her eyes, or in her mind—that John was not being loved while she was neglected. We felt this might be achieved by putting the two of them together in the nursery, John in his little cot, Diana in her larger cot. Having him in the room with her would surely help to convince her that he was only part of our family and not the principal part; part of our family receiving only the same treatment as herself.

We told Diana we were going to do this, and put upon her the responsibility of looking after him. We explained that he was such a tiny baby that he needed the care and attention of his grown-up sister. His grown-up sister was quite delighted at the plan. She saw John's cot being moved into her room, she saw John being bathed, she said good night to him through the bars of his cot in her own nursery. She was then bathed and put into her cot beside him. And that night she did not cry out, or demand attention, or sob bitterly in the darkness.

Things began to look up from that moment, and for a short time everything was satisfactory. At least on the surface. They began to play together after they had gone to bed at night. Diana would stand up in her cot and throw her pillows and toys at John, and he would scream with laughter.

But the occasion for self-congratulation had not yet arrived. All was not well with Diana. She was making the effort, and concealing her feelings excellently, but her subconsciousness found her out. Deep-seated in her was a pain that would not be removed by a few gurglings from a baby brother ten minutes before falling asleep, or a few soft toys pitched into his cot, or a few yells of appreciation from him when she stood up in her cot and sang a song.

It revealed itself clearly, and came up out of the depths of her, right through the sur-

face of her consciousness, one morning about two or three o'clock. And thereafter it would not be suppressed. She awoke and cried. Marjorie, listening in the darkness to her sobs, knew very well that this was no light crying for a biscuit or a drink of water. The little girl was torn by her sobs. So Marjorie got up and went into the nursery, and between the sobs she heard that Diana wanted to come into her bed.

"Want to come into your bed, mummy. Want to come into your bed," Diana cried brokenly.

Marjorie nursed her in the darkness of the nursery, till Diana fell asleep in her arms. Then as she was about to put her down into her cot again she woke up.

"No, mummy, no!" Diana cried in a muffled tone.

Marjorie bent over her.

"No what, Diana?"

"No, mummy, no!"

More sobs, more petting, more love, and finally, brokenly, from Diana:

"Don't let John have my little table and chair!"

So there it was. Don't let John have her little table and chair. Don't let John have anything of Diana's. Don't allow him to have anything to do with this happy life that had always been exclusively hers!

Her deep-seated suffering came up through her, subconscious in that darkened nursery, and showed itself because Diana was off her guard. She couldn't hide it, she couldn't drown it any longer. There it was, and more was to follow.

What had been started was going on, was continuing in her mind and brain. John was safely and soundly asleep there in the same room. It couldn't have been the fear in her that he was robbing her of her mother's and father's love that night. She could touch John in the darkness if she put out her hand to reach him. She had cried out because some wound was open and hurting within her.

Most of this performance took place between two and four o'clock in the morning. Sometimes Diana awoke about two o'clock, and such was her distress that Marjorie went into the nursery and sang to her. For half an hour or so she stood by Diana's cot singing softly, trying to wipe out the deep-down fear that had awakened the child out of her sleep. Gradually her reassuring presence had its effect. Diana dropped off to sleep and Marjorie crept out of the room, inch by inch. But although nothing outwardly happened to disturb the child again—there was no sound in that quiet part of the country at this time in the morning, or, for that matter at any other time—Diana would wake again within ten minutes or so. Back Marjorie went to do the necessary comforting.

Once again she would have to go through the ritual, that music-hall and comic-postcard ritual that had hitherto been completely absent from our home, and which, of course, is absent from every modern home. Once again Marjorie would return to bed, only

to be awakened within half an hour when, probably in despair, she would carry Diana into her room and into her bed. That usually did the trick. Diana, her fear lulled, dropped off to a peaceful sleep and remained dead to the world until seven or eight o'clock in the morning. But it was impossible to go on with that life.

We tried moving Diana's cot into Marjorie's room. Either the absence of Marjorie or the reminding presence of John in Diana's nursery was having an effect that would have to be destroyed.

For some time things went better and Diana seemed happier under these new conditions. But soon, even in her mother's room, she started waking again; and although Marjorie stood by Diana's cot and held her hand, and soothed her, and sang to her, she would not be consoled. The only way for either of them to get a good night's rest was for Marjorie to let Diana go into her bed when she waked. As Marjorie slept alone in a big bed this was not as bad as it might have been; but Marjorie's conscience pricked her. This conduct was contrary to all common-sense upbringing of the child and to all her previous experience. She felt, however, that she could not now go by rule-of-thumb methods. It was obvious, however, that such coddling could only be temporary, and that sooner or later we should have to devise the proper methods for dealing with Diana and her little brother John.

There was now an orthodox procedure in the whole business which, in its regularity, gave Diana a sense of habit and permanence. I am not, however, excusing it on that account. It was now a recognized thing that she would wake at two or three or four o'clock in the morning, drink her orange juice which normally she would have had on waking at about seven in the morning, wipe her mouth on a clean napkin—a most important part of the ritual—eat her rusk, snuggle down happily and peacefully into Marjorie's bed holding on to a corner of the pillowcase, and drop off almost immediately into a sound and restful sleep.

During the day her conduct gradually improved. Out of the new satisfaction of the night, it seemed, she was gaining a new confidence in herself, in her parents, and in her surroundings. During the day, too, on every possible occasion we gave her those reassuring signs of affection and love which she so badly needed. We did our best, without discriminating too much against John (the obvious danger), to demonstrate to her that nothing had altered in us, that nothing had changed in our relations toward her, and that although John was now a part of the household, everything else would be very much the same as it had always been.

John was just an addition to the family; not its principal member. That was what we tried to show her. But gradually, also, we tried to embrace into our conduct and into our life the idea of a family in which John took a good and important part. We

[Continued on page 44]

"But, darling—"
 "I John!" And then in a little frenzy of whining: "I John; I John!"
 Her mother took her up on her lap. "All right; all right," she said soothingly. "Now run along and give my message to daddy."
 Diana ran along, but stopped at the door to turn and say, "I John."
 She soon tried it on me, and at first I was equally nonplussed. But as she showed every sign of practising this new trick on all occasions, and as something obviously had to be done about it, we fashioned some sort of strategy that had a dampening effect.
 "I John," she would say to me, looking up challengingly into my face.
 After the first surprise, I never tried to dissuade her.
 "All right," I would say tolerantly. "You be Diana. Or be John, or whoever you like. It's just pretend."
 I wanted to give her the impression that it did not matter who she was, or who she pretended to be; that nobody worried unduly on that score. I think she had expected her game to be a big worry to us. We treated it as a trifle. In the same way she quickly got out of her crawling. After our first surprise we let her crawl. She would crawl across the floor, and finding that it did not attract our attention, or if it did and we made no comment about it, she quickly tired of it. After a while she gave it up altogether.
 It came just slightly after the crawling stage and almost coincidentally with what I might call the "feeding" stage. She suddenly demanded to be fed like John. Although she sat at her own small table, and had always been very proud of it, and could handle her fork and spoon with skill, she now wanted to oppose John's sovereignty in his high baby chair. She asked us to feed her with a spoon as John was fed.
 At first she pretended she could not feed herself. She threw her food over the table and over her dress. When we protested and reproved her—and by reproved I mean that we pointed out the error of her ways; we did not smack or slap her—she dropped the spoon to the floor and whined.
 "I can't feed myself," she wailed.
 Marjorie laughed at her affectionately.
 "Darling, don't be silly. Of course you can."
 "No I can't," Diana insisted. "I can't."
 "Oh, come," Marjorie said gently, "you've

fed yourself for a long time now. You're a big girl."
 "No, I not," Diana replied. "I'm a baby. I John."
 On these occasions she sat, her plate in front of her, helpless. After a while Marjorie would say: "Aren't you going to eat your dinner?"
 "No, I can't," Diana answered. "Feed me, mummy. Feed me like John."
 Then we learned to make a game of it, a laughing affectionate game.
 "All right," Marjorie would say. "Let's pretend you're a baby. Here's your first spoonful. Now open your mouth! Wide open! In we go!"
 I tried also to play up. "Bite it up," I would say laughingly. "Bite it up, baby."
 Quite soon Diana entered into the game, and in a short time she began to be bored by it. The phase lasted for a week or two, but while it was on it had its awkward moments with its whining and its crying. The pretend game did not always go with a swing. It was not always an amusing affair. Actually it was annoying and time-wasting, and definitely a setback; but it was one of the phases we had encountered and we had to face it and overcome it. While it was on, it set John back also.
 He had begun to imitate everything that Diana did. Now he watched this performance at mealtimes with open-eyed amazement and delight. When he saw Diana throwing her food to the floor, he promptly followed suit. When she whined and cried, he whined and cried in sympathy. When she kicked her feet on the floor, he kicked his feet on his chair. There was only one thing in which he did not copy her. He never saw eye to eye with her when she refused food. John never refused food. He accepted all that came his way and asked for more.
 But in this phase we discovered again that when Diana was given her head and allowed to do what she wanted to do, especially when it was something silly, and which in her own mind she must have known was silly—something which in the very process of growing-up she must naturally have wanted to outlive—she soon tired of it. When there was no resistance to overcome she was only too ready to get on with her development. When we were against her she was against us; but when we were with her she was ready to outpace us. [To be Continued]

What Do We Like?

(Continued from page 12)

Walter Huston

purpose and attention to detail in building up his plays, thereby giving the illusion of natural ease, which is the hallmark of the perfectly finished production. His first call on the stage came. I didn't draw an easy breath until he said, looking at himself in the mirror: "A mistake that is often made is that writers try to write for a specific type or kind of people. They shouldn't." With a final jerk and hitch at the tie, he continued: "You can't write for an audience any more than for specific actors. The thing becomes sugary and far from entertaining." His second call on stage came.

THE DISCONCERTING sound of the audience impatiently awaiting him reminded me that I had been out there myself the night before. I recalled an act in the play that I did not remember reading in the book. Diffidently, for I knew he was holding the curtain, I asked: "Did the playwright not put in that humorous scene where you were back home and couldn't find anything in the place it used to be?"

Mr. Huston smiled. "Sidney Howard built that into the play to give it speed and

laughs." The third call came: "Did Sinclair Lewis enjoy that?" I pressed him.

"People like Sinclair don't know"—he eyed himself critically in the glass—"much about effect on stage; that's the playwright's business."

"Then the playwright knows better than the author?"

"Yes. It's his job to know what the public wants."

The fourth call came. He leaned forward and asked, "Have I made myself clear?"

"Yes, thank you," I said. "It's plays of human interest and truth they want—preferably pleasant truth." I admit a broad grin and asked: "Don't you ever try to educate that budding multitude out there?"

"Yes," he smiled back, "but it's a slow process!"

Beatrice Lillie

Turn on the light. So on into the night. "I even tried Pelmanism to remember my cues," she laughed. "I would get a key-word to remember, but then I'd forget the key!" "It was a great success, however," I reminded her. She came back quickly with "Yes—all but my having to sit still on the stage for three-quarters of an hour! Can you imagine me sitting still anywhere for three-quarters of an hour at a time? No matter how I did it, they said I was wrong. I tried looking at the actors as they spoke. They said I was peering at them. I tried turning my head aside. They said I was laughing, or the audience would look where I was looking. We finally settled it by my sitting side back to them.

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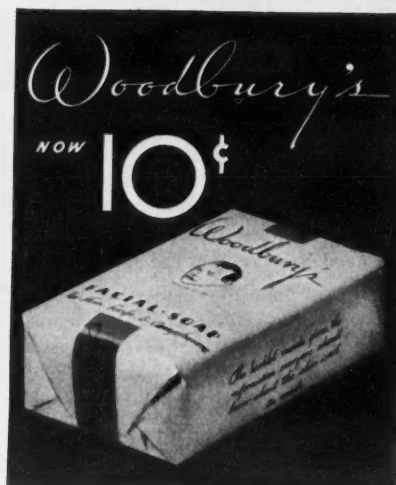
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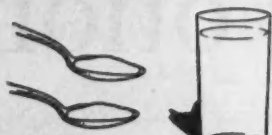
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introduced him as casually as possible into our conversation. We included him, as quietly and as matter of factly as possible, into all our arrangements; and we strove to give her the belief that although she was firmly established in our affections we had room—and she had room—for a little thing like John.

We constantly talked of him as our baby brother, not just Diana's baby brother. "How is our baby brother this morning?" we would ask; or, "Is our baby brother asleep?" Across the table, without looking at Diana or apparently being aware of her presence, I would say to Marjorie, "Did our baby brother sleep well this afternoon?"

While our instinctive sympathies were with Diana as being the innocent and injured party, we were naturally attracted to the helplessness, the loneliness and the charm of the boy. We wanted to do our best for him. But we both recognized that it was of paramount importance that Diana first of all should adjust herself, or be helped to adjust herself. We saw no possibility whatever of a happy John if there was an unhappy Diana, a Diana made unhappy through the coming of John.

Diana showed no signs of affection for John. Her maternal instinct, which ordinarily might have been satisfied with a tinier brother, had no satisfaction where he was concerned. He was altogether too big to cuddle and nurse and he actively resented any approach by Diana toward cuddling and nursing. He quickly fobbed her off at the beginning and thereafter she stayed her distance from him.

Back to Babyhood

SOON DIANA entered on a new phase. She reverted to babyhood.

This was natural, I think, and inevitable. She reverted to that state of babyhood in which she had known happiness, and she reverted to it as John. She made every possible effort at this time to become John, to be no longer Diana. Dissatisfied with her own lot, she sought to obtain happiness in her own conception of him. Although she could walk excellently, and run too, she took to crawling again.

One day she started to crawl in John's queer, crablike fashion across the floor. She did an excellent imitation of him, dragging her left leg after her, as he did, looking up over her shoulder, as he did, pleading for attention. This took us completely by surprise. We were not prepared for it.

"That's a funny thing to do," her mother said. "Don't crawl, darling; get up and walk."

"No, I'll crawl," Diana answered.

"But, darling, you can walk perfectly well."

"No, I can't," Diana protested.

When Marjorie helped her to her feet she screamed and wailed.

"I want to crawl, I want to crawl," she cried.

"But you can walk!" said her mother.

"No, I can't."

Marjorie said teasingly—mistakenly we thought afterward: "But only babies crawl."

That was exactly what Diana wanted to be. Down on the floor, crawling across it like John, she looked up and said: "I'm a baby."

Marjorie laughed affectionately: "Of course you're not; you're a big girl."

"No, I'm a baby," repeated Diana. And then, crawling across the floor: "Ga, ga, ga, ga."

After that it was only a step, in her own mind, to become John completely.

"Diana," her mother said to her one day, "I want you to—"

"I not Diana," Diana protested. "I John."

Marjorie was the slightest bit impatient at first.

"Don't be silly, darling," she said. "Run along and tell daddy that I'm just coming."

"No; I John," said Diana firmly.

"John?" asked Marjorie.

"Yes, I John."

She stared at her mother defiantly: "I John," she repeated.

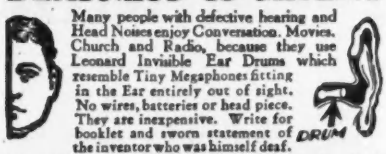
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reach Fort Simpson in time for help to come to him. For her to remain here with him sick as he was would mean certain death for both of them. She realized that.

And she did not want to die. Passionately she realized that fact. She was not afraid of death, but she was in love with life. Life was good, good, good; it stretched ahead of her a glamorously beckoning pathway.

SHE WENT back to her seat on a tree root by the fire at his feet, drew his mackinaw about her shoulders and tried to collect her thoughts. In the coulee bottom it was deathly quiet. The smoke ascended in a smooth blue ribbon and a small spurting flame said: "thrup, thrup." She strove to achieve a sense of reality in the situation. But she could not. The whole thing was too fantastic, too fictional, too like a story in a magazine.

Yorke spoke, a thick, eery-sounding mutter, while he stared up at the hard bright stars. "Horsefeathers," he said scornfully. "Why, there's three years crop from the universities without jobs already. No turning dough-faced in a town for mine. I'm going north again. If it's only guttin' salmon in a cannery, there's the sea and the woods outside. Fokkers? No. Vickers amphibian. I've looked 'em all over. Hundred miles an hour across the country—better'n mushin' dogs. Salmon guttin'. There's a job for you. Fish for ever, slippin' and sloppin' past you down the tables . . ."

She went and knelt beside him but his delirious eyes regarded her unseeing. His face was flushed and wet with sweat and his breath came short. Suddenly he sat up and essayed to rise, and even hurt and hampered as he was it took all her weight to keep him down. "Martin," she pleaded, "listen. You must lie still. You simply must—"

"Scow and a half came in today," he muttered. "Humpbacks. That's what hell's like, not fire, worse than that. I know—it's salmon giblets, you're drowned in 'em, slippin' and gobblin' all about you, so you dream of glasspaper and nice, rough, gritty things . . ."

She looked about her; hush, eeriness, unutterable remoteness, dwarf tree-shapes dark against the snow and overhead the Northern Lights wafting their pale-green and unearthly splendors solemnly across the firmament. An awful loneliness possessed her, as though she and Yorke were the last things alive in a world that itself was dying. But her panic had subsided. She had her grip again.

Though the cold began to sink into her limbs she did not move, but sat there with his head in her lap, wiping the sweat from his hot brow, stroking the crisp black hair. And as she did so, listening to his mutterings, she forced herself to face the facts.

A voice whispered that alone her chance for life was excellent. The course was simple; straight north to the Mackenzie and then downstream to Simpson; there would be a week's grub at least for her. And Yorke had small chance anyway. If she remained to nurse him the grub would run out. He'd die anyway and she'd die, too.

If she made a bolt for it, she might bring help in time to save him. And better for one to die than both. As Yorke was so fond of saying, you had to have the breaks, and he wasn't getting them.

There seemed to be a presence with her, the shadow of a gaunt old man whose conquering youth when Canada was young had

become legend, and Rod Cameron's eyes that to the end had been like bits of bright blue ice seemed bent upon her measuringly. She seemed to hear his truculent old voice saying: ". . . I would crawl on my knees to wipe this sin from my immortal soul . . . give me back my honor."

If Rod Cameron were in her position, what would he do?

Instant upon the question leaped the answer, and with that knowledge came to her a great and curious peace.

Well, she thought steadily, it was long odds now she'd never solve the mystery of Donovan and Jingling Creek; but she had tried and if she didn't she might learn some other things she'd often wondered at. Did the dead know the secrets of the universe, of sun and moon, of falling stars, of the ghostly Northern Lights? She realized that was a question of which she soon might know the answer, she and this dark, careless boy whom two days ago she had not known but with whom last night she had shared her bed.

EVORIE SHIVERED, looked at her wrist-watch. Morning! She had watched with the fevered head upon her lap all night.

Thank heaven it would soon be daylight. Two hours since she last had built the fire; she was cold to the bone and her teeth rattled. She slid from under Yorke's head and put the rolled packsack to support it, kicked the fire together and put on snow to melt. Then she went aside and ran hard to and fro, stamping her feet and beating her arms to restore her circulation.

When her blood ran freely she made breakfast. Though Yorke's delirium had left him he was still intensely feverish. His eyes burned as he smiled at her while she fed him beef soup, spoon by spoon. "Thanks," he said hoarsely. "Thanks. Now you get going. Travel every minute of the daylight, straight north till you hit the stream."

She took the packsack from beneath his head and packed the grub in it, then dragged the toboggan round behind him and slipped its tail under the eiderdown at his head. As he made to rise, she pushed him back unceremoniously. "Now you listen to me," she told him. "I know what you're going to say, so you can save your breath. I'm not going to leave you, and that's flat. Either we go together or I stay. So let me get you on this toboggan and travel while we have the chance."

"But that's madness. Evorie! You can't—"

"I've got to. So please shut up. It's settled." She blocked the head of the toboggan against a root, seized the eiderdown and on it dragged him up along its length. She laid axe and rifle beside him, utensils at the foot, folded over the balance of the robe and lashed it all into a long green cocoon, with Yorke's head protected by the upcurve. Then she knelt down beside him. "Sorry if I was rude, Martin. But I knew you'd argue and it was just a waste of time. Comfy?"

He nodded impotently. She laced up her boots, threw off his mackinaw which she had been wearing and slipped into the harness.

On the level or plain snow it was tolerable pulling, but uphill or through brush she labored heavily. Realizing that she could never get far hauling northward up and down the ridges, she followed down the coulee, hoping for an opening in the required direction. But no gap unfolded, the coulee

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TAKE CARE, mother! This is the danger season for children's colds especially. Colds are more prevalent now, and so apt to lead to more serious diseases—such as bronchitis and pneumonia.

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IN THE APRIL CHATELAINE

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Some women still suffer regularly; martyrs to the time of month.

Others have put this martyrdom behind them. The days they used to dread are just a memory. They approach this time without any fear. They pass it without the old discomfort.

Midol has made periodic pain a thing of the past for many, many women.

"Oh, yes," say some who have read about it, and heard about it, "but my suffering is so severe, and I've tried so many things that didn't help! Midol may not end all the pain for me."

True, there are women who are not relieved of every trace of pain when they take these tablets. But they get such a large measure of relief that they are quite comfortable in comparison. The comfort is not momentary, not an interlude, but sustained comfort from the start.

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MADE IN CANADA

now," she continued. "Of course, during the war I always had very sad nice things."

"And you were gentle and meek," I suggested.

"Yes, I was—I really was," she answered. "I sang for example:

"I said good-bye to the flowers,
I said good-bye to you."

"I couldn't do it now; I'm afraid I would shout 'I said good-bye to you—whoo,'" with a wide wave of the arm. "About 1917, when doing a show, I was fined five shillings for being funny. The chorus girls were all dressed as ducks and I was a bush-boy. When they sang 'Take me back to the land of promise,' I joined in with them. They thought it was funny and I did too, but I was 'put on the carpet' and fined five shillings."

"Therefore," I questioned, "it is probably best to allow artists to work out their own salvation?" "Yes," she agreed emphatically, "and it will probably be the audience's salvation, too. Generally speaking, people like a good laugh and a good cry when they go to the theatre; the middle course is no good. As for myself," she continued, "I'm a push-over for crying."

She seems to run true to one's ideas of the sad clown. Often the sadder the funnier. But there she was hurrying herself along in her quick way of speaking, saying Noel Coward was her idea of entertainment. She thinks his plays are what the public wants. "As a matter of fact, I could say I would do anything of his without reading it. Do you remember the Bus Rush in 'This Year of Grace?'" I said I did indeed. "Well, Noel Coward's stuff is just my cup of tea," she concluded.

"But," I suggested, "how about this radio business?"

"Well, to begin with," she said, "the stage is terribly easy in comparison to it. You can't trust to luck in radio. I also feel that they underestimate their audiences. They insist on playing to twelve-year-olds and, after all, if a thing is kept simple and done well, either a child or an adult can appreciate it. As far as knowing what they want—who does know what they want? At least, that is, until they get it," she added with a slight moan. "After all, one is so limited on the air. It is different with people who really sing." I assured her she was more entertaining than many who have perfectly marvellous voices.

"I hope I'll like it and be happy," she quavered, "or else I can't do it." Which indeed is another answer, for she feels herself she is not amusing or even diverting if she doesn't enjoy her work. "That's one

reason," she said, "why I like working with Rudy Vallee—he allows me to be spontaneous and ad lib. He's a grand person to work with, also I prefer to work in front of a small audience."

"What do you intend doing on your contract jobs?"

"Oh, songs and sketches."

"Sketches?" said I.

"Yes, people like them, if they are not too long. I also have my own choice of music and am going to dig down in the old trunk as well as do new numbers. I'm having to practise hard."

Having heard that an accompanist was hovering about the hall, I had not the heart to keep them apart any longer. So we walked over to the window-seat to gather up the odd paraphernalia a woman clutters herself up with—and there was the storm lashing the water about and there was Blackwell Island looking very black and dreary with its jail and hospital.

"Being a Canadian," Miss Lillie said, "I wish it would snow." And then she burst out laughing, "You know, in the summer I had such a funny experience over there on the island. Helen Hayes and I decided that it looked very inviting one sunny day with its shady trees, and 'wide open spaces.' So we took the ferry and went over. After sitting about and knitting for an hour or so, we decided we would come home, but when we tried to get on the ferry a man said, 'Where's your ticket?' I said, 'We have none.' He said, 'That is absurd, you couldn't have got here without one.' I said, 'You are absurd, for here we are and we have none.' 'That's impossible,' he insisted. 'Well, here we are. This is Miss Helen Hayes and I—well, I got to be Lady Peel.' Then, 'That's what they all say,' he answered.

"Finally, I had to phone my doctor to come and identify us, and it took two hours to get us off."

Somehow, I feel that story is very like Beatrice Lillie's entertaining quality. She tries something amusing once to see what will happen, and then she knows what to do with the answer when she gets it.

She also gets her pet wish very, very often, does Lady Peel, either through work, a charm, or both, I don't know. For when we turned, there was the fire burning merrily in the hearth in the most hospitable English manner.

I left in a confusion of seething contrasts between her and Walter Huston—it would be entertaining indeed to hear them discuss their points of difference and agreement.

Both would admit the human quality of their work.

an' keep on goin'. Here, lift this way. I can't push on that arm . . . Gosh, that hurts."

With infinite difficulty she got him to the coulee bottom where he collapsed again, and after one despairing look at his pale face she dashed uphill for the gear.

She had got a fire going and was waiting for the pot to boil. Dark had come down, the sky had cleared and hung a serene immensity of steel-blue vault gemmed with hard-glittering stars. Its loveliness to her was ominous, for it held promise of the harder cold to come.

Yorke lay in the eiderdown with his eyes closed and the green folds tucked up, framing his face. When she had tea ready she knelt beside him. His face was congested and his breath came short and hard. When she spoke his eyes opened. "A hot drink, Martin. Let me hold you up."

He shook his head. "Just lemme rest. Food would make me sick." His eyes closed again, and she knelt there gazing down at him with the cold grip of apprehension closing round her heart. He was ill, terribly ill. She knew he was going to be worse. And they were cast away in the wilderness—who knew how far from the nearest help; winter was hovering, would fall pitilessly at any moment, and they had food even on the most meagre rations barely for a week.

With horror she realized that what Yorke had said was true—that there was one slim chance for both or either of them, for her to

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Why I Had a Civil Marriage

(Continued from page 16)

the sins such as I have indicated above.

Honesty in sex is perhaps the most difficult mental hurdle to take. It was the first thing we tackled. It is simple enough to talk about such honesty, but it is more difficult to discuss personal problems when one has been reared in an atmosphere of reticence. The reverse is also true. Broad-mindedness can be carried to such an extreme that natural emotions are believed to be some sort of peculiarity—true to one individual only. However, we were trying to be sane and reasonable about sex: we did not want to underestimate it, neither did we want to overemphasize it. We discussed our problems until they vanished. We understood each other's emotions and mental attitudes before marriage. And after three years of living together we are enthusiastic about our success.

In discussion of our problems before marriage we were conscious of not doing the conventional thing, although we understood we were by no means the originators of the idea. And let me say right here, in case of any misunderstanding, that we are firm believers in the single standard and self-control. We do not believe that any other position is fair to either sex, and until people can share their lives together they are bound by the trust others place in them, not to break that trust.

So again we decided in favor of a civil marriage: it was free from the taint of hypocrisy.

NEITHER MY husband nor myself are advocates of the present rigid divorce laws in Canada. We hear arguments about lax divorce laws destroying the basis of the home. Vivid pictures are drawn of dissatisfied wives and husbands suddenly making a rush to hear their final divorce decrees read. There is also the mournful wail of the homeless children as their parents somehow forget about them. All of which, if given a fleeting thought, will be recognized as an absolute contradiction of human behavior generally.

In the first place, it is a pretty poor home that is only held together because of the difficulty in procuring a divorce. If a divorce would improve home conditions, then why should it not be granted in the interest of the children and the mother and father, and the community? Can any earthly reason be given why people who have ceased to love each other, should be forced to live under the same roof and share the same name? I call it legalized prostitution and I ask, is it anything more?

Also, a perfectly good argument for lax divorce laws could be made on the premise that the very freedom of it would make for more stable marriages. Do you think the average husband would woefully neglect his wife after he has his ring on her finger, if he

thinks that she will become hurt and angry and start divorce proceedings against him? How many wives would continually nag their husbands silly, if they thought he could quietly run down town and put a legal end to it all? I believe that it is the private, personal concern of either party whether they shall continue to live together, and that a divorce should be granted on the wish of either, without a public confessional or immoral charge. And I do really believe that if divorce were made easier, marriage would be given more dignity and consideration.

And thirdly, there are the children. Although I mention them last, they are the first consideration when there are any. Naturally, children should have first claim and consideration in any home. They are brought into the world without their own consent and at the desire of their parents. They cannot be left to the whims of adults and particularly in the act of making divorce easy should responsibility for children be made rigid and definite.

(A grand argument could be started right here on the subject of children. I believe that the old order should be reversed and that parents owe their children everything. Love, respect and loyalty are natural feelings developed by the child for its parents through careful upbringing. But for parents to sit back and demand them, and for parents to declare that children should be thankful they are alive, is another story. Subservience of children to adults is another touchy topic, but would make an article in itself, so I shall continue with the main issue and just say that parents are directly responsible for the well-being of their offspring.)

If we had an economic organization where the state shouldered responsibility for feeding, clothing and educating children, by opening these pathways and clearing them of financial worry, the position stated above would be altered. I am considering the situation under present social conditions.

So we come back to the third case for divorce. It is not natural for parents to walk off amid the cries of their young and leave them to get along as best they can. More than that, they could not do it without being hauled up in court. And as I have pointed out that I believe an arrangement must of necessity be made to care for "divorce" children in the event of laxer laws, then it is for you to decide whether it is to a child's advantage to be reared in an unhappy home. I don't think it is.

So my husband and I believe that marriage without love is immoral. We do not believe in it. We felt we were on the right track when we stood before the judge, but who can tell what changes time will bring? Perhaps that young, charming gentleman will leap ahead of me, intellectually. Perhaps I will become a nagger. Then I would not blame him for wanting to get rid of me. We wanted, then, the sort of marriage ceremony that was less complicated as to promises than the usual. We wanted the fact of our marriage simply recorded without any superfluous "do you's." For we had decided that in case of any change of heart on either of our parts, there would not be any, "Oh, you promised so and so." We just wanted to share our lives together for as long as we could be happy, and when happiness ceases we will call it quits. [Continued on next page]



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deepened and steadily swung south. This she realized was hopeless. Straight west, she would have travelled, hoping to strike the Liard, instead of the Mackenzie, but south lay certain death. She realized that she must tackle the ridges.

Even at the beginning, the first ascent was heavy going, and when the grade steepened it became a battle for each yard, with frequent intervals for rest. But she set her teeth and bent her legs and leaned into the harness in a passionate determination not to be defeated, till after an eternity it seemed she attained the ridge-top, blown, wet with sweat but triumphant.

She sank down on a log to get her breath and surveyed the northward aspect. It was encouraging; the land fell away, hinting of the river soon to be revealed. The slope before her was so steep that she realized she must descend it obliquely. She knelt beside Yorke and parted the folds around his face. His eyes were shut, his face scarlet. He was desperately ill. Her heart sank.

But what was the use of that? To fight, that was the thing to do, to fight and never stop while she could put one foot before another.

Angling the slope, she started downward, the load following easily. After her laborious ascent, there was a tremendous thrill in making so much progress with so little effort, and she strode down with a lightening heart till suddenly the harness slackened and the load struck her heels. The grade was so steep that it was taking charge. She turned and tried to stop it, but when she seized the front the rear swung round, her grip was broken and the toboggan with its helpless burden started backward down the slope. Caught unawares, the harness jerked her off her feet and she was dragged helplessly behind it, rolling and struggling, grabbing at the brush as it whipped by without avail. Down they plunged, she was bumped and scratched and smothered as they swept through snow and swished and cracked ever faster through the undergrowth. Fortunately there was little timber; she prayed hysterically that they might not hit a tree till, just when the speed had reached a terrifying pitch it began to slacken, the slope levelled out and they ploughed to a halt in a three-foot snowdrift.

Winded and dishevelled, she struggled to her feet and out of the harness. With frantic hands dashing the tumbled snow covering the toboggan she was overjoyed to find it right side up. When she cleared the snow from Yorke's face he blinked and his eyes met hers with mingled amazement, pain and—it wrung her heart to see it—the tiniest gleam of humor. "Oh, Martin. Did it hurt you?"

"Nope. Quite a sleigh ride. But this is killing you; you'll never make another ridge. For heaven's sake leave me and make a dash for it."

For answer she straightened, beat the snow from her clothing and shook the chilly stuff from her neck and hair. Then she dragged him clear of the drift.

The place into which they had been swept was more of a ravine than a valley, and she saw at once that she could never haul her burden up its slopes, which to the west closed in to a steep blind end. Nothing to do but follow eastward till she found an easier ascent, and doggedly she got into harness and plodded through the rough brush down the valley bottom.

But the sides got steeper and more timbered. There were stunted trees in the bottom now, and worrying her way through these she presently was halted by one of those deposits of round glacial boulders common to that country. After a searching look at either slope, at the westward end and again at the tumbled mass of huge rounded stones, she sat down wearily on one of them and wiped her sweating brow. Yorke's blue eyes met hers in his livid face. "It's no good, Martin. This place is a trap. I can't get you out of here."

He smiled: "Okay. You've got to have the breaks and we're not getting them. This

is a good spot to camp. Fix me up and have some grub and beat it. You'll be back sure in a day or two."

"Are you comfortable there for a while?"

He nodded. "Sure, I'm okay."

Leaving him, she labored up to the northern crest and swept the country with a gaze in which hope still was living. But she saw only white and empty landscape, blotched with brush and stretching off to distant foothills beyond which reared the saw-toothed mountains, grim, chaste and pitiless as death itself against the turquoise sky. There was no sound, no movement, only a lifelessness beyond the power of words to reproduce. Somewhere between her and the mountains lay the river, sure guide to safety, to life and all that she had dreamed it was to be. She was fit and strong. There was food for a week for her in camp. And either way, she realized her companion was as good as dead. She sat down on a stone and again faced a dilemma terrible in its extreme simplicity.

By and by she retraced her steps. As he had said, the boulders in the scrub-timber made a splendid place to camp. There was an angle between two ten-foot rocks that would reflect the heat magnificently. Unlashing the load, with the frypan she cleared the snow roughly from before them, dragged in the toboggan and then started a fire.

While snow was melting, she shook out the eiderdown, combed Yorke's hair and sponged his face to make him as comfortable as possible. She had some bully for herself, and tea, and a cup of beef soup, double strength, for him. While she drank her tea she began counting the rifle ammunition.

Yorke lay quite still save for his watching eyes. He was very weak, his eyes most unnaturally bright. "What you doin'?" he demanded hoarsely by and by.

She finished counting: "Thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five," 135 rounds. "Counting our resources," she replied.

"Cartridges are no use to you. You won't kill meat. To travel, that's your only chance; get out and travel while you're strong and there's grub in hand."

She got up and knelt beside him. "I'm not going to leave you! Understand? You can't even feed yourself and we're going to see this through together. I might never reach the river, and if I did it's sure to snow and cover my tracks so that they'd never find you. No! I'm going to stay here and do everything I can to attract attention."

He shook his head in impotent exasperation. "Attract attention! Good heavens, Evorie, d'you think this is Montreal? Whose attention?"

She smiled down at him compassionately, maternally, beautifully. "I don't know, Martin. All we can do is not to overlook the tiniest chance, and then—and then—well, we'll just have to have faith that it will all come right, shan't we?"

He turned his face away with a groan of despair.

She took the axe and the rifle, climbed the north slope again and went along to its highest point. Here she made a fire, and when it was going well put on the smokiest fuel she could find. When a thick blue column was rising steadily she took the rifle and slipped in three cartridges. In the woods, she knew, three shots in quick succession were a universal signal of distress. She would make that signal every half hour of daylight as long as the ammunition lasted, which would be roughly three days. The sound of a shot from that high ridge would carry for a mile or more, and if the shots were heard the smoke would guide the hearer to their source. Surely, once in three days some human being would cross a two-mile circle, even in that lonely place. And so long as Martin got no worse and the cold held off . . .

She pointed the rifle at the sky: *Crack! Crack! Crack!* The echoes rolled away and were received impassively by illimitable space. Presently she turned and plodded down the slope to tend the injured man.

[To be Continued]



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Lady Slippers

(Continued from page 11)

They cut forked green sticks and broiled their bacon over the embers. The fat dripped and made the fire leap up in sudden smoky flames that left a thin patina of soot on the bacon. Sometimes it caught fire and had to be huffed out. But that didn't hurt. They used slices of bread as plates—except that you ate the plates.

Finally Turkey brought out a lot of cookies. They were thick and soft, sort of gingerbread, a special kind that the Merritts' Annie was the only one who knew how to make them. They were good.

"Fire's getting low," Turkey observed briskly. "We better get some more wood."

THEY SET out in different quarters. For a while Turkey was heard thrashing and whacking around just out of sight. But the sounds grew fainter and gradually died out. Spider came back to the fire.

"Hi, Turkey," he called. There was no answer. "Hey, Turk!" Still no answer. It was funny.

"Oick! Oick! Oick!" Unless Turkey was a mile off he would hear that, and he had to answer.

But the only reply was a thin, far-away echo. It was mighty funny for Turkey to skip out like that. A vast loneliness closed in again on Spider Martin.

"Oh, I bet I know what," he told himself stoutly. "I bet he just remembered he's forgotten he has to take his cornet lesson. And he got scared and beat it for home without even telling me."

Then he laughed, not very happily. There was no good pretending. He knew that he was never, never going to see Turkey again. For Turkey, and Spider, too, were gone for ever.

An odd, springtime mood of fancy overtaking him here among scenes of a hundred childhood memories had carried him back—how long? Seven years! He was Edward Martin now, twenty-two, a Senior home for his last holidays, only a few weeks from his degree. It was four or five years since he had even set eyes on Turkey; they had gone off to different colleges.

What astonished him was the realization that he had not thought of Lois for an hour. Strange that any mood could shut her out of his mind! She was always there, a lovely, disturbing influence in his life. The awareness of her was in everything he tried to do or to be.

He was for ever thinking of her, just as he was doing now. He was wishing this moment that he could see her, tell her about his funny, imaginary ramble, tell her—oh, a lot of things he had to tell her. Maybe if he went around her way there might be a chance of his seeing her a few minutes—

With that hope he set off over a woodland trail, scarcely a path, which came out on the hill behind the golf club. He knew it well, he and Turkey had been over it many times; but it belonged altogether to Lois now because she had walked there with him.

He was not much of a singer but as he strode along he found himself whistling and sort of thinking the words. "Two loves have I . . . Both of them are you."

Lois, he thought, was like that. She was the gay, candid, fearless companion; she was the lovely, half mysterious pastel being who set his brain in a whirl. He had loved her for four years.

As he came out on the ninth fairway she appeared unexpectedly at the edge of a grove of silver birches, enchanting as some lovely personification of springtime in her slim sports rig of jonquil silk.

"Why, Ted!"

"I telephoned," he said, "and you were out. One of your endless dates. I never—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry. If I'd dreamed—I'd have waited beside the telephone for your ring."

"Sweetheart! I'm sure you would have. Tell me, do you suppose you have a few days free around June first? Careful, now. A lot depends."

"Why, yes. I—I think so. Why, Ted? Plans?"

"Plans. How's for you coming down for Commencement? If you can't come, I won't take the degree. But if you can—well, there'll be a bunch of informals and teas. And prom, of course. The last prom. It's kind of sad, but it's almost more fun that way—"

"And everybody falls in love with their prom girl," she asked eagerly. "Will you fall in love with me, Ted?"

"I've never been any other way. But yes, of course. I'll do it again, worse than ever. If you'll come—"

"I'd love to." Her eyes danced. "I'll have to ask mother . . . But I guess that will be all right. She likes you, only—" her face became thoughtful, wistful—"she thinks you're pretty wild—"

"Now where," he hailed, "did she get that idea?" Secretly he was rather thrilled. "I thought they all said, 'Oh, of course, if you're going with Edward Martin it's perfectly all right.'"

"You thought," she scoffed. "Mother thinks diff. And she says, Don—"

"Don!" He sighed. "Never heard of him. Another one, I suppose, for me to lie awake nights worrying over."

"Oh, Ted, you nut!"

"Nut nothing! I mean it. I wish you wouldn't spring any more of them on me. Gosh darn, I got exams to pass, I gotta graduate—"

"And then what?"

"Then I gotta get a job—only I've got one. That's one of the things I had to tell you," he rushed on eagerly. "I'm all fixed. Seventy-five bucks a month to start, a hundred in the fall—"

"Oh, Ted, how wonderful! Where is it?"

"Montreal."

"Oh, I knew there was a catch in it. Down there among the city sirens. I won't have a minute's peace of mind."

"There you go," he told her bitterly, and gazed at her in moody wonder. How could he describe her in terms of her enchantment for him? She was a child, grown up. She had never lost the eager, questioning shine in her eyes, the charming, interrogative spread of her brows. She still had the sweet, candid ways of a child.

She was saying: "Oh, I do think it's fine, really I do. But I'll miss you so. Can you get back here from Montreal week-ends sometimes? I mean, quite often? And that's an awful lot of money to earn, Ted. Why, you could almost get married on that!"

Yet she could bewilder him by her quick transitions to a half-tender mockery that left him groping for the Lois he thought he knew.

He said: "Well, hardly that, but—" and turned to her on a fierce, sudden impulse. "Lois! Wait for me!"

"Of course I will," she agreed, too lightly, readily.

He saw in an instant that he had been too intense. They must always be able to laugh a little, even at themselves. "Wait for me," he repeated. "After all, I've waited for you. And of all the spindle-legged, giggling, unpromising brats—"

"Oh, you liar. I was an adorable child."

"Well—maybe you were. I thought so."

"Old sofie! I can make you say anything. You know I was a horrible brat."

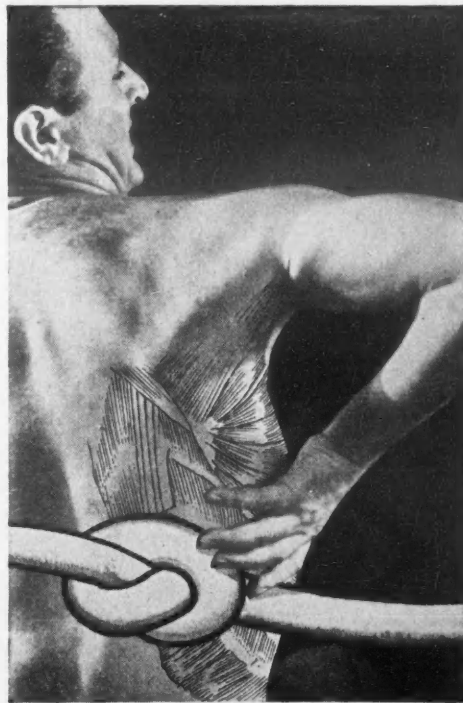
They were talking about their earliest acquaintance. When he had first known her she was fourteen, he a sophisticate of eighteen. She was too young to take anywhere then, but he dragged her along with him skating, skiing, swimming, sailing. He taught her a decent tennis form.

Later, it was he who first took her to a show, her first real evening show, that was, with a man and a taxicab and a corsage; and he who initiated her in the mad pleasures of hotel grills.

[Continued on page 74]

PAIN LIKE A KNOT

QUICKLY
SOOTHED
AWAY



THE best way to get rid of throbbing, pounding pain is to get at the cause.

And usually, pain is caused by congestion—whether it starts from a bump, a sprain, a strain or just "the weather."

So the thing to do is to try soothing Absorbine Jr. Massage it deep down into the aching muscle. You can feel the warmth go in—then comes a delicious coolness as the pain steals out.

The way that Absorbine Jr. brings relief has made its name known—

and praised—by athletes and trainers—men who have to have quick relief. So don't put up with needless hours of suffering. Be ready to soothe away pain as soon as it starts. If you haven't a bottle of Absorbine Jr. on hand now—it's a wise precaution to get a bottle.

The price is \$1.25—but that's only half the story. It's really thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief . . . For a free sample write to W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal, Canada.

ABSORBINE

(MADE IN CANADA)



JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, Athlete's Foot

RUB AWAY
THAT KNOT
OF PAIN

RELIEVES

SKIN

IRRITATIONS



quickly and easily

For sufferers from itching, burning affections, eczema, pimples, rashes, red, rough skin, sore, itching, burning feet, chafings, chappings, cuts, burns and all forms of disfiguring blotches, prompt relief may be found by anointing with **Cuticura Ointment**. It quickly soothes and soon heals.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder are sold at all druggists.

Made in Canada

BRINGS QUICK RELIEF FROM COUGHS

Sold at all
drug stores

FOR FREE SAMPLE
Mail your name and address
with 4¢ (stamps) to Pertussin
Limited, Atlantic Avenue,
Montreal, P.Q.

Pertussin

BRUNETTE SKIN NEED NEVER LOOK SALLOW



OVER 200 GIRLS' SKIN "COLOR-ANALYZED"

To develop their new powder, Pond's "color-analyzed" over 200 girls' skin. The optical machine showed that blonde skin owes its beauty to the brilliant blue in it—brunette skin to bright green. These same tints Pond's blends invisibly in their new powder.



NO brunette skin need become sallow, dull. There's a new powder that makes the dingiest skin look radiant!

It contains the same tints that are hidden in all beautiful skin. Tints blended invisibly into six entirely new shades.

The moment you put this new powder on, brunette skin looks clear—alive. Blondes and redheads gain a fresh radiance.

And this new loveliness lasts for hours because the powder is so fine and clinging. Conceals pores and little blemishes, yet you never look "made up."

Try this new powder at our expense. Mail the coupon and we will send you generous samples of 3 different shades. Compare them with the powder you are now using. For softness, freshness, clinging quality and looks!

FREE!... 3 Different Shades

SEND FOR SAMPLES TODAY!

(This offer expires May 1)

Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. PC
67 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Please send me free Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder, and an extra sample... three different shades in all.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades ☐
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

Made in Canada
All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.

Again a civil marriage had won. Once more it expressed our ideals in marriage.

THEN THERE was the question of children. So many people consider it a "duty" to have children, regardless of the family purse. We do not. We both want children, but we do not want to see them denied opportunities which we consider their inherent right. We do not feel justified in having children when their food, clothing and education are uncertain quantities.

When our position, like thousands more, is so insecure, and when there is no assurance of security in the future, then we have no business to involve more innocent people in our struggle. It may be asked, "Why did you marry?" But that is simply answered by saying that if we want to hurt ourselves economically then it is our own special concern. But we must not hurt a third individual.

Before our marriage, we realized it would be a few years before we could have any children. And the big problem arose, "How not to have children?" We were desirous of finding a scientific, harmless and healthy method of birth control, so we went in search of information. Really, this was the first snag we ran up against. There was no such information to be had in an open way. As a matter of fact we had to rely on the good graces of an American friend who had been in touch with modern birth control clinics in his own country.

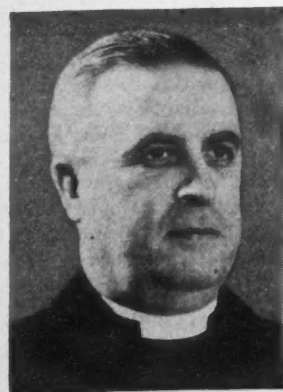
It can be understood how we felt resentment at this. We were two healthy young people, very much in love. We had decided to get married. We could not possibly afford to have children. We did not want to waste the best years of our lives, waiting. And we wanted to be in the position of choosing and planning our children when the time arrived that we could afford a family. And we could not find the information we were seeking, so we were forced into a position we intensely disliked, and that was a sort of hole-in-corner attitude. I might say that we do give a large amount of credit to our knowledge of birth control, for the harmonious, happy life we live.

The result of this pre-marriage experience was impatience with dishonest convention. How many of the folk who preach against "unnatural behavior," practise goodness-only-knows what sort of method themselves. We, through a bit of luck, had received the necessary information. But what of thousands of unlucky young people who needed birth-control information and could not get it? We are in favor of birth-control clinics being set up by the government and of medical information being properly handled. And we were forced to admit again that a civil marriage had won the day.

A civil marriage was at least free from anti-birth control entanglements.

Let me repeat that we do want children—if and when circumstances permit.

IT CAN BE seen from what has been written that we believe in putting into effect, right in our own home, as many of our ideals as possible. We believe in co-operation nationally and internationally and locally. Co-operation in our home means quiet.



READ...

The spirited and powerful reply to

"Why I Had a Civil Marriage"

by the

REV. G. STANLEY RUSSELL

of Deer Park United Church, Toronto

IN THE APRIL CHATELAINE

dispassionate reviews of differences of opinion when they arise. It means joint responsibility for all undertakings. And, girls, you must not forget that when you demand equal rights, you must accept equal responsibility. The result of our experiment has been, in three years, not one quarrel to mar our record. Do I need to tell you we feel a bit proud of it?

Before entering our new home together, we did two things which puzzled a number of people. We had a double ring ceremony, and we joined our names together.

The first explains itself. I have mentioned before that we do not bow to convention, and that is well enough as long as a person does not hurt himself. Opposing convention is like ramming your head against a wall sometimes. There is no point in getting a lump on your head. So, since I had decided to wear a ring, my husband had to have one, too. While it was, in our case, easier for us and really essential that I wear a ring, there was no reason why I should be marked as "housewife," or "married," and my life partner not. He agreed. So we exchanged the tokens.

Practically the same principle guided our actions in regard to our names. Why should I be expected to throw my identity to the winds because I wanted to get married? Why should my future children be known only by their father's name? Ego on my part, perhaps, but nevertheless my husband could understand my feeling, and so he took my name, and I took his, and in private life we are Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Queen-Hughes.

I must say the family bore the strain well, although many friends who should have known better thought we were just plain "high-hat." As a matter of fact one acquaintance said he thought that hyphenated names were an English custom which should be banned by the government of Canada! I'll admit we had a good laugh at that, for it is essential to keep your sense of humor when you do something unusual. To us, the double-ring, double-name idea meant something vital. It expressed an important principle in our life together. And if other people are too lazy, or indifferent to get the right angle—our angle—on it, then we cannot help it. It is easier to swim with the tide than against it.

In the face of more unconventionality, we had to decide again on a civil marriage.

THROUGH A maze of conflicting whispers, smiles of toleration, murmurs of disapproval and the occasional hearty applaud, we marched into our new life. We had certain aims and objects and enough enthusiasm to sink a battleship. We would not have changed places then, and would not now, with any other couple in the world. For then we thought, and now we know, that we have found a priceless thing—real happiness.

We found it in the expression of our own ideals and thoughts, born by means of a civil marriage.

I believe that marriage should embody as fully as possible the individual's philosophy of living. That is all. So, you see, a civil marriage would not suit everyone. But it suits us.

Declares to Truth



MRS. MARIETTE BURROWS

In a sworn statement, Mrs. Burrows, 129 Vauxhall Street, London, Ont., tells how Fruit-a-tives gave her health and happiness after she had suffered for years from such poor health that she was nervous, high-strung—cross with her children. Mrs. Burrows wants others to benefit from her experience, and tells of it in a statement sworn before a notary so that everyone can be sure of its truth. She says,—"For some years I was miserable with a 'tired-nervous' feeling... cranky and cross with the children. Then a friend suggested Fruit-a-tives. I tried them and now I am never irritable. My nerves are good and I feel strong and healthy all the time."

Copy of Mrs. Burrows' complete sworn statement will be sent on request. Write Fruitatives Limited, Ottawa, Ontario. FRUIT-A-TIVES—25c and 50c EVERYWHERE

Good morning

There is a fine feeling of neatness and cleanliness in Aristo Rubber Aprons. They prevent soiling, reduce washing and add a grace to household tasks. Economical as well.

The Canadian General Rubber Co. Limited, Galt, Ont.

ARISTO

RUBBER APRONS

APPROVED WAY TO TINT

GRAY HAIR

and Look 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-three years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownatone is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
121 Stearns Bldg., Windsor, Ont.
Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly, cost of packing and mailing.

State shade wanted _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

Print Your Name and Address

inclined to go over on the outside of his ankles.
—(Mrs.) G. H. S., Kindersley, Sask.

Your boy is well over the average in height, weight, etc.

If you can obtain a pair of little shoes which can be laced to above the ankles the support would be useful. As the child gets exercise with consequent strengthening of the leg muscles, the trouble will probably disappear.

The diet you mention is very good.

My baby, born two months ago, is now 9½ pounds in weight. Although he gets 18 ounces of milk, 10 of boiled water and 4 teaspoonfuls of brown sugar and a dessertspoonful of magnesia daily with arrowroot biscuit noon and night, he does not appear to be satisfied. I also give orange juice and cod-liver oil. Please advise as to feeding.—(Mrs.) R.G.G., Wroxeter.

At 2 to 3 months the daily allowance should be 20 oz. of milk, 15 oz. of water and 2 level tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Boil and place in ice box. Feed in equal amounts at 1, 7 and 10 a. m., and 1, 4, 7 and 10 p. m.

As a rule most infants will tolerate each week a one-half ounce increase in milk and a similar decrease in water in the total day's supply. This increase in some babies is necessary only once in two weeks. Unless the baby is constipated, magnesia is not needed. Cod-liver oil is especially required in winter. In summer gradual exposure of the skin to the sun serves the same purpose.

My little girl, 28 months old, weighs 38 pounds; she was 8½ pounds at birth. She seems perfectly well and happy but does not sleep well. She goes to bed at 7.45 p.m. and sleeps well until midnight, but is restless after that and is always up at 6 a.m. She does not cry in the night but seems to have had enough sleep.—(Mrs.) P. D., Vancouver, B.C.

Your child is considerably overweight, but since you indicate that she is well and happy perhaps the weight does not matter.

As for the waking at midnight, I should try giving her a warm drink of some kind or perhaps, if preferred in summer, a cool drink. There is nothing more necessary.

My baby boy, 18 months old, weighs 28 pounds and is 31 inches in height, is slow in walking and talking. He goes all about in a walker and says a few words, sleeps and eats well. I have given him thyroid tablets 1 grain a day since February last. He snores when

sleeping and I have been advised on different occasions to have tonsils and adenoids out at one year, 5 years, and not at all.—(Mrs.) H. S., Wyoming.

If you will be patient I should think walking and talking of your child will come all right. I see no reason for the use of thyroid, but perhaps your doctor, who has seen your child, is a better guide than I. The question of the removal of tonsils should be decided by a competent nose and throat surgeon.

My children, 9, 7, 6, and 2 years, have pinworms for which treatment has not been successful. What is the cause?—(Mrs.) H. E. F., Edson, Alta.

Pinworms are primarily caused by the use of contaminated food such as fruit and vegetables. Flies are the commonest factor in the distribution of the tiny eggs which in the human body hatch out in fourteen days. Secondary infection occurs from child to child, and the individual child may reinfect herself through scratching the parts and swallowing the eggs which get on the hands and under the fingernails.

Treatment: The children should sleep in separate beds and every precaution taken to prevent infection and reinfection. After a day's wear the sheets and underclothing should be boiled and at night the hands should be covered by sleeves of the nightgown so that the fingers cannot reach the parts and thus become carriers of the eggs. The lower bowel should be washed out daily or oftener with an ounce of warm limewater. A child of 7 to 9 may be given 15 grains of carbonate of bismuth four times a day for two successive days, and those of two to six, ten grains four times a day. This treatment may be repeated at intervals until a cure is effected. Nothing but cooked or thoroughly washed food should be given. If there is itching, apply a one per cent thymol ointment. In using the limewater a bulb syringe is convenient.

My baby girl, past two years, weighs 27 pounds. She was fed on the bottle after 2 months. She has 18 teeth. She gets orange and tomato juice.

1. Ever since she was 6 months old she picks wool off her doll, or blankets or hair from her head, and chews it. Talking to her, scolding her, etc., have no effect.

2. She gets sick and vomits after driving in a car.

3. She is constipated, for which I give her a spoonful of milk of magnesia every second or third day, and a teething powder every week.

4. What causes her to have boils? She had sixteen, one or two when she cuts her teeth.—(Mrs.) B.G.O., Chelsea, Que.

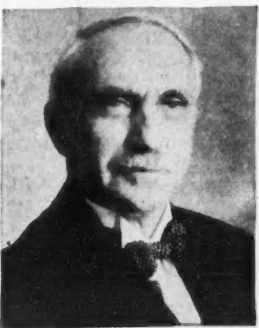
1. Eating foreign material like wool, hair or dirt is a bad habit acquired by some children, which usually subsides as the child gets older. The only thing to do is to limit the opportunity of getting such things and, above all, to keep the child so busy that she will forget the habit. Noticing and talking about such habits make the condition worse. Even very little children like to be the centre of attraction. A pair of blunt scissors and a picture catalogue, rings strung on a cord, and other devices for play, will distract her from the habit. Never talk about it before her, and do not scold or punish.

2. Many children and even grown people get "seasick" from driving in a motor car. The best cure is to stop it. As she gets older she may be all right in this respect.

3. The milk of magnesia is as good a laxative as any. I see no reason for using a teething powder. Milk sugar (lactose) is the most laxative sugar and dextri-maltose the least laxative. Lactose might be substituted for any sugar given with food.

4. Boils are due to an infection of the hair follicles of the skin. When one occurs others are likely to occur as follicles become infected. Ask your doctor to try "staphylococcus toxoid," which may be procured from the Connaught Laboratories, University of Toronto, or perhaps from the Quebec Department of Health, Montreal.

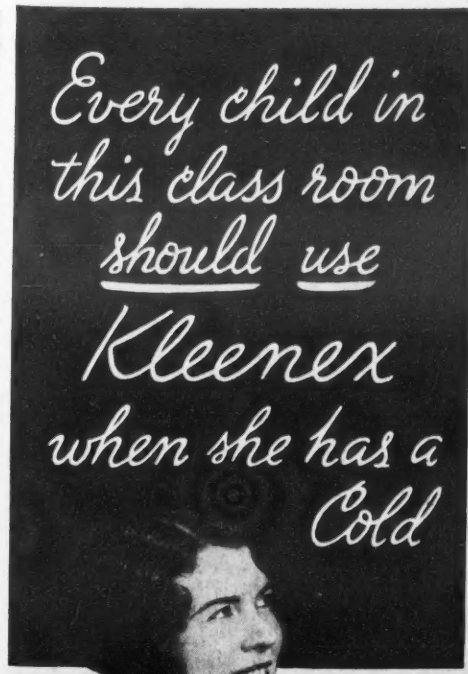
How to Keep Baby Well



Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, Chief Inspector of Health for Ontario, who contributes these articles monthly, will answer questions sent to Chatelaine concerning the care of babies. A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed if a private answer is desired.

A MONTHLY SERVICE

Free pre-natal and post-natal letters are available by writing to the Mothercraft Service of Chatelaine. These are issued by the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare through its Child Hygiene Section and the Department of Public Health.



Modern Canadian hospitals insist on Kleenex. Doctors recommend it.

Every child in this class room should use Kleenex when she has a Cold



Handkerchiefs spread germs!

Kleenex holds 99⁹⁴/₁₀₀ % of all germs that touch it!

THERE would be fewer colds this year if everyone followed this advice! For science has proved the danger of handkerchiefs . . . the safety of Kleenex! Handkerchiefs scatter germs by the thousands. That's one reason colds spread so quickly through a classroom or family.

But when you use Kleenex during a cold, this can't happen! Laboratory tests show that Kleenex imprisons over 99% of all germs that touch it . . . won't let them escape to spread colds. No wonder so many Canadian teachers are making it a rule that every pupil use Kleenex when she has a cold!

Then, too, Kleenex is used only once, then destroyed. This avoids the danger of re-infection that is always present from the repeated use of germ-

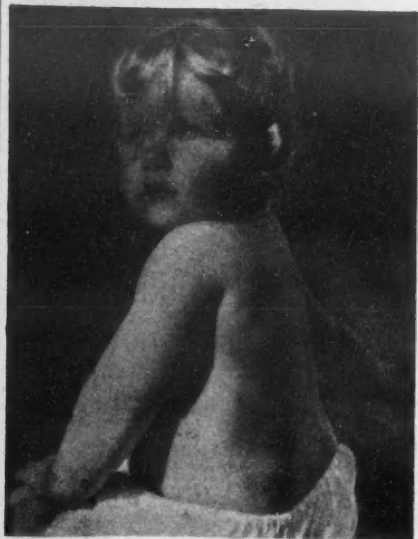
laden handkerchiefs. It helps get rid of that cold faster.

Softer! Saves Laundering!

Once you know the extra comfort and surprising economy Kleenex brings cold sufferers, you'll never go back to the use of wet, soggy, irritating handkerchiefs again. With Kleenex, you use fresh dry tissues softer than finest linen. Yet Kleenex saves money! For it eliminates the expense of laundering dozens of handkerchiefs. And forever ends handling those cold-filled handkerchiefs!

You'll find Kleenex valuable for a world of other uses, too—for removing face creams, for smoothing on make-up, for the baby. To make sure you get the softest yet strongest tissues, ask for Kleenex by name. At all drug, dry goods and department stores.

Bottled Sunshine



"I'm proud of my strong back, straight legs, fine full chest and sound teeth."

ALL BABIES require Vitamin D to build their bones strong and straight, their teeth sound and even. That is why specialists say babies should be kept out in the sun as much as possible—and when the season forbids this, advise giving Bottled Sunshine—good Cod-Liver Oil—as a certain source of the bone-and-tooth-building Vitamin D.

Not all Cod-Liver Oils, however, are equally rich in this precious vitamin. That is why you should insist on Squibb's,—the vitamin protected oil which actually gives in every teaspoonful many times more of the sunshine Vitamin D than inferior oils. Not only that, Squibb's is also a rich source of the growth-promoting and resistance-building Vitamin A.

Always insist on Squibb Cod-Liver Oil. It is really the least expensive oil you can use. It goes farther because it's vitamin protected.

Your baby may need an extra rich oil. For rapidly growing babies give Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol.

For the older children this winter, Squibb Mint-Flavoured Cod-Liver Oil is pleasant-tasting.

Squibb Cod-Liver Oil PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVOURED

Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada, Limited, manufacturing chemists to the Medical Profession since 1938.

SQUIBB
"A NAME YOU CAN TRUST"

Chatelaine's Baby Clinic

Conducted by J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.



BATHS FOR BABIES—2.

Mustard Bath: Use one ounce to each gallon of water. Rub the mustard into a smooth paste so as to get a solution free from lumps. Add this to water at a temperature of 100 deg. Fahr. Place child in bath and gradually increase water temperature to 103 or 106 deg. Fahr. Continue for five to ten minutes. Repeat in an hour if necessary. Use of this bath is the most effective means of bringing the blood to the surface of the body in cases of shock, collapse, heart failure, congestion of lungs or brain.

Soothing Bath: Add pine-needle oil in the proportion of three to five drops to each gallon of warm water. Infusions of camomile or other aromatic herbs may be used for the same purpose.

Brine Bath: After a cleansing bath the brine bath may be used as a tonic in delicate undernourished children. It is a stimulating bath but should not be used in eczema or other inflammatory conditions of the skin. The brine bath is prepared by adding two ounces of table salt or better, sea salt to each gallon of water at a temperature of from 90 to 100 deg. Fahr. Friction of the skin should be maintained throughout the period of the bath which should not last longer than ten minutes.

Soda Bath: In this the proportions are bicarbonate of soda, one and a half tablespoonfuls to each gallon of water at a temperature to which the child is accustomed. It should be continued for from two to five minutes without any frictioning of the skin. It is useful in prickly heat, hives and other irritations of the skin. Drying should be carried out by the pressure (not rubbing) of a soft towel.

Bran Bath: A quart of ordinary wheat bran is placed in five gallons of water and stirred about till the water looks like thin porridge. The temperature should be 90 to 95 deg. Fahr. This bath is useful in delicate skins and when the water bath causes irritation as in excoriations of the buttocks, in prickly heat and eczema. Dry without rubbing.

Starch Bath: Ordinary laundry starch is used in the proportion of half a cupful to five gallons of water at a temperature of 90 to 95 deg. Fahr. Dry without rubbing. This bath is a sedative to the skin.

Carbonic Acid Bath: Special chemicals are used, or carbonic acid gas should be made to flow into the water from a compressed air tank. The temperature of the bath should be 90 to 95 deg. Fahr., and should be used under a doctor's supervision. The carbonic

acid bath is useful in heart disease and may be continued every other day over a long period. Gentle friction should be used and the bath followed by rest in bed.

Astringent Baths: Are used in moist skin eruptions. They are prepared by adding to the water tannin or a decoction of oak bark, which is made by boiling a cupful of the pulverized bark in water for thirty minutes, straining and adding it to each quart of water.

Sulphur Baths: Are used in itching conditions of the skin. They are prepared by adding one to three ounces of sulphurated potash to the daily bath. After the bath the skin should be anointed with vaseline.

Disinfectant Baths: These are usually prepared with bichloride of mercury—one in twenty thousand; or potassium permanganate—one in five thousand or three thousand. For the latter the water must be distilled. These baths are used in ringworm and other infected conditions of the skin. Care should be taken that the child does not swallow any of the bath water as these solutions are poisonous.

THE QUESTION BOX

My baby boy, 15 days old, has some kind of blisters on his lips. He cries in the early hours of the morning and his foreskin is very hard to pull back.—(Mrs.) E. W., Calgary, Alta.

Wash the lips with a solution of soda bicarbonate— $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful to $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of warm water.

It is impossible to say what causes the crying as you give no details about his feeding.

I do not see why you should bother about the foreskin at this early age.

Every winter my 7-year-old boy breaks out in a skin disease which is accompanied by swelling and running sores which form yellow crusts. We have used tar ointment and violet ray treatments.—(Mrs.) O. O., Bracken, Sask.

I should be very careful in the use of violet ray unless it is administered by someone thoroughly competent. Tar ointment or white precipitate ointment should be useful. Cut down the starches and sugars in the boy's diets and give him cod-liver oil in winter.

Boy, 18 months, weighs 28 lbs., and 32 inches in height, is very healthy. Walked at 11 months and had 16 teeth at one year. He is

Children's Disorders

From experience, many pleased Mothers strongly advise giving children **BABY'S OWN TABLETS**

"My little girl was irritable, feverish and sometimes sick in her stomach... what a relief it was, after giving her Baby's Own Tablets, to see how much better she was," writes Mrs. James Halligan, Fenelon Falls, Ontario.

Mrs. Ben Slavenwhite, Armdale, N.S., says: "My baby had stomach trouble and I was nearly frantic until the woman next door gave me some Baby's Own Tablets, and they made her quite well."

"My baby has no more gas, fevers or digestive trouble since I have known about Baby's Own Tablets," states Mrs. Herman Belshe, Arnprior, Ontario.

"I think Baby's Own Tablets are wonderful. My baby has no more colic pains," says Mrs. Allan MacDonald, Northfield, Ontario.

No need for YOUR child to suffer. Baby's Own Tablets can be given with absolute safety—see certificate in each 25-cent package. They're recommended by Mothers for teething troubles, upset stomach, indigestion, colic pains, simple fevers, constipation.

DR. WILLIAMS'

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Make and Keep Children Well—As Mothers Know

MAKE FRETFUL BABIES HAPPY

An Ottawa mother, one of the many thousands who give their children Steedman's Powders regularly, writes: "Your powders certainly turn a cross, restless baby into a contented one." As a mild and gentle laxative for babies and growing children from teething time to early 'teen age, Steedman's Powders have no equal. They relieve constipation and colic, soothe feverish conditions and are especially good to prevent complications at teething time.

Free Booklet and Sample

Our helpful booklet "Hints to Mothers" sent free with sample of Steedman's. Write John Steedman & Co., 504 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal.

Give **STEEDMAN'S** Powders
From Teething to Teens
Insist on Steedman's—look for the double EE symbol on each package 4014

WHOOPIING COUGH?



VAPORS RELIEVE DURING SLEEP

RELIEF AT ONCE! That is Vapo-Cresolene's magic effect! Checks paroxysms and vomiting. Permits restful sleep. Used with great success for over 54 years in treating Whooping Cough, Bronchial Asthma, Coughs and Colds, Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis. Disinfects the room; prevents spread of infection. Full directions with package. At all drug stores.

Vapo-Cresolene

RELIEVES WHILE YOU SLEEP

Send for Booklet No. 4. Vapo-Cresolene Co., Miles Bldg., Montreal.

Housekeeping



Chatelaine's Department
of Home Management

Conducted by THE CHATELAINES INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, Director

EVEN "NICE PEOPLE" FIGHT

**DON'T
YOU DARE!**

**YOU WAIT
AND SEE!**

Controversy always follows the introduction of any new scientific discovery. But no discovery in years, probably, has caused so much heated discussion and had such far-reaching effects as this one. See what happened to these two neighboring housewives.



**IF YOU THINK ALL "NO-SCRUB" SOAPS
ARE ALIKE - READ THE FACTS**

NEW, improved OXYDOL is a new granulated soap discovery that cost Procter & Gamble one million dollars to perfect. It does these things you have never found a soap could do before. **FIRST**—gives instant 3-inch suds, rich as whipped dairy cream, in hard or soft water! Thus goes to work on grease, dirt and stains, 2 to 3 times faster than less modern soaps. **SECOND**—loosens dirt out in a simple 15 minutes' soaking! No scrubbing or boiling needed, yet clothes come 4 to 5 shades whiter than ever before. And—due to a special formula, a special protective combination of mild soap ingredients, OXYDOL

is absolutely safe. It positively can't hurt hands, fade colors or injure fabrics.

OXYDOL is economical, too. In hard or soft water one 25c package does the work of 8 to 10 cakes of bar soap or 2 to 3 times as much flakes.

Try On Money-Back Guarantee

Get OXYDOL from your dealer today. Women everywhere are discarding old favorites—bar, flake, chip, and granulated forms—for OXYDOL. If you don't prefer it above any laundry soap you've ever used, return unused portion of package to your dealer and get full money back. We'll repay him.



MULTIPLIES 500 TIMES IN SUDS

The Fateful Forties

(Continued from page 35)

required, but that is no reason for neglecting to do it. Old age does not necessarily mean ill health. There are some people who have better health in their later years than in their youth, and it is not unusual for women to have better health after they are fifty years old than they had before. But it takes care and attention. Often enough, people start out in life with a good physique and exuberant health and think they can stand anything; but fast living, insufficient sleep, over-eating and drinking soon undermine the constitution. Then there is the all too common tendency to get up too soon after an illness. Bad after-effects are left, perhaps become chronic, and in time these weaknesses accumulate and the health is permanently impaired.

But while bodily well-being and a good appearance are important, there are other things that are equally essential. I have in mind a woman of middle age who is very dissatisfied. She is restless and discontented and cannot sleep at night. She quarrels with her husband and finds fault with everybody. But it is not such a mystery why she cannot sleep at night when you find out how she spends her days. She lies in bed in the morning while her husband gets up and gets his own breakfast, and in the afternoon she plays bridge. Yet she is by nature an energetic person and, believe it or not, quite intelligent. What she really needs is work. Keeping a small apartment does not require more than a fraction of her energy and ability. She is not the type that likes club work and she is not a social light nor a social climber. There is no need for her to make money; she has everything she needs. Everything except work. She lacks an all-absorbing interest—something to demand her best energies and give purpose to life. When a woman does not do any housework and has no profession, no career or other form of constructive activity, the maximum of uselessness has about been reached. Also the maximum of discontent. Yet a great many women have the weird idea that the less they do, the better off they are. That idleness is a sign of getting on in the world. It does not, however, as a general rule, keep them happy.

This is the time of life when a woman needs a career—not necessarily a job, but a career. During the first years of married life when she is learning the household arts and while her children are small, she has enough to occupy her mind. But the time comes when the household routine has become habit and goes along smoothly with little or no effort. The children grow up and go away. Unless she takes up some definite line of work she is likely to fade out intellectually,

or else make herself a general nuisance by trying to attend to everybody's business. The obnoxious mother-in-law of both fact and fiction is in reality the tragedy of a woman at the height of her powers with nothing to do. If she has no special business of her own, she is likely to become either the unpaid servant of the whole family at a time when they should be waiting on themselves, or else the manager and dictator of the family when they should be developing their own initiative.

A hobby does not quite fill the bill, because by its very nature it is a thing of leisure. It is not usually pursued seriously, but is picked up and put aside when convenient. It might be all right if anyone worked at it consistently, but most people think of a hobby as something they can potter around at when they feel like it. With some women it is a different thing every year. One year it is music, the next painting, and it usually ends in golf or bridge or something equally unimportant. It does not call forth any determined effort; it is not a driving force and it does not get her anywhere. Psychologists say that we do not develop mentally unless we are exerting ourselves to the fullest extent of our ability. Most women pass that point early in life. The time soon comes when the cooking and household activities assume the proportions of a hobby, and unless she goes into some line of work that requires serious application, she is likely to become mentally dull, uninterested and uninteresting.

Men do their best work in their mature years, and there is no reason why women should not. They have the background of experience and the understanding of life to make their services valuable. Many of the positions now occupied by young girls could be filled better by mature women. Consider school teaching, for example. When a girl of nineteen, totally inexperienced in handling children, takes a roomful of them in charge, something is bound to happen—and usually does—both to her nerves and the children's. Nature gives a woman one child at a time and lets her get used to one before the next one comes along; but when a young girl acquires fifty at once, she is ill prepared for the task and the only wonder is that she struggles through as well as she does. Add to these responsibilities the emotional unrest of youth, the inexperience and lack of understanding of life, and you will realize that the most widely accepted young ladies' profession is the one for which she is the least suited. A married woman with children of her own has the maturity, the emotional stability and the background of experience that the profession so much needs.

There is, of course, the objection that there is no place for middle-aged women in the modern scheme of things. But that is not a circumstance that cannot be changed. The present financial depression is not a permanent fixture; and if women, by determined and persistent effort, make a place for themselves, it will finally come to be accepted, as many other things have been.

And whether or not life begins at forty, as some people say that it does, there certainly is no reason why it should end there.

The Ageless Heart—by Isa Grindlay Jackson

I looked today upon a worn face,
Where little lines were etched by little cares,
And shadows no atonement could efface
Remained of old rebellions and despairs.
I searched the faded eyes and saw that time
Had not quite healed the ravages of tears
Shed long ago when love, just at its prime,
Was robbed by war of all its tender years.
But all the fires of pain had died away—
I saw a spirit placid and serene,
Accepting what life offers day by day,
Nor longer mourning days that might have been.
Am I then old? My mirror has it so!
How strange that I grew old and did not know!

MR & MRS GOOF *The Goofs go for a week-end*



Roasted and packed in Canada

Stale Coffee causes nervous irritation..offends your taste

Nerves frazzled? Temper too quickly aroused over mere trifles?

It may be because you are drinking stale coffee containing rancid oil. Your nerves don't like stale coffee. It tastes terrible, too . . . flat, weak, bitter.

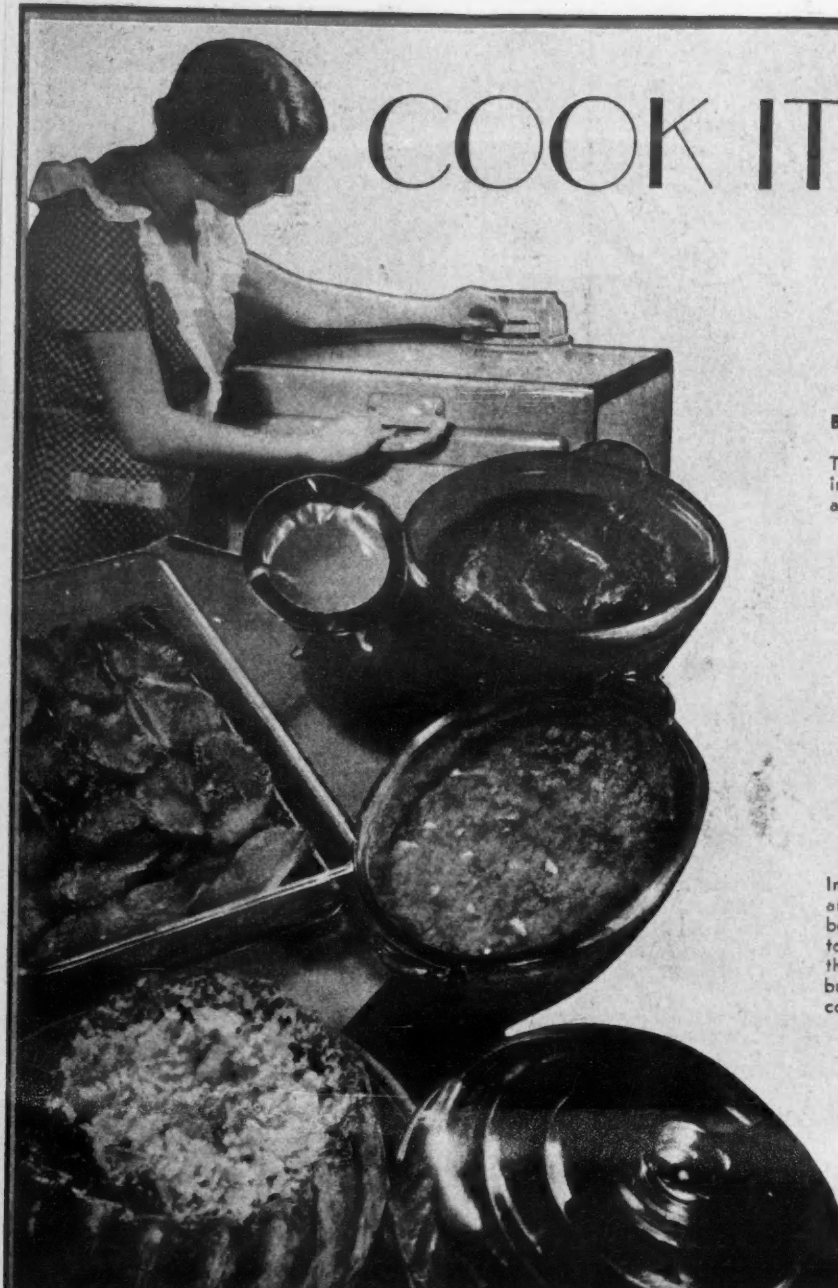
Rich, full-bodied flavor and healthful stimulation are what you expect from coffee. And what you get when you drink Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. Because Chase & Sanborn's is rushed to your grocer by a wonderful, Dominion-wide

quick-delivery system. Start drinking this fuller flavored coffee. Enjoy its healthful invigoration.

Your grocer has it in pound and half-pound tins. Buy a tin of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee tomorrow!

COOK IT ALL AT ONCE!

OVEN DINNER MENUS



*Oven Cooked Stew with Vegetables, $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours
Tomato Jelly Salad
Baked Rice Pudding with Raisins, 3 hours
Temperature 300 to 325 deg. Fahr.
The baked dishes on this menu may be put in the heat-controlled oven early in the afternoon and forgotten until dinner time.

Roast of Beef, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours
Browned Potatoes, 1 hour
*Glazed Parsnips, parboiled, baked 15 to 20 minutes
Sliced Bananas in Lemon Jelly with Cream or Custard Sauce
Temperature 400 deg. Fahr.

(ILLUSTRATED)

Dressed Spare-ribs, $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours
Glazed Sweet Potatoes, parboiled, baked 30 minutes
Scalloped Tomatoes, 45 minutes
*Club Indian Pudding, 1 hour

In this menu, the meat goes in the oven and begins to cook while the pudding is being made, then it goes in. The tomatoes are prepared and put in, and lastly the potatoes, sliced and covered with butter and brown sugar, go in. Then all come out at once.

Temperature 350 deg. Fahr.

Baked Sausages, 25 to 30 minutes
*Potato Soufflé, 30 minutes
Baked Stuffed Onions, parboiled, baked 45 minutes
Apple Crisp, 30 to 45 minutes

In this menu the potatoes for the soufflé may be cooked, the stuffed

Oven-cooked Veal Steak, 45 to 55 minutes
Baked Potatoes, 45 to 60 minutes
Baked Carrots, 30 to 40 minutes
*Cherry Roly-poly Pudding, 20 to 30 minutes
Temperature 400 to 450 deg. Fahr.

Scalloped Salmon, about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour
Oven-fried Potatoes
Corn and Tomato Casserole, about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour
Deep Apple Pie, 45 minutes
Temperature 400 deg. Fahr.

*Oven Steamed Fillets of Fish, 10 to 15 minutes
*Baked Noodles au gratin, 25 to 30 minutes
Cole Slaw
Cottage Pudding, 25 to 30 minutes
Lemon Sauce
Temperature 350 to 400 deg. Fahr.

Macaroni and Cheese, 25 to 30 minutes
Spinach Molds with Hard-cooked Egg, 15 minutes
*Prunes with Lemon, 1 hour (or stewed on top of stove)
Corn Muffins, 25 minutes
Temperature 400 deg. Fahr.

onions and the apple crisp prepared for baking early in the day. They begin to cook while the potato soufflé is being mixed. Then it goes in with the sausages.

Temperature 350 to 375 deg. Fahr.

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL, Director of The Chatelaine Institute

QUEER ISN'T IT, our different notions of economy? What's yours?—pinching every penny or merely doing without some special luxury? To most of us it is something in between these two extremes, which boils down to spending our money wisely and getting full return for it.

Not that I would have you deny yourself some little pet extravagance. In fact, I think it's a good thing to indulge it just once in a while, just to show that the world hasn't got you down. Provided you don't let it get the best of you too often, there is a lot to be said for buying something you don't absolutely need—new drapes for the living room, a cover for the chesterfield, fresh paint for the front door or a new hat for yourself. You get value in the change of scenery and in the raising of your spirits.

It's not much satisfaction, though, to fritter away nickels and dimes and have nothing to show for it; yet it's surprising how often this happens and that's what I'm getting at here.

Take the question of meals, for instance; an ever recurring one, of interest to all housekeepers. If you are going to have them really economical it isn't enough to select inexpensive foods; many women do that, but at the same time waste fuel like anything—and fuel costs money.

So suppose we plan a few meals around the method of cooking and give our oven the job. It will do as well by two or three dishes as it will for one, and there is a definite saving in making full use of this heat. Moreover, if you are looking

for other advantages, oven meals require very little of your time or effort and they take on the very finest flavor.

The main thing is to choose foods which cook at approximately the same temperature. Then there is the question of time, but that doesn't count so much, for you can always open the door and put in some dish when the others are partly done. Flavor combinations, color harmonies and contrasts of texture should be considered as usual. In fact, the only real difference between this and any other menu is the similarity of cooking time. Even so, this limitation is not very serious when you check up the number of dishes that can be grouped together in a slow, medium or hot oven as the case may be. That's an interesting new slant for you and you'd be surprised at the possibilities.

If your oven has a heat regulator all you have to do is to set it at the proper degree then go about your business with a comfortable knowledge that the temperature will be just as you want it—no watching required. If it has an automatic time control, adjust that, put your meal in the oven and it will cook to perfection without your going near the kitchen again. But even without these conveniences you can get along very well with the aid of a reliable thermometer if you don't mind taking a peep occasionally.

Just in passing, while we are on the subject of oven management, let me remind you that a well-insulated oven holds the heat a long time, so there is no sense in leaving it on until the food is completely done. Use the stored heat for

the last period of cooking and cut your fuel bill. A little point that applies to all baking, by the way.

In most of these menus suggested by The Chatelaine Institute the main course and the dessert are taken care of in the oven. They are planned, as you see, on a time and temperature basis and offer you many interesting combinations from the quickly prepared meal to those requiring two hours or more for cooking. Other courses may be added if you want something more elaborate—soup or a fruit cocktail to start off with, a crisp salad and a variety of appropriate accompaniments. So there is plenty of opportunity for the refrigerator and the range to work together in providing the family with economical and delicious meals.

Perhaps you have noticed another feature which makes for convenient service? Many of the foods may be brought to the table just as they come from the oven in the dishes in which they are cooked—and when it comes to washing up you will appreciate that. The fish in one of the menus and the veal steak in another might be cooked on the serving platter, if you happen to have a heat-proof glass one. With one of these you could go even farther; double up the sausage and the baked onions and arrive at the acme of simplicity and convenience.

These menus by no means exhaust the possibilities for attractive oven dinners. The list of other dishes will give you suggestions for making more combinations and very likely you have some ideas of your [Continued on page 67]

FOR FOOD SUITED TO OVEN COOKERY AND RECIPES SEE PAGE 67

You risk poor cake like this every time you use doubtful baking powder



SOGGY!

FALLEN!

HEAVY!

Fresh eggs, good butter, milk, sugar, flour and chocolate were used in this cake—yet see what a sorry failure it is because the baking powder did not leaven properly.

Isn't it foolish to waste expensive ingredients when less than 1¢ worth of **MAGIC** would have prevented a failure?

DON'T think that just because you use only 2 or 3 teaspoons of baking powder in a recipe it doesn't matter what kind you buy—

Baking powder is *particularly* important.

For poor-quality baking powder invariably gives coarse-textured, flavourless cake. And it can easily cause a complete failure—waste *all* your other good ingredients.

That's why it's always such

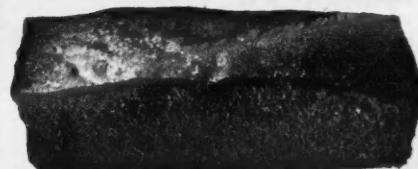
wise economy to safeguard your cakes with Magic Baking Powder.

Magic Baking Powder is dependable. It leavens perfectly. Yet—Magic costs so little *every-one* can afford it. Actually, you use *less than 1¢ worth* in a big cake!

Little enough to pay for the best, isn't it? And you have the assurance of cake with fine, even texture, delicious flavour—every time!

CONTAINS NO ALUM—This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

MADE IN CANADA



MADE WITH MAGIC

With Magic Baking Powder you can count on perfect leavening every time. This famous *quality* baking powder assures even-textured cakes that keep fresh and delicious as long as there's a crumb left.

Send for the New Magic Cook Book to use when you bake at home—dozens of tested recipes! Mail the coupon!

GILLETT PRODUCTS C-3
Fraser Avenue, Toronto 2

Please send me free copy of the famous Magic Cook Book.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____



*Canada's Leading Cookery Experts
use and recommend
Magic Baking Powder*

Miss Ethel Chapman, well-known cookery editor of *The Farmer*, says: "Don't take chances with inferior baking powder. My advice to all housewives, both skilled and inexperienced, is: 'Use Magic Baking Powder, then there's no uncertainty about your baking.'"

JUST TRY THIS MAGIC RECIPE FOR DELICIOUS FROSTY FRUIT CAKE

Frosty Fruit Cakes: Thoroughly cream ½ cup butter, slowly add 1 cup sugar, beating well. Add yolks of 2 eggs and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Beat. Add 1 cup milk alternately with 2 cups flour which has been sifted with 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Mix well, but do not beat. Fold in beaten egg whites. Bake in 3 greased layer cake pans in moderate oven at 375° F. for 20 minutes. When cake is cold, put the following Fruit Filling and Frosting between layers, and spread it over top and sides.

Fruit Filling and Frosting: Cream thoroughly 4 tablespoons butter; add ½ cup icing sugar. Beat well. Drop in the unbeaten white of one egg. Continue beating, gradually adding enough icing sugar to make of right consistency to spread on cake without running—about 3 cups—adding a little cream if necessary. Beat mixture thoroughly until very smooth. Add 1 teaspoon Vanilla extract, and 1 cup finely cut Cherries, Figs and Pineapple mixed.

The "Hows" of Housecleaning

How do you clean walls?

How do you wash windows?

How do you clean upholstered furniture?

How do you remove scratches from wood finishes?

How do you remove white spots from varnished surfaces?

How do you wash blankets?

How do you clean silver?

because it is very inflammable. Turpentine is also effective and the same care should be taken.

Apply the cleaning material generously to the floor and rub well with clean cloths, discarding them as soon as they become soiled. When the floor is perfectly clean, apply a thin layer of wax, a great many people make the mistake of using too much wax. Allow the wax to dry thoroughly—this is another point where many people are careless—then polish until the surface is hard, so hard that it will not scratch. The finished surface should be perfectly even, and glossy; if there are smears or if foot marks show, you may be pretty sure that the wax was applied too generously.

To clean windows. Add a little

good results. The outside of the glass is more difficult to clean because it becomes much dirtier. More water will be necessary and the surplus may be removed with one of the little rubber strips, known as squeegees, which are made for the purpose. Bits of dried paint around the edges may be removed with a razor blade. The same cleansing methods may be used for mirrors, the glass in cupboard doors and glass doors.

To clean upholstered furniture. First brush the piece of furniture very thoroughly with a firm bristled brush, taking particular care to get into the corners, and down between the arms and the seat, also into the seams of the cushions. The attachment for cleaning furniture which belongs with your vacuum cleaner is extremely useful here to pick up the dust and dirt which the brushing has loosened. Soiled spots of an oily or greasy nature may be removed by sponging with carbon tetrachloride or other dry-cleaning fluid of a non-inflammable nature. If the whole surface of the piece is soiled, the best method is to put the dry cleaning fluid into a bowl, dip a brush into it and moisten a section of the material, rubbing lightly. Then dry with a clean cloth. If the material still appears dull, repeat the process. By doing a whole section at one time, a more uniform result is obtained.

Many spots on upholstered furniture may be removed by sponging with water. This is done with a cloth wrung tightly out of warm water, using a clean portion of the cloth until the spot is removed, but never using a wet cloth because of the difficulty of drying the padding underneath the upholstery, which if allowed to become dampened may become musty. Some upholstery, such as a heavy tapestry or other heavy material of fast colors may be given a complete shampoo with excellent results.

Test a portion of the underside for color fastness before beginning, then work up a very rich suds, using a mild soap and very little water. Dip a brush into the lather, not into the water, and apply to a small area of the upholstery, scrubbing lightly until the suds are soiled, then repeating with fresh suds. Then with a brush dampened, but not wet, in clear warm water, go over the surface until all the suds are removed. The piece of furniture should be allowed to dry in the sun and wind or in a current of air. A slip-cover of good quality linen or chintz may be laundered at home, but if there is any danger of fading or shrinking it's worth your while to send it to a cleaner. [Continued on page 69]



HOUSECLEANING efficiency is, after all, a matter of organization. Of course you can rout the dirt if you wade in without any particular plan, but you're likely to rout the family at the same time. Better do your first work with pencil and paper—make out lists of the things to be done, necessary supplies and utensils, then it can be an orderly business instead of a riot.

Spring cleaning isn't what it used to be before modern equipment, time budgets and other new ideas arrived. The regular daily care which the house gets nowadays makes the annual spring and fall cleaning much less of an upheaval than it used to be. Still there are some things which must be looked after every so often, so they take their places on the housecleaning programme. Here's the "how" of some of them.

To clean walls. Dust thoroughly with a long handled, full-bodied wall brush working from the bottom upward, with light even strokes. Clean the brush frequently for best results. After the dusting, washable surfaces such as paint, or washable paper may be further cleaned with soap suds and water. In the case of unwashable paper, if further cleaning is necessary, there are on the market cleaners which when rubbed over the surface of the paper will remove much of the soil.

To clean and wax floors. Keep the floors as free as possible from dust and grit by the daily use of the dust mop. At intervals apply a fresh coating of wax and polish the floor thoroughly. Occasionally, however, the layer of soiled wax should be removed so that the floor is perfectly clean, then fresh wax applied and the floor polished. To remove the soiled wax, benzine may be used, but with great caution

household ammonia to clear warm water—about one tablespoonful of ammonia to one quart of water; wring a sponge, a chamois or a piece of soft, lintless cloth out of the water and wash the glass, beginning at the top and working down. Wring the second chamois quite dry and wipe the glass, completing one pane before starting another. Soap is not desirable as it is apt to leave streaks, but one of the non-sudsing cleaning powders may be used with

**FIRST-HAND AID
to HOUSEKEEPERS**

by **M. FRANCES HUCKS**
of the Institute staff

What About Testimonials?

If you have followed these articles you will remember that testimonials have been conspicuous by their absence. Why have I never printed testimonials? I hardly know except that so many testimonials are obtained in "devious" ways, and the public knows that most of them are not genuine. Nor am I going to use a testimonial in this article. But here is one thing I will say: If you could sit beside me when I look over every mail you would be astounded — yes, astounded — and if I knew a stronger word I would use it.



The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., taken in his 77th year.

Letters, letters, letters, from all parts of Canada, the United States, the English-speaking world, and some foreign lands. Letters (testimonials, if you like) which make me thrill with the thought that my brain children, my foods, books and lectures have been instrumental in bringing renewed health and happiness to such a vast number of all ages.

Years ago, I remember seeing the slogan "we are advertised by our loving friends." That surely applies to Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub. And this is natural, because when men and women find, through right eating and living habits, that they are once more in possession of buoyant health and the joy and thrill of living, they simply can't help telling others. And that is how the story of my foods is spread.

People marvel at the work I do, the long hours I work. It's no wonder I love my work. No wonder I love to write and lecture about this greatest of all possessions—Perfect Health, so perfect I can and do defy disease, even colds, before large audiences nightly in my lecture work during nine months of each year. The reason is that I know the Health laws of Nature and obey them. You, too, must know the health laws before you can obey them. These you can learn from my books, especially my basic work "HOW TO BE ALWAYS WELL," which costs but \$3.00 and furnishes you a complete health education.

Realize that the body is built up out of material substances and can be no better than the substances out of which it is built, our foods. If proper building materials are not in the foods eaten, a perfect body, such as mine, cannot possibly be built and sickness, disease, colds, lassitude and mental and physical slackening cannot be excepted. All these are but penalties for disobeying the health laws of nature which lower the level of one's success in life and possibly render it a total failure.

Let me suggest that you add Roman Meal or Bekus-Puddy or Lishus and the beverage Kofy-Sub, to your daily diet and by the time you have used say six packages your improved sense of health will almost certainly cause you to write for my Bulletins. For "How to be Always Well" send \$3.00, or write me for free bulletins on constipation and alkali forming foods. Address Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.

My foods have been so advertised by their friends that their sale has increased 650% during the depression and the factory in which they are made now covers much of a city block. When it is realized that no trained business executive has ever been associated with the Dr. Jackson Foods Ltd., and that I spend nine months a year on the lecture platform, these facts speak volumes for the value of the Dr. Jackson products, Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub.

Robt. Jackson M.D.

occasionally with the fat melted in the hot water.

Salmon Loaf

- 2 Cupfuls of canned salmon
- 2 Eggs
- ¼ Cupful of milk
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Tablespoonful of minced parsley
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 2 Cupfuls of bread crumbs

Flake the salmon, removing the skin and bones. Beat the eggs well, add the milk and seasonings and mix with the salmon. Add the minced parsley, the lemon juice and the bread crumbs. Mix thoroughly and pack into a greased loaf tin. Bake in a moderate oven — 350 deg. Fahr. — for forty-five minutes.

Including the few minutes taken to mince the veal, the total time necessary for preparing the ingredients and mixing the meat loaf was somewhat longer than for making the salmon loaf—twenty minutes as compared with about fifteen. The baking temperature is the same in each case but the meat loaf takes more than twice as long to cook as the salmon loaf, so time might easily be a factor influencing the choice in this case.

Total calories in the veal loaf are higher than in the salmon loaf but it may be divided into eight average servings while the salmon loaf will serve only six. So the figures per serving show little difference—about 185 calories per serving from the veal loaf and 155 to 160 from the salmon. We get about half as much protein from a serving of the fish as we do from one of the meat and, as in the previous case, there is much more iron in the meat dish than in the fish one. Both fish and meat are acid-forming foods, so there is little choice between the two in that respect. Neither the salmon nor the veal is a rich source of vitamins, so we pass on to the cost as the next point of comparison.

Approximately 4½ cents is the cost of a serving of meat loaf, and the cost of a similar serving of salmon loaf may vary from 5½ to 7½ cents, depending on the grade of canned salmon that is used in the recipe.

When it comes to flavor, it depends on which you prefer, fish or meat. Both are delicious.

For our next comparison we thought we would try two casserole dishes. We made one from rice and minced cooked meat, and for the other we chose an old favorite, macaroni and cheese. The recipes used were these:

Casserole of Rice and Meat

- 2½ Cupfuls of cooked rice
- 2 Cupfuls of cooked, minced meat
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Tablespoonful of minced parsley
- ½ Teaspoonful of grated onion
- 1 Egg
- ¼ Cupful of bread crumbs

Line a buttered mold with the cooked rice. Combine the cooked, minced meat with the seasonings, the beaten egg and the bread crumbs, adding four tablespoonfuls of gravy, or quarter cupful of boiling water to moisten and turn the mixture into the baking dish. Spread the top with a layer of rice and cover with waxed paper. Place in a steamer and steam for forty-five minutes.

Macaroni and Cheese

- 3 Cupfuls of cooked macaroni
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1½ Cupfuls of milk
- 1 Cupful of grated nippy cheese
- ¾ Cupful of buttered crumbs (one tablespoonful of butter to one cupful of crumbs)

[Continued on page 66]



WE'RE very fond of this handsome cake — because it is such a real Devil's Food. So rich and moist. So luscious looking, with its beautiful contrast of deep chocolate and snow white.

So rich, too, in that wonderful chocolate goodness that everybody just naturally loves!

But remember — even this gorgeous cake can be a disappointment if you don't use Baker's Chocolate. For only Baker's insures that inimitably delicious, real chocolate flavour. Buy a package of Baker's Chocolate from your grocer. Try this Devil's Food. And send for our free recipe book.

★ DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE (2 eggs or 3 egg yolks)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour | 2 eggs or 3 egg yolks, unbeaten |
| 1 teaspoon soda | 3 squares Baker's unsweetened Chocolate, melted |
| ½ cup butter or other shortening | 1 cup milk |
| 1 ¼ cups brown sugar, firmly packed | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Sift flour once, measure, add soda, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each; then add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased deep 9-inch layer pans or three greased 8-inch pans, in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Spread Seven Minute Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. (All measurements are level.) Made in Canada.



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33

Name.....
Address.....

EXPERIMENT IN ECONOMY

The Institute Studies

Beef Loaf vs. Bean Loaf

Veal Loaf vs. Salmon Loaf

Lamb Stew vs. Fish Stew

Casserole of Rice vs.

Macaroni and Cheese

for Time of preparation

Cost per serving

Food value and flavor



	Bean Loaf	Meat Loaf
Time of Preparation	32 minutes	22 minutes
Time of Baking	30 minutes	45-60 minutes
Baking Temperature	350 deg. Fahr.	400 deg. Fahr.
Number of Serving	8	8
Cost of Serving	3½¢	4-4½¢
Calories per Serving	150-155	205-210
Approximate amount of protein per serving	8 grams	22 grams
Flavor	good	good
Reaction	alkaline	acid.

TO SOLVE YOUR LENTEN PROBLEMS

by M. FRANCES HUCKS and ALICE C. ROGERS

Combine the meat and bread crumbs, add the seasonings, the melted butter and the beaten egg. Mix thoroughly, adding water if the mixture is not sufficiently moist. Shape into a roll or pack into a greased loaf tin, cover with waxed paper and bake in a moderately hot oven—400 deg. Fahr.—for forty-five to sixty minutes, basting frequently with two tablespoonfuls of dripping in a cupful of hot water.

Baked Bean Loaf

3 Cupfuls of baked beans	¼ Cupful of finely chopped onion
1½ Cupfuls of soft bread crumbs	1 Egg, unbeaten
½ Cupful of canned tomatoes	1 Teaspoonful of salt
	¼ Teaspoonful of pepper

Put the beans through a sieve or mash thoroughly with a fork. Simmer the onion and the tomatoes together for ten to fifteen minutes and mix with the mashed beans. Add the bread crumbs, the egg and the seasonings and mix thoroughly. Shape into a loaf or pack into a greased loaf tin, sprinkle the top with paprika and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for thirty minutes.

We began right at the beginning and compared the time necessary to prepare and mix the ingredients. In this case there was little difference in the actual working time, which included the grinding of the meat and the sieving of the beans. However, the time necessary for simmering the tomatoes for the bean loaf means that a few more minutes must be allowed for the preparation of this dish. These extra few minutes are more than balanced by the shorter cooking period—thirty minutes at 350 deg. Fahr., as compared with forty-five to sixty minutes at 400 deg. Fahr. The time factors then are relatively unimportant in this comparison because the differences are so slight.

Total calories are somewhat higher in the

meat loaf. Worked out on the basis of calories per serving, we found that the meat loaf would yield approximately 210 from an average serving, and the vegetable loaf about 155. The amount of protein is also greater in the meat loaf than in the bean loaf, an individual serving of the one supplying the body with two to 2½ times more of this building material than the other. The beef in our meat loaf scores when it comes to adding iron, the blood builder to the diet, while the beans stand right at the top as being one of the most alkaline foods on our lists, very effective in reducing the acidity of the blood—a condition which we have mentioned very frequently nowadays. The bean loaf, too, is richer in vitamins than the meat loaf, beans ranking high as a source of vitamin B.

Finally we figured approximate costs, based on local prices and found that an average serving of the meat loaf costs from four to 4½ cents, and a similar serving of the bean loaf averages about 3½ cents.

In comparing for flavor, it turned out to be a question of individual tastes, as both dishes were savory and flavorful and generally well liked.

In the same manner we compared a meat loaf with a fish loaf, this time using veal for the meat and canned salmon in the other loaf and following these recipes:

Veal Loaf

1½ Pounds of minced veal	1 Cupful of soft bread crumbs
½ Cupful of water	1 Teaspoonful of poultry seasoning or sage
1 Egg	Salt and pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion	2 Tablespoonfuls of hot water
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or dripping	

Combine the meat and the bread crumbs thoroughly, add the liquid, the well-beaten egg and the seasonings. When thoroughly combined, pack into a greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for about 1¾ hours, basting [Continued on next page]



WHY DO WE call it a problem—this business of providing satisfying substitutes for meat on our Lenten menus? Fish, the first alternative which comes to our minds is plentiful and varied; in fact, there are probably more varieties of fish than of meat—and plenty of interesting ways to prepare them. Then there are eggs, cheese and the legumes—peas, beans and lentils. There are possibilities here for almost endless combinations and still we look upon Lenten menus as a problem.

Is it a question of cost, the work involved in preparing the dishes, the idea that nothing can take the place of meat when it comes to food value; or is it simply a question of habit and acquired preferences? We were sufficiently interested in the answer to this question, here at the Institute, that we made some comparisons of meat dishes with meatless ones suitable for Lenten main dishes. We'll tell you what we found and if you apply the results to your own circumstances you may find the answer to your Lenten problem—if you have one.

For the first comparison we selected a beef loaf and a loaf made from baked beans. Here are the two recipes:

Beef Loaf

1½ Pounds of minced raw beef	1 Cupful of bread crumbs
1 Teaspoonful of salt	½ Teaspoonful of pepper
½ Tsp. of grated onion	½ Tsp. grated lemon rind
1 Tblsp. of chopped parsley	1 Tblsp. of melted butter
1 Egg	Cold water if necessary

*Taa...
and to Sleep*



WHEN DAY
IS DONE

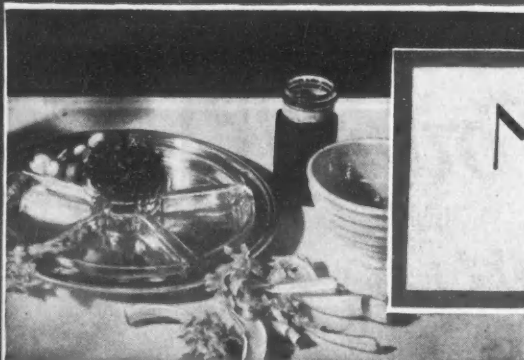


Let Mr. T. Pott tell you how
to make a good cup of Tea.

"Select a good brand of small-leaf tea. Boil fresh water. Warm up an earthenware tea pot. Put in one teaspoonful of tea for each cup and one for the pot. The moment the water boils furiously, pour it on the tea. Let the tea brew five minutes."

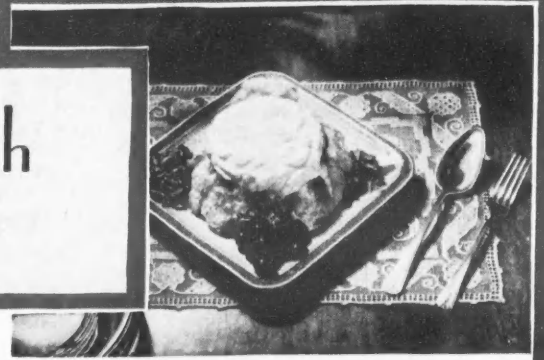
At the end of the day... at the end of the story
... you'll really enjoy a bedtime cup of tea
for its soothing influence will woo sleep —
quickly and harmlessly: When day is done ...
what YOU need is a good cup of TEA.

... nothing so refreshing as a good cup of TEA



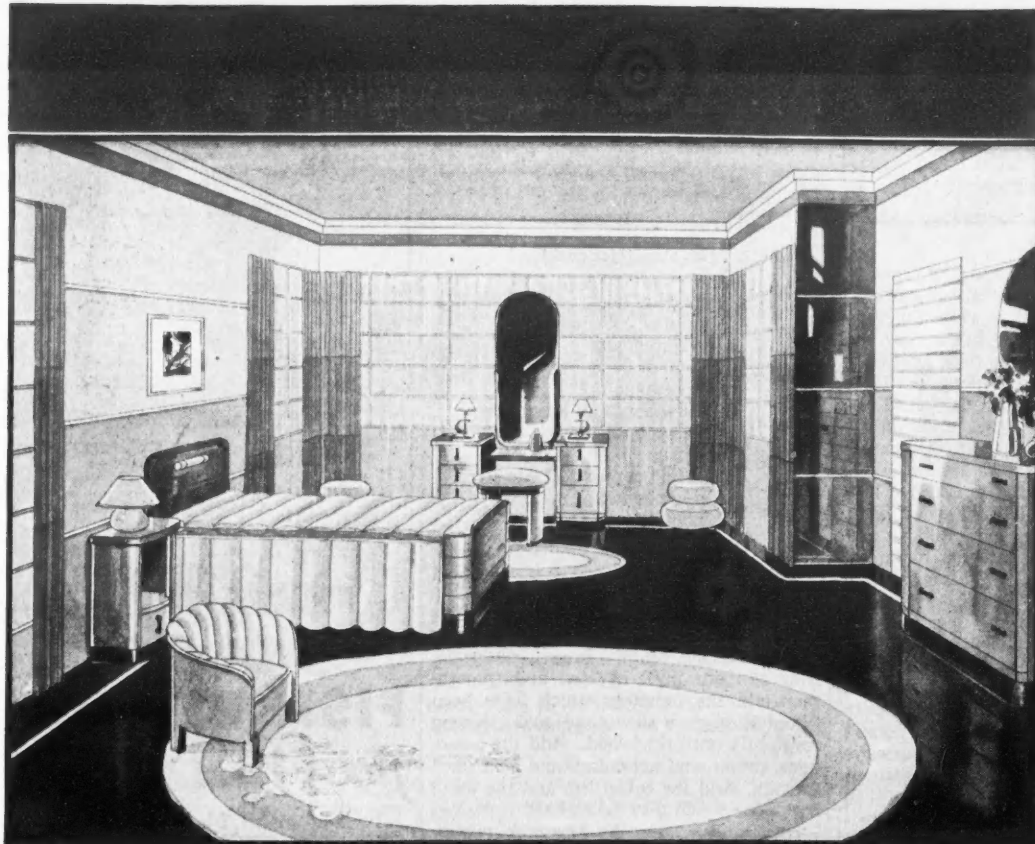
Meals of the Month

Thirty-one Menus for March



BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Vegetable Soup Egg Sandwiches Canned Peaches Cake Tea Cocoa	Scalloped Oysters and Noodles Harvard Beets Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea	17 (Sunday) Pineapple Juice Waffles Coffee Maple Syrup Tea	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Devilled Egg Salad Brown Bread and Butter Celery Pistachio Ice Cream Fancy Cakes Hot Chocolate	DINNER Julienne Soup Hot Baked Ham Baked Potatoes Asparagus Creamy Rice Mold Coffee Butterscotch Sauce Tea
2 Stewed Prunes French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Sliced Fresh Bologna Lyonnais Potatoes Mustard Pickles Blanc Mange with Jelly or Fruit Sauce Tea Cocoa	Boiled Corned Beef Mashed Potatoes Jellied Apple Sauce Coffee Tea	18 Chilled Tomato Juice Cereal Marmalade Tea	Cold Ham Panfried Potatoes Mustard Pickles Canned Plums Cakes (left-over) Tea Cocoa	Grilled Kidneys Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Onions Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
3 (Sunday) Sliced Oranges Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Welsh Rarebit Jellied Lettuce Salad Spice Layer Cake with Mocha Icing Tea Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Roast of Lamb Browned Potatoes Frozen Prune Whip Coffee Tea	19 Cereal with Raisins Frizzled Ham Toast Coffee Tea	Mulligatawny Soup Cabbage and Raisin Salad Bran Muffins Tea Honey Cocoa	Mock Duck Ricci Potatoes Mashed Turnips Cocoanut Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
4 Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Corned Beef Hash Mixed Pickles Mixed Fruit Cup Left-over Cake Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Lamb Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Carrots Cottage Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea	20 Apple Sauce Cereal Corn Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Broiled Smoked Fish with Lemon Shoe String Potatoes Fruit Cup Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Spinach and Poached Eggs Baked Potatoes Buttered Carrots Steamed Fruit Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
5 Cereal with Sliced Bananas Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	Cheese Toast Dill Pickles Head Lettuce Salad Cranberry or Lemon Tarts Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Grape Sponge Coffee Tea	21 Orange Sections French Toast Corn Syrup Coffee Tea	Frankfurters Sauerkraut Rhubarb-Tapioca Tea Cocoa	Roast of Veal Browned Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Pineapple Blanc Mange Coffee Tea
6 Half Grapefruit Bread and Milk Raisin Scones Coffee Jelly Tea	Creamed Salmon on Toast Canned Berries Drop Cookies or Toasted Scones Tea Cocoa	Bean Soup (Vegetable Plate) Potato Cakes Scalloped Tomatoes Glazed Parsnips Chocolate Rice Custard Coffee Tea	22 Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Scalloped Corn Brown Bread and Butter Stewed Apricots Cookies Tea Cocoa	Steamed Codfish Egg Sauce Green Beans Potato Cakes Jellied Fruits (Whipped Cream) Coffee Tea
7 Orange Juice Plain Omelet Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Potato Soup with Parsley Toasted Crackers Pineapple, Nut and Cheese Salad Raisin Loaf Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Apple Dumplings Cooked in Syrup Coffee Tea	23 Tomato Juice Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Fish Cakes Chili Sauce Cole Slaw Canned Pineapple Chelsea Buns Tea Cocoa	Barley Broth Cold Sliced Veal Boiled Potatoes Creamed Celery Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
8 Stewed Apricots Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Bean Loaf Catsup Hard Rolls Bananas in Lemon Jelly Tea Cocoa	Breaded Fillets of Haddock with Tartar Sauce French Fried Potatoes Savory Spinach Grape Tapioca with Cream Coffee Tea	24 (Sunday) Grapefruit and Orange Cup Sausages and Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Chicken Soup Cheese Rolls Mixed Fruit Salad Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Grilled Sirloin Steak Lemon Butter Mashed Potatoes Harvard Beets Chocolate Ice Cream Vanilla Wafers Coffee Tea
9 Cereal with Chopped Dates Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Italian Spaghetti Canned Peas Chocolate Nut Squares Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Oven-Cooked Steak Mashed Potatoes Steamed Cup Cakes Apricot Sauce Coffee Tea	25 Cereal with Chopped Dates Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Beans Green Salad French Dressing Apple Sauce Cake or Cookies Tea Cocoa	Dressed Spare-Ribs Baked Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Trifle Coffee Tea
10 (Sunday) Grapefruit Juice Cereal Omelet Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Saltines Sardine and Tomato Jelly Salad Biscuits Angel Cake Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken with Dumplings Green Beans Diced Carrots Apple Pie Cheese Coffee Tea	26 Stewed Rhubarb Bread and Hot Milk Popovers Coffee Honey Tea	Asparagus Soup Baked Stuffed Potatoes Baked Peas in Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Peas and Carrots Brown Betty Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
11 Apples Bread and Milk Graham Gems Coffee Honey Tea	Chicken Broth Mixed Vegetable Salad Gems (left-over) Caramel Junket Tea Cocoa	Browned Hamburger with Onions Boiled Potatoes Banana Shortcake Coffee Tea	27 Orange Halves Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Casserole of Vegetables with Cheese Sauce Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Clam Broth Salad Plate of Chilled Salmon Potato and Celery Salad Jellied Peas Cabbage and Pimiento Steamed Date Pudding Coffee Foamy Sauce Tea
12 Orange Halves Cereal Tiny Sausages Coffee Toast Tea	Pancakes Maple Syrup Head Lettuce French Dressing Cherry Jelly Whip Tea Cocoa	Veal Chops Creamed Potatoes Steamed Graham Pudding Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea	28 Stewed Apples Griddle Cakes Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Tomato Soup Bacon Lyonnais Potatoes Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Tomato Sauce Boiled Potatoes Sage Custard Coffee Turnips Tea
13 Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cream of Onion Soup Croutons Celery Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Baked Eggs in Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Creamed Peas Gingerbread Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Tea	29 Pineapple Juice Cereal Coffee Cake Coffee Jam Tea	Curried Eggs on Toast Prunes with Lemon Nutmeg Tea Cocoa	Fried Scallops Tartar Sauce Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea
14 Sliced Bananas Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Head Cheese or Jellied Meat Relish Panfried Potatoes Apple Compote Ginger Snaps Tea Cocoa	Cream of Bean Soup Shepherd's Pie Mushroom Sauce Buttered Cauliflower Maple Nut Ice Cream Wafers Coffee Tea	30 Half Grapefruit Cereal Stewed Fruit Toast Coffee Tea	Pea Soup Cold Sliced Meats Potato Salad Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew with Vegetables Boiled Potatoes Grape Whip Coffee Tea
15 Half Grapefruit Broiled Smoked Herring Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Rice Croquettes Curry Sauce Brown Rolls Prune, Cheese and Pineapple Salad Tea Cocoa	Baked Trout Creamed Potatoes Cole Slaw Cherry Roly-Poly Coffee Tea	31 (Sunday) Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Marmalade Tea	Ramekins of Shrimp and Tuna Fish Finger Rolls Celery Waldorf Salad Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice with Savory Sauce Creamed Potatoes Spinach Sponge Cake with Cream and Fruit Filling Coffee Tea
16 Stewed Prunes Cereal Plain Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Noodle Soup Ramekins of Fish (left-over) Baked Bananas Lemon Sauce Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Baked Custard Coffee Tea			

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances
Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.



Garden view of Chatelaine's Modern House No. 1.

THE SECOND BEDROOM

Interior arrangement by E. R. Lownds, Interior Decoration Dept., Hudson's Bay Co., Winnipeg.

THE COLOR PLAN of this handsome room is a combination of the lovely new Marina green with soft shades of peach as a restraining influence and a black floor to give force and character to the scheme.

First, the floor. This is covered with black battleship linoleum with a narrow chrome metal slip inset six inches from the outer wall. On this are matching oval rugs in unwashed Chinese, the peach centre bordered with green.

All possible wood trim is eliminated, and, instead, the crossbars of the windows and doors are in silver. Narrow horizontal lines, placed six inches apart in alternate peach and green, give interest and decorative importance to the doors. Note, too, the clever way the decorator has used the long narrow wall for a full-length built-in mirror.

The smooth plaster walls are divided into four cross-sections by bands of silver, and painted in tones of peach, graduating upward from a warm, deep shade to a mere blush.

The ceiling line is broken by a stepped cornice built forward to allow room for electric bulbs behind, lighting around the entire room. Deep peach is used on the ceiling to warm the reflected light and peach, green and silver are carried on the cornice.

Three shades of green moiré taffeta joined together make the side curtains at the window, building up as in the walls from the deeper to the lighter tone. The metal bedroom suite is designed on simple lines and attractively finished.

The bedspread repeats the moiré of the draperies, and the three lovely colors are used in the row of pleats on each side. A down comforter has the quilted rolls running across the bed to match the valance of the bed. In tune with this the Tub chair covered in silver granite cloth, piped with green, is fluted on the inside of the back and arms.

AN ALTERNATIVE SCHEME

An alternate arrangement of the third bedroom is suggested in this charming room.

THE YOUNG MAN of the house has not been forgotten and here is a room that "Junior" would enjoy. There is, appropriately, a certain sturdiness about it cleverly developed by the use of strong rather than delicate colors, and materials with an interesting roughish texture.

The carpet which entirely covers the floor is in that particular shade of rust called cedar. This, with turquoise, old-white and touches of coral, produces the distinctly smart and charming color ensemble.

To achieve the rough effect desired, onion sacking is applied to the walls. It is painted turquoise blue and all the woodwork—doors, trim and window crossbars—is finished in the same shade, giving a feeling of spaciousness to the room. The ceiling is white tintured with the wall color.

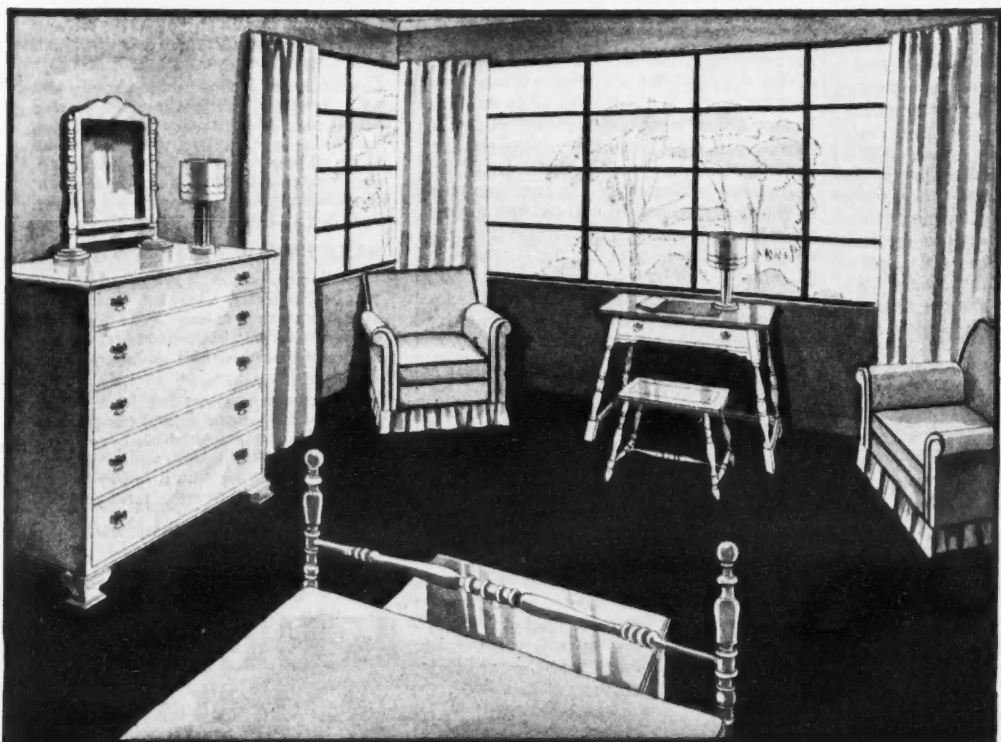
At the window, old-white draperies of heavy mop cloth fall in graceful folds to the floor. They are soft and full, bound with a coral brush fringe, as the only trimming. The plain bedspread of the same material is finished in the same way repeating the coral binding.

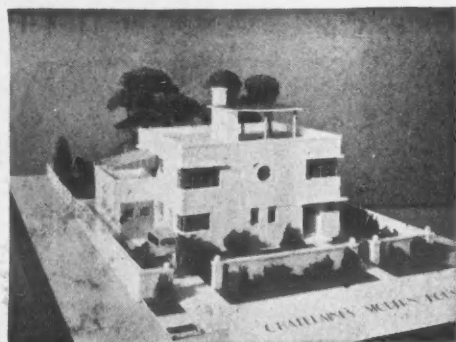
Two comfortable easy chairs stand near the window, both upholstered in turquoise with welted seams of cedar, the carpet color.

The furniture is Colonial maple, a suite as at home in a modern setting as in a nineteenth century room. Three pieces are shown and at the head of the bed are two night tables, one at either side, for a lamp or a radio. Another lamp of smart design gives light for reading or writing at the desk and a third is used at the chiffonier. Additional lighting is provided by wall brackets.

MODERN DOES

HELEN CAMPBELL, DIRECTOR OF THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE, DESCRIBES FOUR BEDROOMS IN THE CHATELAINE'S MODERN HOUSE, DESIGNED BY CLEVER DECORATORS





Street view of Chatelaine's Modern House No. 1.

THE MASTER BEDROOM

Interior arrangement designed by Interior Decoration Bureau, Eaton's-College St., Toronto.

THE MASTER BEDROOM in *Chatelaine's* Modern House is an important room, clever in architectural design and in decorative treatment. It is simplicity at its best—appropriate, smart and at the same time pleasing in effect.

Pale green and a rich warm rust are the two main colors in this scheme and are combined to produce an attractive background. The walls are green, with the ceiling a lighter and the woodwork a deeper tone. Against this the three panelled doors finished in old-white, with applied gilt ornaments, stand out as not only a useful, but a decorative feature. Particularly successful in this dual rôle is the cornice of mirrored glass with narrow metal edgings, which goes right round the room and frames or outlines the bay of the window opening. It also forms the curtain box.

The floor is covered with a plain broadloom type carpet in that rust shade which goes so well with the pale green of the walls, but provides an interesting contrast to them. An old-white skin rug is placed over this, in the window alcove.

For furniture this decorator has chosen a suite in golden mahogany with a soft satin finish. The clean straight lines, the fluted trim, the gilt metal ornaments and handles are good features which illustrate the dignity of modern treatment. Another departure from the usual is the use of a few old-white pieces—the chair, night table and dressing table stool—in combination with the mahogany. The armchair in the foreground would be equally attractive in green or rust with white ruchings.

Glass curtains hung in this interesting way are of cream or light beige net, while the draperies are made of material with a smooth satinlike finish. Plain white and figured dimity are combined in the bedspreads which are made to fit smoothly on top and fall in graceful folds over the edge.

THE THIRD BEDROOM

Interior arrangement by Herbert W. Cooper, Interior Decoration Bureau, T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Winnipeg.

THIS BEDROOM is designed for a young lady of twelve—or thereabouts. Wouldn't she love it?

The arrangement is simple and orderly, the main interest depending on a color plan which stays close to variations of primary colors, rather than on elaboration of detail. Sunbeam yellow is used as the background in the self-toned starred paper which covers the walls, and is carried up over the ceiling to the centre lighting fixture—a single sheet of sand-blasted glass supported by two chromium bars.

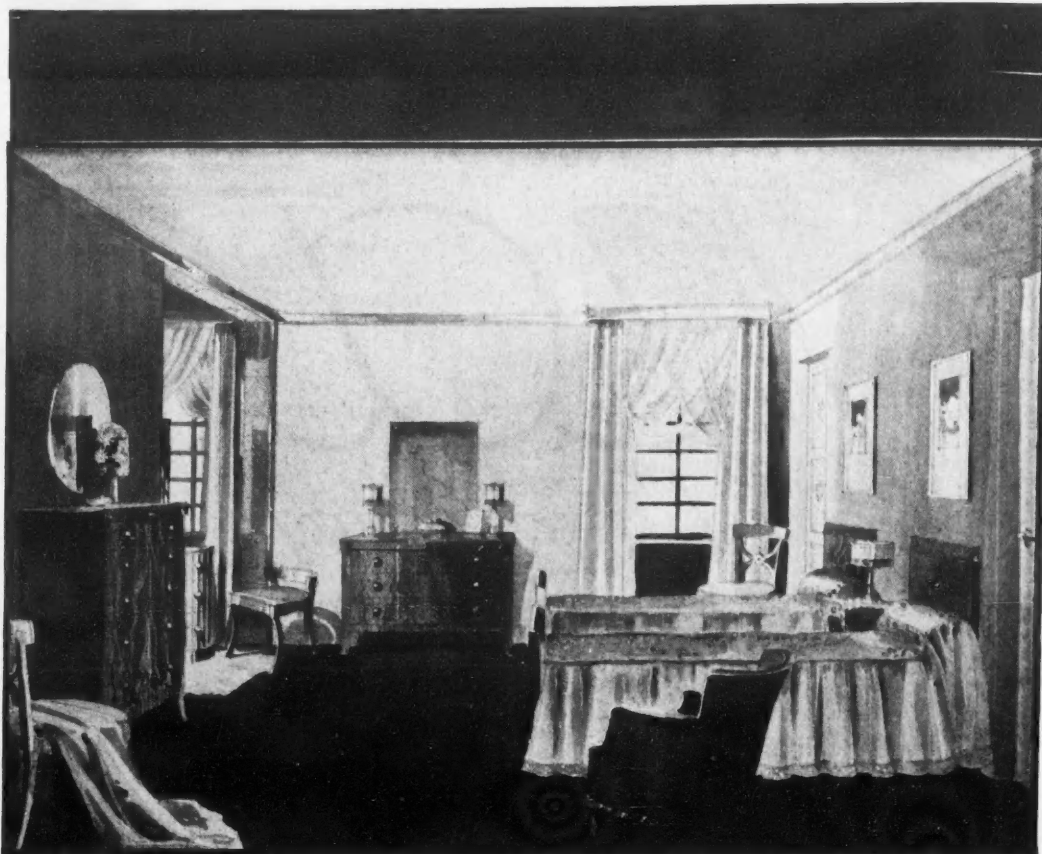
For contrast the dressing table skirt is plain sea-blue glazed chintz, with bands of yellow and wooden bead fringe of coral. Fabric and color are repeated in the vanity bench with, here, the coral introduced in the tufting.

The bedspread is yellow with accents of melon and sea-blue in the ribbon trimming.

At the foot of the bed is a maple bench with plain coral quilted satin, and at the side an easy chair in old-white crash with threads of coral.

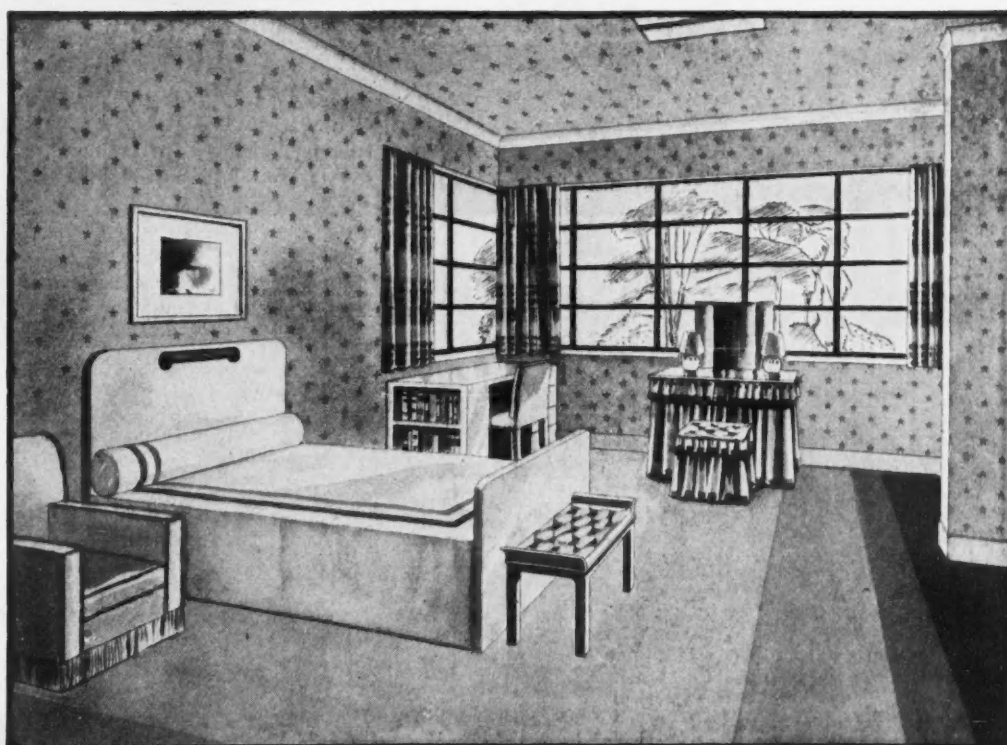
The decorator has thoughtfully provided the young lady with her own desk, and a chair upholstered in dull yellow calfskin which may be easily cleaned. These pieces as well as the other furniture in the room are a light maple. The woodwork is finished in deep ivory.

To hold the color scheme together the plain wall-to-wall carpet is worked out in a banded effect leading from the dark color of the outer band to the lighter tone which carries one to the focal point of the room. The gradations are dulled tones of those colors used in the room, the light corner being soft gold, then sea-blue, next melon and chartreuse green.



MODERN IS AS

THESE FOUR BEDROOMS ILLUSTRATE NEW COLOR HARMONIES AND THE SIMPLICITY OF TREATMENT THAT IS THE CONTEMPORARY EXPRESSION OF MODERN DECORATION



Cook it All at Once!

(Continued from page 56)



own to add to them. Certainly it's worth giving some thought to, particularly if you are a busy housekeeper with the right idea of economy and an ambition to be a good manager.

For dishes marked *

Oven Cooked Stew

- 2 Slices of fat salt pork
- 2 Large onions
- 1½ Pounds of stewing beef, cut in fairly small cubes
- Flour
- 1½ Cupfuls of water
- 1 Can of tomato soup
- Salt, pepper, paprika
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 6 Small onions
- 6 Small carrots
- 6 Medium potatoes

Cut the pork into small pieces and brown in a frying pan. Remove the cubes of pork to a baking dish and add the sliced onions to the fat in the frying pan. Cook until tender and lightly browned and remove to the baking dish. Roll the cubes of beef in flour and brown in the fat in the pan. Remove the browned beef also to the baking dish. To the remaining fat in the pan, add the water, the tomato soup and seasonings to taste. Mix the three tablespoonfuls of flour with a little cold water and add to the liquid in the pan, stirring constantly and cooking until the mixture thickens. Pour this gravy over the meat, add the peeled whole onions, carrots and potatoes, cover the baking dish and bake for two and a half to three hours in a fairly slow oven—300 to 325 deg. Fahr. Six servings.

Glazed Parsnips

Wash parsnips and cook whole in boiling salted water until tender. Remove the skins and cut the parsnips in lengthwise slices. Spread the slices in a shallow baking pan, sprinkle with sugar, brown or white, and dot with bits of butter. Bake in a fairly hot oven—375 to 400 deg. Fahr.—for fifteen to twenty minutes or until nicely browned, basting occasionally with a little of the liquid in the pan.

Club Indian Pudding

- 3 Cupfuls of milk
- 5 Tablespoonfuls of cornmeal
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Cupful of mild molasses
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- ½ Teaspoonful of ginger
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of cold milk

Scald the milk and gradually add the cornmeal, stirring constantly. Cook over boiling water for twenty minutes stirring occasionally. Add the butter, molasses, salt, cinnamon, ginger and the thoroughly beaten eggs. Turn into a buttered pudding dish

and pour over the mixture the one cupful of cold milk. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for one hour. Eight to ten servings.

Cherry Roly-Poly Pudding

- 2 Cupfuls of cherries (canned)
- ½ to 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- A few drops of red coloring, if desired
- Rich biscuit dough
- Cinnamon
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter

Drain the cherries and place the juice in a baking pan. Add sugar, the exact amount depending on the sweetness of the cherries, then add the water and the red coloring. Bring the syrup to a boil and cook for five minutes. While the syrup is cooking make a rich biscuit dough as follows:

Mix and sift two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cut in six tablespoonfuls of shortening and add milk to make a soft dough; about three-quarters of a cupful. Roll out on a lightly-floured board to an oblong sheet about one-third of an inch thick, spread the drained cherries over the dough, sprinkle with cinnamon and dot with butter. Roll up like a jelly roll and place in the baking pan of hot syrup. Bake in a hot oven—425 to 450 deg. Fahr.—for about twenty-five minutes. Six to eight servings.

Stewed Prunes

(Cooked in the oven)

- 1 Pound of prunes
- 3 Cupfuls of water
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice

Wash the prunes thoroughly, cover with the water and allow to soak overnight. Add the sugar and cook in a fairly hot oven—400 deg. Fahr.—for one hour. Remove from the oven and add the lemon juice. Six to eight servings.

Potato Soufflé

- 3 Cupfuls of mashed or riced potatoes (free from lumps)
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cream
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Teaspoonful of minced parsley
- Salt and paprika

Heat the butter and cream together and add with the well-beaten egg yolks to the mashed potatoes. Add the chopped parsley and the seasonings and gently fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn the mixture into a well-buttered casserole and bake in a moderate oven—350 to 375 deg. Fahr.—for thirty minutes. Six servings.

Oven Steamed Fillets of Fish

Place the fish fillets in a well-oiled baking pan and sprinkle generously with salt. Place the pan in a moderate oven—350 to 400 deg. Fahr.—and cook until the fish is tender (ten to fifteen minutes). The fish is cooked by the steam which is drawn out of the fish in cooking. The liquid in the pan may be used in making sauce to serve with the fish.

Baked Noodles Au Gratin

- 4 Cupfuls of cooked noodles
- ¾ Cupful of grated cheese
- 2 Cupfuls of thin white sauce

Put a layer of the cooked noodles in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with grated



Step out of fog into sunshine

How many days of your life are lost in the mists of half-health? Half-hearted days are frequently due to common constipation. It clouds your waking hours, takes the sunshine out of living. Yet it can be overcome so easily by eating a delicious cereal.

Tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN provides "bulk" and vitamin B to aid elimination. ALL-BRAN is also a rich source of blood-building iron.

This "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is similar to that in leafy vegetables. How much better than taking patent medicines!

Two tablespoons daily are usually sufficient. If not relieved this way, see your doctor.

Get the red - and - green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

IMPORTANT!

Kellogg's All-Bran contains nothing but pure bran with a small percentage of flavoring. It is recommended as much more efficient in relieving common constipation than part-bran products which cannot contain as much "bulk."



CANADIAN STAR OF "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR"

New York critics unanimously agree that when the records of this season are compiled and its best performances noted, the one that will top them all is Florence McGee's. As the malevolent child of "The Children's Hour" the young Canadian girl has startled Broadway.

Who is she? What has she done? Where has she come from?

HER STORY WILL APPEAR IN THE APRIL CHATELAINE.

Keep on the sunny side of life



SALAD DRESSINGS *the family enjoys*

Whether salads are served as the main dish or as the accompaniment to other good things on the table, they fully repay the pride a woman takes in having them "just right."

The greens and vegetables, clean and crisp and appetizing, are the foundation. But the finishing touch to any salad is the dressing, and when mustard is used in the preparation of the dressing, it adds the life and tang that makes the salad. How the family enjoys salads—so good for them, too—when the full flavour of KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD is used in the dressing to add appetite appeal.

SOUR CREAM DRESSING

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint sour cream, 4 tablespoons fruit sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon Keen's D.S.F. Mustard, 1 teaspoon salt.

Put on stove and bring to a boil, then add, little by little, 3 eggs beaten light, boil gently until it thickens. Add a little pepper and cream when using.

CABBAGE SALAD DRESSING

3 eggs, 3 tablespoons cream, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons Keen's D.S.F. Mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups vinegar, 1 tablespoon butter. Beat all together and cook until it thickens, stirring all the time.

Keen's new booklet, "Sandwich Suggestions", will be mailed FREE. Write Colman-Keen (Canada) Limited, 1000 Amherst Street, Montreal.

KEEN'S

D.S.F. Mustard

AIDS DIGESTION

Clip recipes for your kitchen library

Experiment in Economy

(Continued from page 61)

Cook the macaroni, one and a half cupfuls, in a large amount of boiling salted water; drain and rinse. Make a white sauce by melting the butter, stirring in the flour and seasonings and adding the milk gradually, stirring constantly and cooking until the mixture is thick and smooth. Add the grated cheese, stir until melted and combine with the cooked macaroni. Turn the mixture into a buttered casserole and sprinkle the buttered crumbs over the top. Bake in a moderately hot oven—375 to 400 deg. Fahr.—for thirty to thirty-five minutes.

After the cooking of the rice and macaroni, which took approximately the same length of time, the rice and meat dish took a little longer to prepare than the macaroni and cheese, probably because you can grate cheese more quickly than you can mince meat. The rice dish takes a little longer to steam than the macaroni and cheese does to bake, but in the first case the oven doesn't need to be heated. Of course you can serve the macaroni with the cheese sauce, without covering it with crumbs and browning it in the oven, but it doesn't look quite as attractive. Each of the dishes will serve eight people; in the case of the rice and meat each one will get about 110 calories, and from the other dish about 195. Protein is about the same in each case, the meat dish has the most iron, while the macaroni and cheese, although acid forming, are less so than the rice and meat.

The difference in cost per serving is slight, as a fraction over two cents will cover the cost of ingredients in each case. However if you have the end of a roast which you want to use, you would probably consider the meat dish the more economical.

In this case, too, it is impossible to compare the flavor from any but a personal standpoint. You know which you like best; we don't.

A creamed dish was our next choice—creamed chicken versus creamed eggs. There is no need to give you the recipes for these. We simply made one cupful of cream sauce in each case, using milk in one, and half milk and half chicken stock in the other. To one we added one small tin of chicken and to the other, four chopped or halved hard-cooked eggs. There is little difference in the time necessary for preparing the ingredients, outside of the few minutes necessary for the hard cooking of the eggs. The cooking time, too, is practically the same and an average serving of each will supply approximately 185 calories. Protein is a little higher in the chicken *à la king*; there is little difference in the iron and both are acid forming foods. We get more vitamins from the creamed eggs than from the chicken and the cost is only one half the cost of the chicken dish. The cost of the latter would be reduced, however, if you used left-overs from a roast chicken.

Next we made a Lamb Stew and a Fish Stew from the following recipes:

Lamb Stew

2 Pounds of lamb
 $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of diced carrots
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of diced potatoes
2 Onions, diced
2 Tablespoonfuls of diced celery
2 Tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup
1 Tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of pepper

Wipe the meat, cover with cold water and simmer until tender. Remove from the heat and allow to cool. Remove the fat from the top and strain the broth. Bring the broth to boiling point and add the prepared vegetables and cook until they are tender. Fifteen minutes before serving, add the meat, which has been cut from the bones, trimmed of all surplus fat and cut in pieces for serving.

Fish Stew (Haddock)

2 Pounds of fillets of haddock
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of cooking oil
3 Medium onions
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of flour
1 Can of tomatoes
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
3 Tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup
Salt and pepper to taste
1 Tablespoonful of minced parsley
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of diced potatoes

Wipe the fillets and cut in cubes. Heat the cooking oil in a heavy pan, add the onions which have been finely minced and cook until a delicate yellowy brown. Add the flour and stir until blended and smooth, then add the tomatoes which have been forced through a sieve, and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the lemon juice, catsup and seasonings and beat until smooth. Add the cubed fish and the diced potatoes—which may be omitted if desired—cover and simmer for fifteen to twenty minutes or until tender. Just before serving add the chopped parsley.

The differences in time of preparation and cooking are quite noticeable in this case. In about three quarters of an hour you can have the fish stew all ready to serve, but the cooking of the meat, the cooling, straining, dicing, cooking of the vegetables and so on, means that you will have to plan for the lamb stew the day before. Whichever you choose gives you plenty of calories, the meat stew being a little higher with from 350 to 400 per serving and the fish stew from 325 to 350. Protein amounts do not differ very greatly; iron is higher in the meat and both have an acid reaction. We get some vitamins from the vegetables present in each of the dishes, but neither the fish nor the meat is looked upon as being a good source of vitamins. The fish stew per portion would cost about nine or ten cents in comparison with approximately four cents for the lamb stew, so when fuel is no consideration the meat stew is considerably cheaper.

Finally, we roasted a four-pound roast of beef and baked a four-pound lake trout to see how they compared. It took longer to get the fish ready for the oven as it had to be trimmed and scaled and thoroughly washed. It was cooked in about one hour while the roast took about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, the temperature, in each case being from 375 to 400 deg. Fahr.

An average serving of the trout supplies in the neighborhood of 400 calories and of the roast beef from 300 to 350. Both supply good quantities of protein; the beef is high in iron and both have an acid reaction.

Cost per serving is seven to $8\frac{1}{2}$ cents for the roast beef and nine to twelve cents for the fish.

Knowing just exactly what your family is getting in the way of food value and having a more or less definite idea of what to expect from the family budget when you introduce Lenten dishes into your menus, makes it easier to deal with this so-called problem. From the few comparisons which we made, we are surer than ever that the meatless menus which many households serve during the fast days of the Lenten season, and which appear frequently on other occasions, have much to recommend them on practically every score. And although they may not reach the heights of popularity attained by meat and its combinations, they are very estimable "runners-up."



FISH RECIPES for FISH DAYS

It is a good idea to introduce new fish dishes when you are at your wit's end for something different to serve. A change of diet is always good, and with fresh-water and sea fish available you have opportunity for a change. Fish, whether fresh, smoked, dried or tinned, can be prepared in a variety of tempting ways.

Women have written how they use mustard in making fish dishes. Some of the recipes are already known, others we tried out with interest and find them good. They specify KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD, because only KEEN'S gives that extra tang to the fish-day menu.

FILLETS ROYAL

$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. fillet haddock (or any other fish), 1 tbspn. melted butter, 1 tbspn. flour, 2 tspsn. Keen's D.S.F. Mustard, 1 tbspn. lemon juice, 1 cup boiling water, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry bread crumbs mixed with 1 tbspn. melted butter.

Cut fillets in six servings, season lightly with salt and pepper, lay in shallow well-greased baking pan. Make a sauce with the tbspn. butter, the flour, mustard, water and lemon juice, stirring constantly until thickened, about three minutes. Pour over the fish, sprinkle with the buttered bread crumbs. Bake in a hot oven 400F about 20 minutes.

BAKED WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

1 medium-sized fish, 4 tbspn. butter, 4 cups boiling water. Clean fish thoroughly, slice and place in roaster. Add the butter and water, salt and pepper to taste. Bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes. Baste occasionally.

For the sauce, remove fish to a heated platter, add 4 tbspn. flour, 1 tspn. Keen's D.S.F. Mustard into which has been stirred 1 cup rich sweet milk, until smooth and free from lumps, to the liquid left in roaster. Pour mustard sauce over fish, serve very hot.

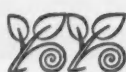
Keen's new booklet, "Sandwich Suggestions", will be mailed FREE. Write Colman-Keen (Canada) Limited, 1000 Amherst Street, Montreal.

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The "How's" of Housecleaning

(Continued from page 58)

To remove scratches from wood finishes. A slight scratch may often be very satisfactorily treated by simply rubbing with furniture polish or with wax and polishing. If, however, the scratch is deep and has gone right through the finish and into the wood, more complicated treatment is necessary. First clean the scratch thoroughly with a moistened cloth and allow it to dry. Then with a small painting brush or with the end of a wooden skewer, stain the exposed wood with stain of matching color. When this is dry, fill in the scratch with shellac, wiping off the excess from the edges of the crack and once again allow it to dry. Next, with a piece of fine steel wool, saturated with boiled linseed oil, rub the spot until the surface is smooth and even. Then go over the whole surface with a thin mixture of rottenstone and boiled linseed oil, wiping this off with oil alone and finally going over the surface with a clean cloth to remove the oil. If further treatment is necessary, the surface may be rubbed with furniture polish. A burn on a wood surface may be treated in a similar manner, first removing roughness and charred finish by rubbing with fine steel wool, then proceeding as above.

To remove white spots from varnished surfaces. Brisk rubbing with oil, wax or furniture polish is often effective in removing these spots, while a fresh spot may sometimes be removed by covering with a piece of clean blotting paper and going over it with a warm, not hot, iron. The more stubborn spots are best removed by sponging with a cloth wrung out of warm water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added and polishing immediately afterward with polish or wax.

To clean glazed chintz. Spread the material flat on a table and wipe carefully with a soft cloth partially wrung out of heavy suds. Rinse with a clean cloth wrung tightly out of clear water. This will remove dust and light soil without appreciably harming the finish. Only a small section should be done at one time. If badly soiled spots are present, rub lightly with a fine abrasive powder and rinse as above. When the entire surface is cleaned, hang over the line in the shade to dry.

To wash blankets. Shake free from dust and remove any stains before laundering. Put sufficient water in a tub or washing machine to completely cover the blanket and see that it is lukewarm, that is, cooler than the hand and never over 90 degrees Fahr. Add enough mild soap, previously dissolved in hot water to make a lasting suds,

whip up the suds and put in the blanket. A white blanket or one whose color is known to be fast, may be allowed to stand in the suds for a few minutes, then it is washed either by the gentle motion of the washing machine or by squeezing the suds through the blanket. If the blanket is very soiled two or three washings in fresh suds may be necessary. When it is clean, rinse in sufficient waters of the same temperature as the wash water to remove every trace of soap. Then squeeze gently with the hands, never wring tightly or twist, and dry in a current of air away from the direct sunlight. When put on the line, stretch both lengthwise and crosswise to help keep the shape and size, and repeat this stretching during the drying. Soft water will give the best result.

To clean brass and copper. Tarnish may be removed from these metals by rubbing with lemon juice and salt, with warm vinegar, with a solution of oxalic acid or with a good commercial polish. An effective method is to dip a cloth in lemon juice, then rub it on a cake of mild soap and scour the article thoroughly, leaving the soap on until dry. Then polish well with a soft clean cloth, rinse in hot water and dry.

To clean pewter. Rub with powdered rottenstone or whiting, and a flannel cloth moistened with a mixture of equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine. Then wash in hot soapy water, rinse and dry, rubbing finally with a clean flannel cloth.

To clean silver. (1) Apply a fine silver polish according to the directions on the container, polish and wash in light soapsuds, rinse in hot clear water and wipe dry.

(2) Put enough hot water in a large enamel pan to cover the articles to be cleaned. Add one teaspoonful each of salt and baking soda to every quart of water and place a small aluminum pan or plate in the bottom of the kettle. Lay the silver to be cleaned on the aluminum plate or lay it in such a way that each piece touches either the plate or another piece of the silver which is touching the plate. The tarnish will disappear very quickly and the silver may be taken from the water, rinsed and dried. Any pieces of oxidized or dull finished silver should not be cleaned in this manner if you want to retain the dull finish. Larger pieces which may have their parts soldered together or the handles soldered on, should also be cleaned by another method as there is danger of loosening the solder.

To remove soot and smoke stains from hearth tiles. Rub with a mixture of powdered pumice stone and liquid ammonia, then wash and rinse.

To clean carved or grooved picture frames, vases, lamps, ornaments, etc. Dip a small soft brush in heavy suds, shake well and rub briskly but quickly over the surface to be cleaned. Repeat, using clear water; then wipe immediately with a soft cloth squeezed out of clear water to remove all traces of soap. Dry thoroughly. Gilt picture frames may be lightly rubbed with a sponge dipped in turpentine.

Cut your Meat Bill this way

TWO
NEW WAYS
TO COOK
INEXPENSIVE
CUTS OF
MEAT

TWO
NEW WAYS
TO
DRESS UP
FISH

"Shortage of feed . . . fewer cattle
... may be reflected in high prices."

The Agricultural Situation and Outlook, 1935

"We look for a 25% increase in the
consumption of fish and fish products
during the next 3 years."

Maritime National Fish Limited

THE PRICE of meat is rising. Really choice cuts are becoming scarcer. But food budgets are being kept down because clever cooks have discovered the economy of oven-to-table cookery.

Fish—baked, creamed, sautéed in delicious gravies—less expensive meat cuts dressed up in new ways come to the table piping hot—flavorful in gleaming Pyrex dishes. And the meat bill goes down!

And more than meat money is saved—dishwashing is lessened by $\frac{3}{4}$ because you bake, serve and put away in the same Pyrex dish. It cooks 20% quicker on the average and saves fuel cost, and it's amazing how it speeds up the prepa-

ration of a meal. Pyrex Brand Ovenware prices were never lower. Stock up—and beat your meat bill. Casseroles—round, square, oval—60¢ to \$2.50. Pie Plates, 60¢ to \$1.00. Utility Dishes, 75¢ to \$1.50. Custard Cups, only 10¢ each.

Pyrex Ovenware is distributed in Canada by the John A. Huston Co., Limited, Toronto.

(top) *Fish is appetizing* baked this way. Slice, place on diced carrots, turnips, potatoes, dress with crumbs, grated cheese.

(left to right) *Here's a tasty* version of Meat Balls. Form chopped veal, minced celery, onion, parsley into croquettes, dip into beaten egg and crumbs, then bake.

Delicious! Roll 3-5 pounds of rump roast. Cut slashes parallel to grain of meat. Fill with dressing, bake with onion and suet.

Try this Fridays. Cut codfish into strips, place in buttered Pyrex Casserole, sprinkle with pepper, cover with rice, add milk, butter, chopped egg and paprika.

Or this new fish soufflé. Cook celery in milk until tender. Add butter, flour, green peppers, pimentos, beaten egg yolk, bits of fish. Fold in beaten egg whites, and bake.

For Your Next Party - AN APPLE CONTEST

Find the name of twenty-four varieties of Canadian apples.

1. A male sovereign.
2. Exceedingly rich.
3. A dark brown color.
4. The wife of a duke.
5. A menace to swimmers.
6. Something seen in winter.
7. Something agreeable to the taste.
8. Not short, and the divisions of a farm.
9. Lacking hair, and a word signifying gain.
10. A bright red color, and something handsome.

11. A housewifely sister of Lazarus of Bethany.
12. A Canadian province with two capital cities.
13. A famous battle won by the Duke of Marlborough.
14. One who secretly watches another very closely.
15. Surname of a Scotsman, and a bright red color.
16. The place where Jacob wrestled all night long ago.

(Continued on next page)

Safeguard YOUR Silver with SILVO

Silvo is a *safe* polish that cleans quickly as well as kindly. This gentle liquid polish will not injure the lustrous surface. Silvo will keep your silver lovely — *always*.



These beautiful pieces of Community Plate, "Noblesse" Design, are indicative of period influence in silverware. Silvo will keep *all* your silver beautiful.

Write us for free sample of

SILVO
SILVER POLISH
RECKITT'S (OVERSEA) LIMITED, 1000 Avenue St., Montreal, P.Q.

It makes milk digest easily



Mothers, you can make milk more tempting and more digestible for your child by making it into delicious desserts with Junket Powder.

Milk itself too often forms tough indigestible curds in the child's stomach. But by adding the Junket enzyme, milk takes the form of a fine, soft, delicious custard, which can be digested in one half the time.

Children love these Junket desserts with their tempting flavours and colours. And Junket takes only a moment or two to prepare.

Choose the flavours your family prefers — Vanilla, Orange, Chocolate, Raspberry, Lemon, Caramel. Your grocer has it.

Junket
makes MILK into
delicious DESSERTS

THE JUNKET FOLKS
833 King St. W., Toronto

cheese and cover with a layer of the white sauce. Repeat until all the ingredients are used, having a layer of the grated cheese on the top. Bake in a moderately hot oven—350 to 400 deg. Fahr.—for twenty-five to thirty minutes. Six servings.

Foods Suited to Oven Cookery

Meats	
Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding	Meat Loaves
Roast Lamb	Oven-baked Chops or Cutlets
Roast Pork	Oven-baked Sausage
Baked Ham, whole or sliced	Mock Duck
Roast Stuffed Veal	Meat Pies
Dressed Tenderloin	Oven-cooked Steak
Dressed Spare-ribs	Roast Fowl

Fish	
Baked Fish: Plain, stuffed or with top dressing	Breaded Fillets of Fish
Oven-fried Oysters	Oven-steamed fish
Fish Soufflés and Puddings	Fish Loaves

Vegetables

Almost any vegetable may be cooked in the oven by simply placing in a covered dish with a small amount of water and baking until tender at the same temperature as that required for the meat. Other vegetable dishes are:

Escalloped Cabbage	Baked Beans
" Cauliflower	Baked Squash
" Corn	Baked Stuffed
" Onions	Onions, Tomatoes or Peppers
" Celery	
" Tomatoes	Vegetable Casseroles

Potatoes

Baked, plain or stuffed	Soufflé
Escalloped	Baked Sweet Potatoes
Au Gratin	Candied Sweet Potatoes
Browned with the Roast	Duchess

Desserts

Fruit Pies
Custard Pies
Baked Custards (plain, caramel, chocolate)
Fruit Soufflés
Fruit Tarts
Fruit Cobblers (peach, apple, cherry, etc.)
Shortcakes
Rice Puddings and other Cereal Puddings
Bread Puddings
Tapioca Puddings
Baked Apples, Bananas, Pears, etc.
Fruit Bettys and Crisps
Cottage and other Batter Puddings
Gingerbread
Oven-cooked Fruits (apple sauce, rhubarb sauce, stewed fruits)

Special Dishes

Macaroni and Cheese
Spaghetti and Tomatoes
Baked Noodle Loaf or Ring
Savory Rice



WHEN YOU ENTERTAIN

EVERY WOMAN who has a home—or even a table—of her own takes a joy in the cool gleam of her silver. And when this lovely metal is fashioned into flatware of charming design, who can wonder at her pride of possession?

When you set a buffet table for your late supper party, the silverware may be part of the decoration. Lay it in precise little rows, spread it out fan-shape or in half circles around the service dishes, arrange it in flying formation, if you like, or any way that is convenient and shows it off to the best advantage.

The new pattern illustrated has grace and style, a soft lustrous finish, long slim lines, restrained and artistic decoration with a bit of novelty about it. Notice the place for your monogram or initial, a thoughtful idea

on the part of the designer which many housekeepers appreciate. This design harmonizes with fine old china or smartly modern pieces and looks equally well in any setting. It brings dignity to your dinner table but serves you quite as handsomely at breakfast or any other meal.

Silver is one of those things which lasts a lifetime—a family treasure to be handed on with other heirlooms. Hence the wisdom of choosing a conservative, artistic design which remains in good taste regardless of the whims of Fashion.

Keep it shining; there are excellent polishes for the purpose and surely its beauty is worthy of care.

Silverware—Sylvia Pattern. Courtesy International Silver Company of Canada.



OYSTERS and all other members of the shellfish family deliver you their individual fresh-from-the-water zestful flavour when you add a dash of lemon juice. Serve with plenty of quartered pieces—let lemon work its magic — (and aid digestion, too).

Lemons in tissue wrappers trademarked "Sunkist" are practically seedless, bright skinned and wonderfully juicy.

Write for the Free Booklet, "200 Sunkist Recipes for Every Day," Sunkist, Sec. 3703, Box, 530, Station C, Los Angeles, California.

Sunkist Lemons
BUY THEM BY THE DOZEN

MAKE Left-overs INTO
NEW DISHES
A dash of Lea & Perrins adds piquancy and flavor.
Lea & Perrins SAUCE
THE ADDED TOUCH THAT MEANS SO MUCH

PARIS DÂTÉ
The Tasty Dainty Sandwich Spread

save us. There was a power I had defied, with laughter and bold words. I never cast my eyes toward the black trees of Goat's Wood without a long shudder that shook me to the soul.

BUT THE end was not far. I had never—nor have I to this day—conquered my fear of the thunder. I hated and dreaded the great storms that came rolling up out of the west, black towers of cloud rising above the sea, and the low muttering and flashing that filled them before ever a drop of rain had touched the hushed fields. On such a night I had closed all the shutters and barred the door, and seated myself with a forced quiet and folded hands in the tall chair that had been my man's. 'Twas a wicked night, for the heat of the sky had been all day like a brass bowl set on the burning earth, and I saw Eileen was filled with a new restlessness, a dreadful fever. As the first distant drum of the thunder rolled she began to walk back and forth, back and forth across the floor, wringing her slim white hands that never tanned at all. All the color had gone from her eyes, and they were alight from within with a white fire like the phosphorus burning at the edge of the sea by night. She tossed back her hair that hung to her waist, heavy and fine as burnished silver, swaying and moaning a little as she walked.

In a few minutes, with a gust of wind and a great roar of descending rain, the storm beat down on us. Through the chinks of the shutters that quivered and shook under the blast, I could see the hot blue gleam of the lightning, frightening the lamp to feebleness. And a strange heaviness held me, till I saw Eileen move swift to the door and begin to tug at the bolt. Then I rose and thrust her aside, laying my hand on her for the first time with anger in my touch, though I knew not why I was angered.

"Go back, girl!" I commanded. "For why should you open in this storm?"

"Eileen must go, mother. Eileen must go. Don't you hear the voices and the drumming hoofs?"

"I hear the cry of wind, and the rain drumming on the roof, and the black thunder, my darling." I caught her in my arms and drew back from the door. Oh, and the terror rose in me, wave on wave, surge on surge, throbbing in my ears so that the beat of my own heart shook me as a rooted tree is shaken by the axe.

"Eileen," I says, "Eileen, my darling!" And felt her hands cling to me. But even while she clung so, she struggled in my clasp. Something stronger than herself,

something stronger than my strong love, something was drawing her away. Oh, it is strange to feel the pull of it, like the pull of the tide, tearing her out of my arms.

"But Eileen must go," she says again, panting. "Eileen must go . . ." And fought against me, a wild creature, with the mad strength of a wild thing trapped.

"Eileen! Eileen! Eileen!" I cried loudly. "Hold to mother! Oh, my darling, let me hold you—!"

But with a last outcry my child tore herself free of me, thrusting me back. She beat against the half-opened bolt with her little white fist, and so fled into the night. And the door slammed after her.

'Twas only a moment I stood rooted to the floor, with the taste of terror in my mouth, and my heart numbed so I could not even pray. Then I, too, ran out into the fury of the storm. But she was already swallowed up in it.

All night I wandered, driven with wind and rain, stumbling over roots and stones, lashed by the boughs of trees—yes, even into the black deeps of Goat's Wood. Calling and calling, till my voice was gone with hoarseness; wandering and searching, till the grey stormy dawn broke over the hills.

With the dawn the wind freshened and tore the clouds away. The sun rose suddenly in a bright sky and the wet earth smiled again. I found myself far on a strange hillside, so that, beaten and weary as I was, I must make my way back over the stony fields to my own place. And at the door a young lad met me, a poor ignorant boy that dug for clams in the sand at low tide to make a sort of living.

With the kind and decent tears rolling down his dirty cheeks he told me what he had found . . .

Eileen. Eileen in her white frock, her spread hair darkened with wetness and swaying with the weeds in a pool of sea water, her sweet young body broken on the cruel rocks below the high cliffs of Goat's Wood.

I KNOW my mother thought the old Irish-woman was mad. At least she perceived the rising horror in my mother's eyes, and rose at once with a wonderful sad dignity. The spell was broken.

"I thank you, ma'am," she said, in her beautiful Irish voice. "I thank you for your kind civility, and for the good food. And I must say good-by."

She went quickly down the path, a tall black figure against the quiver and glare of heat on the road beyond our maple trees.

And So We Dream...

By Amy Campbell

The little house that Love would build,
How very real it stands,
Wrought to each eager tender wish
Love waitingly demands.
It will have all the dearest things
Of dream-uplifted hands.

A sunny window shadow-touched,
A fire that sleeps and burns
And panes that know the touch of leaves
A mellowed light for ferns,
A living nook that when one leaves
Beckons and waits and yearns.

These dreamheld things that Love would have,
Though priceless they may be,
We weave them out of tender hopes
Nor name them luxury—
Who tends the spirit's lovely needs
Buys pure necessity!



Interpreting THE MODERN SPIRIT of BEAUTY and EFFICIENCY

A TRIUMPH of modern engineering . . . a masterpiece of modern design! A new electric washing machine, created by Westinghouse to meet today's need for beauty and utility! Built as only Westinghouse is able and equipped to build it! Perfected by an organization world-famous for its skill in electrical and mechanical engineering! Incorporating new and exclusive safety features! Designed to bring modern smartness to laundry or kitchen! Proven, by exacting comparative tests, faster, more efficient and more thorough than competitive makes of washers! Yet priced to lead the whole field in value!

Why wait . . . when you can own a Westinghouse Washer for just \$79.50. Two other models at \$87.50 and \$94.50 (slightly higher in the West). Your Westinghouse dealer will gladly arrange a demonstration.



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ENTRUST YOUR FLOORS TO A TRUSTWORTHY PRODUCT



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O-Cedar's
new outstanding
creation

For generations, all O-Cedar products have been unequalled for quality. That's why thousands of women quickly changed to this better, popular priced WAX, recently introduced by O-Cedar. It offers quality—plus!

Besides better cleaning and polishing qualities, O-Cedar "refined paste" Wax protects the natural beauty of floors and woodwork with a hard, lasting finish.

You can easily afford O-Cedar Wax—so why not have matchless floors and woodwork in your home? In one-pound tins. Available, too, in "refined liquid" form—six- and ten-ounce bottles.

Trust your furniture to O-Cedar Polish, also!



A better, costlier formula makes O-Cedar Polish safer. Additional protecting ingredients preserve the delicate, beautifying finishes of furniture. Don't chance damaging your furniture with cheaper, inefficient preparations! You can have the best polish—O-Cedar—for very little more.

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For your
FLOORS
the
WAX

For your
FURNITURE
the
POLISH

ONLY O-CEDAR CAN GIVE YOU O-CEDAR RESULTS!

17. Son of King Saul, and a true friend of King David.
18. A savage wild animal, and a stream of fresh water.
19. A small steel used for fastening, and a preposition.
20. A famous singer named in honor of an Australian city.
21. A river dividing two large countries in North America.
22. The color of gold, and capable of being looked through.
23. One who wept because there were no more worlds to conquer.
24. A nickname for Jacob's youngest son, and a strait between Greenland and Baffin Land.

Answers

- 1, King. 2, Wealthy. 3, Russet. 4, Duchess. 5, Crab. 6, Snow. 7, Delicious. 8, Longfield. 9, Baldwin. 10, Crimson Beauty. 11, Martha. 12, Ontario. 13, Blenheim. 14, Spy. 15, McIntosh Red. 16, Bethel. 17, Jonathan. 18, Wolf River. 19, Pinto. 20, Melba. 21, St. Lawrence. 22, Yellow Transparent. 23, Alexander. 24, Ben Davis.

The Curse of Goat's Wood

(Continued from page 23)

Oh, and as I ran my pains seized me, and I fell forward with the sudden weakness of it, and knew no more at all. No, though they carried me into the house and my child was born that night, a madness of grief so numbed my poor senses that those next three days are lost to me for ever. Only at last the feeble little crying of the infant pierced to my heart, and I opened my eyes and said to Annie Phaley, as kind and true a woman as ever helped another woman through her bad hour: "How dare you mistreat the child of him that is gone?" For I knew my man was dead, and how he had died; and I knew my child was born, but neither when nor how. So for answer Annie laid the little girl in my arms, and my heart loosened and I cried till sleep came.

Such a beautiful little child she was, and more beautiful every day she grew. With hair the color of moonlight and eyes like the sea when the sun is veiled by light cloud on a summer noon. But from the first she was a marked creature—as though the Little People had laid their unseen hands upon her in the cradle. I mean she was never quite right in her wits, ma'am, the poor child. And how should she be, that was born, you might say, in her father's deathbed and of her mother's madness? She did not talk at all till she was past four years, and then slowly and with great difficulty, though her sweet smiles and the little ways she had of moving her hands and her head told me all I needed to know. But she was the very light of my days for all that—perhaps the more for it, who knows?—and I kept her close by me through the hard years that followed and was always very tender with her.

We lived on at Goatswood Farm, though it was hard for me to manage, being a town woman. But I had honest and decent men to work for me, the same that had before worked for my man and were sorry for me and the child, and so the place got along. It seemed things bided their time—I grew to feel sure and safe again and happy enough in the quiet days, barring the cruel memory that I could not put away from my mind.

Till the child—Eileen, I called her—was about six years old, prettier than a little young angel out of heaven itself. There was times when the many concerns of the farm took me away from her side for a small while, but I thought nothing of it, till one day I saw her slipping out through the dark trees of Goat's Wood and coming toward me across the fields—not with the uncertain step of a child that wanders, but surely and blithely as one well used to the way. Oh, and I ran to meet her as though my feet had wings!

"Eileen, my precious one," says I, "mind now what mother says. You must not go there among the dark trees. It is not safe. There are the tall rocky cliffs beyond them," says I very cunning, "above the sea. You might miss your step there—"

She looked at me with her strange pale

wondering gaze, and says—finding her words slow as always—she says: "Eileen loves the dark trees. Eileen loves the voices and the music—"

A great uneasiness filled me at her words, and I saw from that moment that I must keep her ever under my eye. But though she was never naughty nor yet wilful, still would she slip away from me at times, vanishing you might say like one of the Little People themselves. 'Twas always to Goat's Wood that her slim young feet tended, and always toward the full of moon that the wandering took her, and I had some comfort from that, having read or heard that the moon has power somewhat over such vague minds as my poor darling child's. I would find her and bring her back, stifling the fear that lay in the back of my mind, and no harm ever seemed to come to her.

Only one day, when she was perhaps fifteen years old, she was gone so long that the fear rose steadily in me, as I hurried in and out the many little paths through the wood and felt the thick crowding boughs of the firs pull at my skirts like hands holding me back. Twilight was thickening there in the wood, though I knew the westing sun was still rosy above the sea. I called and called in that eerie place, hearing no sound but the faint whisper of wind on the tree tops and the steady beat of surf at the foot of the cliffs—louder, far louder than it sounded back at the farm. I called and called: "Eileen! Eileen, my darling! Come to mother."

And at last I saw her, dancing alone in a little clearing, with her hands full of flowers. Oh, the grace of her! The loveliness of her pale hair and mist-blue eyes! She looked at me all dazed, not for the moment knowing me; then she laughed, soft and wild, and ran before me out of the wood.

As we crossed the field, and I tried to tell her, for the many hundredth time I do believe, that she must not go to the wood, she says to me: "Eileen saw him today." For she still called herself by name, as a little infant child does.

"Saw who, my darling?" says I, puzzled, for no one went that way at all. The paths led nowhere.

"Eileen saw the grey goat dancing," says she. "The great grey goat with flowers about his horns." And laughed again, and ran on so that I could not keep up with her fleet steps.

Like a stone my heart sank down and down within me. Here was the great grey goat again, I thought, that had leaped in mockery outside the paddock bars that day. And black terror seized me. What was the strange tale Padrig had tried to tell Father Shane? But I caught at my reason, like, with both hands, telling myself, fierce and low, that I must not let the child again beyond the sound of my voice or the touch of my hand. God forgive me, from then on I was more a jailer to my dear child than a mother, though I tried to warm and lighten the chains with all the love that was in my heart. Oh, and I watched my darling day and night, making her sleep in the bed with me, and giving her foolish little duties about the house, which she did, obedient and bewildered, with her soft eyes fixed to the door or the window and the bright outdoors where she longed to be. But there was despair in me at last, for I knew I fought a losing battle. 'Twas long past a matter of a handful of silver under the thorn tree to



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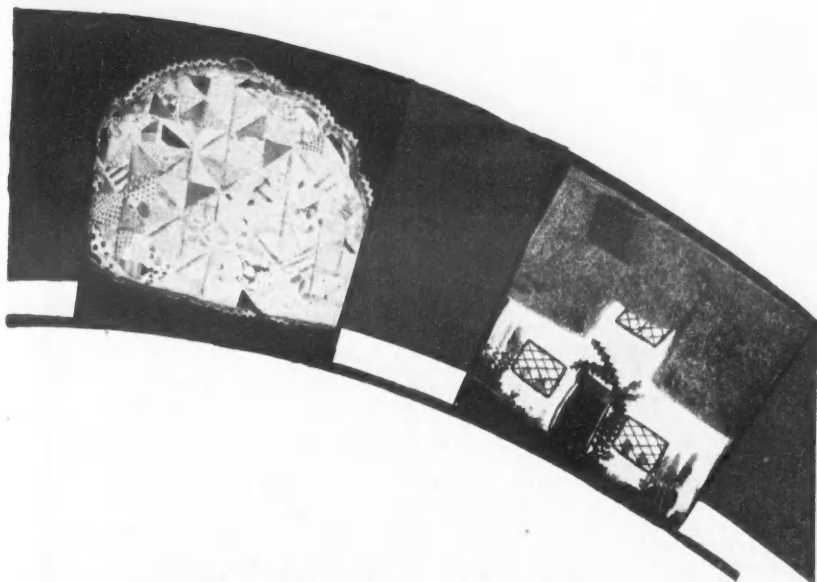
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few people are able to imitate. But a similar effect could be obtained by the use of padding and gold satin, appliquéing the satin on to the crêpe in much the same manner as the leather was done.

The Knitted Cozy

Many people maintain that the knitted style of cozy—the kind that allows the spout and handle of the teapot to come through for pouring—is the only practical type. So here is one which is as charming as it is efficient—second from left at bottom. The colors are peach-stone and sea green, two balls of each. Three-ply yarn and the finest steel needles were used.

With peach-stone wool cast on 165 sts. K 1 row. Now tie on green and K as follows: K 15 sts. peach-stone 15 sts. green; repeat across row, carrying wool from one color to another firmly. On following row K 15 sts. green, pass green wool under needle toward you, and then pass peach-stone wool under needle toward you. K 15 sts. peach-stone, pass peach-stone wool under needle toward you and pass green wool under needle from you. Repeat in this manner across row, having all wools on wrong side to form lining. Repeat these two rows until work measures eight inches. Then with peach-stone wool K 2 tog. across row, then 1 row holes as follows: Slip 1, W.O., K 2 tog. Repeat from across row. Knit 1 row plain; then 56 rows K. 1, P. 1, ribbed knitting. Cast off. Repeat same for other side. Sew up side seams, leaving opening for spout and handle. Finish with pompons on ends of tie-string. The edges around spout and handle and top frill are loops knit with two colors together, left one inch long, and sewn together on edges.

To complete an enchanting cozy, sprays

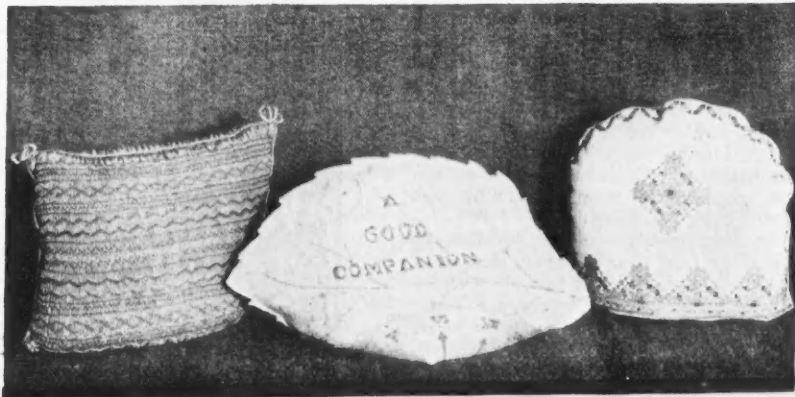
of roses are embroidered in roll stitch with silk on the light color.

The Striped Cozy

The cozy shown third from left at bottom demonstrates a most unusual treatment. It is made with strands of wool in varying colors. Blue, green and white wools were used for this one. A coarsely woven brown material is used as a base, and the thick wool is threaded through in long stitches, picking up one thread only of the base material. These single threads, as you can see, form a bricklike design if properly spaced. A green cord finishes off the seam around the cozy, and the loops of wool at the top are capped with small wooden beads.

Patchwork Cozy

You've never associated patchwork with tea cozies? Glance to the left at the top of page 73 and see if you don't think it makes an exceedingly attractive one. There's a special intimacy about a patchwork cozy which makes one think of family meals—breakfasts with cottagey china—friendly *lê-le-à-lê-le*; late, casual suppers. You can see from the illustration that the patchwork is made from small triangular pieces sewn together. After you have sewn together sufficient pieces to make the two sides of your cozy, cut out your shapes, cutting right through the patches. Then at once sew together so that the little patches will not pull apart. Bind the edges with cotton bias binding, and sew rick-rack braid to the binding. A crocheted edge of chain was worked on to the rick-rack used for the cozy shown. It sews on better. Finally, crochet over a small brass ring, and sew to top. [Continued on page 78]



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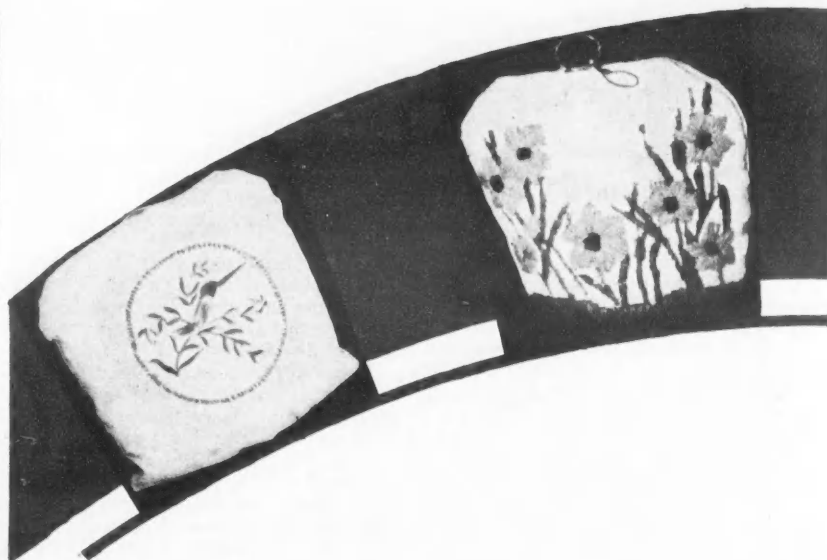
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THE CURTAINS are half-drawn against the chilly, between-season twilight; the table is drawn close to the fire. Flames play on the gleam of silver, the sheen of thin china, and on the closely covered teapot which is filled with that most comfortable and hospitable of beverages. Someone remarks: "What an attractive tea cozy!" and you willingly admit that you made it yourself. For the cozy plays an important part in the charm and individuality of your tea table.

The Canadian National Exhibition realized this very well last year when it ran a competition, sponsored by The Ceylon Tea Bureau, for the most unusual and effectively worked tea cozies. Out of the hundreds of charming and distinctive designs which won their way into the contest's display grade, *Chatelaine* selected these because of their originality and because each one of them may, with a little ingenuity, be imitated or adapted.

Kingfisher Medallion

Effective because of its tailored simplicity and clear, clean colors, the Kingfisher design is shown at the extreme left above. The cozy cover itself is made of yellow linen, of which half a yard is required. The kingfisher design is stamped on a circle of white linen, 6¾ inches in diameter. It is embroidered in naturalistic colors, using satin stitch throughout. While you may not have a kingfisher design in transfer form like this, there are plenty of designs that lend themselves to similar treatment. Buttonhole the white circle on to yellow linen and cut away the white linen neatly. Cut yellow linen to shape, allowing three inches to make a 1½ inch hem. Draw about six threads from

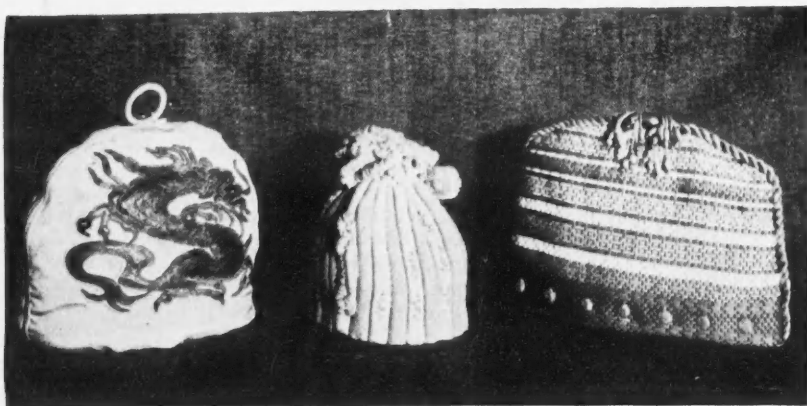
linen, turn hem and baste in place. Hem-stitch in orange-red thread. Press work and make up. Make button-holed loop in top of cozy.

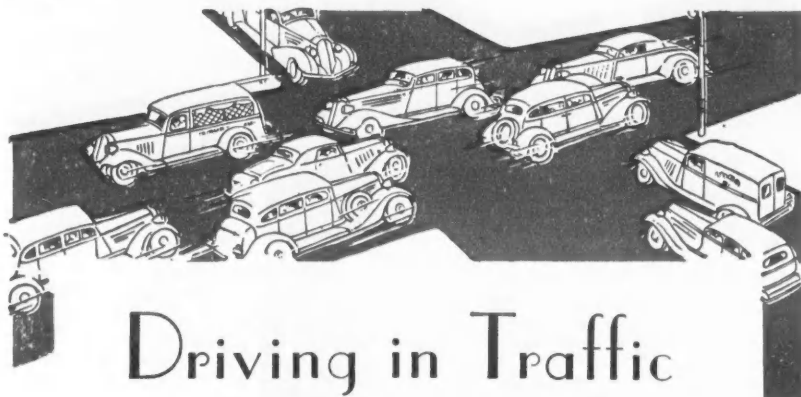
Raffia Cozy

Raffia for a tea cozy is something new, and there's no denying that the effect as seen in the cozy second from left at top, is delightful. It seems to go with summer porches and garden teas. Coarse linen is used as a base for the raffia, and natural color raffia strands are threaded across it to form squares, working with the raffia as you would with wool, using a long stitch and working one square at a time. Draw out the design on squared paper and follow this plan when working it on to the squares of raffia. The stems and leaves of the flowers are worked in green, the flowers themselves are in varying shades of yellow, with brown centres. The border at the bottom is dark brown.

Tooled Leather

The cozy shown at bottom left is a typical example of how a hobby-craft can be used for purposes far removed from its usual field. I don't suppose you have ever connected tooled leather with tea cozies—and yet this handsome cozy won first prize in the C.N.E. contest. The idea and design were entirely original, and the two dragons were modelled on damp leather with hand tools, then were carefully cut out, dyed with aniline dyes in harmonizing colors, and finally stitched down to the background. The background was turquoise crêpe, which was finished with Italian quilting. A clever and intricately worked cozy, this, and perhaps one which





Driving in Traffic

by ANDREW HOWE

WHEN THE lights on Main Street are flashing from green to yellow. . . yellow to red. . . and back to green again; when the bumper on the car ahead is just beneath your headlights and the horn behind is impatiently urging you on—one little mistake in judgment can be very costly. But there is no real danger, no real difficulty about driving in heavy traffic. The danger is imaginary, originating perhaps in the false idea that a larger proportion of accidents occur where traffic is thickest.

With a little experience and a clear head, Main Street is the safest place in town to drive your car. Flashing signals and the waving arms of policemen may seem confusing and fraught with peril to the inexperienced. In actual fact, the traffic signal and the policeman's arm make downtown intersections far safer to cross than the street corners in the residential section.

Main Street traffic is regulated traffic. Instead of blind corners and curving roads you have a broad street with plenty of room to dodge around in, and protection through the rigid ruling of the red lights, from cars approaching on either side.

BEFORE YOU reach the corner, make up your mind what you intend to do. If you want to turn to the right, get into the lane nearest the curb halfway down the block from the corner at which you are going to turn. If you want to turn left, edge over into the left-hand lane and stay there till you reach the corner. Don't make up your mind at the last moment and attempt to make a turn from the wrong lane; it's better to go right ahead and turn at the next intersection.

Signal a left turn by pointing to the left, a right turn by waving your hand in a circular motion. The latter indicates to the driver behind you that he is to "come ahead" and pass on the left of you when you slow down for your right-hand turn. The time to signal depends a great deal on the speed at which you are travelling. The faster you are going the sooner you signal; but even if you're travelling slowly make sure that you give ample warning by signalling at a distance of at least three car-lengths from the place where you intend to turn. Remember that signals are the only indication the driver behind you has of what your next move will be. Signalling correctly will save you from the nerve strain and distraction of listening to the not-too-gentle grumbings of the horns in the rear. It will also save you from dangerous collisions.

Let's take a left turn first. Left-hand lane of traffic. . . signal. . . now drive right out into the middle of the intersection. If cars are coming from the opposite direction, stop in the centre, wait for a gap in the traffic, don't let anyone hurry you. If a safe gap comes in the approaching traffic and there are no pedestrians in the way, complete your turn. But unless conditions are perfect, wait in the centre of the intersection until the light changes. No, you're not breaking any law by being in the middle of the intersection when the light is changing; on the contrary you are using the light as the law intends it to be used—as a guide and as a protection. When the light has changed,

complete your turn. You'll find this is simple because you will be turning to travel in the same direction as the traffic that has been set in motion by the changing of the light.

If you're doubtful as to just how far to drive out into the intersection before beginning to turn left, take a tip from the street car company. The left turn made by street-car tracks is usually correct. Follow it, and you too will be correct. If there are no street-car tracks to follow, remember that it is better to go too far out into the intersection before turning, than it is to stop short of the centre. Don't worry about the way other people turn left; as long as you drive correctly no blame for any accident can be laid to you.

Right-hand turns can be particularly trying when a stream of pedestrians are crossing. Yet pedestrians must cross, and they are surely justified in keeping you waiting while they seize their brief chance of getting from the haven of one curbstone to the refuge of the opposite sidewalk. Don't get impatient. Don't hurry. Use your horn politely, edge your way slowly through pedestrians and expect them to do the unexpected. You're a pedestrian yourself as soon as you've found a parking place. Think that over when you're behind the wheel. It helps a lot sometimes.

DID I SAY driving in traffic wasn't difficult? I must have forgotten parking. Undoubtedly parking is difficult, mainly because even our most modern cities are not designed to supply sufficient parking space. The majority of us know we cannot drive forward into any parking space that isn't at least three times the length of our car. But backing-in sounds easier than it actually is. Don't try to learn the proper way to park by practising on Main Street. If you want to become really proficient, go out on some wide and unfrequented boulevard. Take a couple of bricks, two flags or anything that can be used as markers. Set these markers to indicate a space between two parked cars. Practise backing your car into the space between the markers. You can set them quite wide apart at first, then when practice has improved your steering—steering backward is not easy without practice—set the markers closer and closer together. Remember when placing the markers that cars have width as well as length, and that you must steer around the marker just as though you were trying to steer clear of the fender of the car your marker represents.

This method of learning how to park involves no danger to your car or to any other car. There is no staring crowd around to confuse and embarrass you, yet it will teach you how to park anywhere, both safely and skilfully.

Limited space will not permit a full discussion of all traffic problems, but if you are interested in safe driving, why not write to us about your own difficulties? If possible we will discuss them in this column at a future date. Failing that, we will gladly give what help we can through a personal letter. Remember, this column is written for you. Your suggestions will be very welcome.



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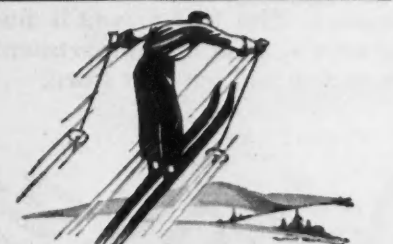
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Lady Slippers

(Continued from page 51)

There came a time when he said: "You're growing up. I don't know, you may amount to something. Men are beginning to look at you. Men will want to kiss you, I daresay. Now, you mustn't let them. It wouldn't do at all. You mustn't let any of them, ever—Except me, of course; that's a different matter."

He had come home one mid-term to find her suddenly transformed into a radiant and exquisite young woman who shattered his undergraduate poise. Men besieged her. She was excited, a little dizzy with the whirl. Her line was for ever busy. Her voice had a new, nervous, moving timbre. Strange men sprang up around her continually out of nowhere, all hideously infatuated. They got in everywhere. They got in his hair.

He tried to laugh at his own fears and jealousies, his own fatuousness. He tried to laugh at these lovers of hers, treating them en masse as experience, as education he himself had arranged for her. But he didn't know.

"Darling," he said abruptly, "you could not marry anyone but me." He tried to speak lightly, but his voice was not quite steady. "Why, I brought you up. Do you imagine I'm going to give you up to some outlandish person just when you're beginning to be interesting? Ho!"

She laughed softly, a little uncertain minor phrase in the April dusk. "It would be rather absurd, wouldn't it! Why, I wouldn't know what to think and do without you. There'd always have to be you, Ted."

"If you married anybody else," he said darkly, "I'd haunt you."

She turned to him quickly and put her hands on his shoulders. Her kiss was sweet with an ardor that, even for him, was not quite passion. Yet the moment was infinitely precious.

"Dearest Ted, I couldn't bear to marry someone else. But please—just don't rush me. I—I'll tell you what. We'll keep the date open. And meanwhile there'll be Prom and all. We'll have a gorgeous time . . . And now I've got to fly."

THE TOUCH of her lips had sent the life surging through his veins like torrents of spring. He walked homeward on buoyant steps; and yet in the midst of his tenuous happiness there seemed to come to him a whispered foreboding. He recoiled from the very thought of losing Lois.

"Give me two years," he cried, under his breath. "A year! I'll get somewhere. I'll be somebody . . ."

And then he gave an abrupt short laugh that was beyond mirth or bitterness. Lois was gone; and now he knew that she, however lovely and disturbing, had no more reality than Turkey. She and the poignantly young Ted Martin belonged only to an April of long ago, and for an instant there was an unbearable regret in the thought.

And yet, as he stepped out of the sweet dusk of an all but forgotten springtime and crossed his own threshold Edward Martin was aware of only a pleasurable faint excitement.

In the hall he caught a glimpse of his own reflection and paused a moment before the wall mirror with a light grimace. The face he saw was that of a man of forty, but not fat, not conspicuously foolish, as faces went. And Spider Martin had been no Fauntleroy, the debonair Ted no Adonis.

Dorothy, sitting before the fire, looked up and smiled at him over her shoulder as he entered the long living room. Her slight movement—the stir of a highlight on her

silken instep, the shimmer of a glade across her dark hair, a glow of firelight in her eyes—seemed replete with charm and a curious grace. Whatever her age, it seemed a very beautiful and fortunate one.

"Lo, darling. Have a good walk?"

"Um-hm," he said. "Wish you'd gone along."

She shook her head. "I do a number of things quite nicely. But slogging through your beloved swamps and quarries isn't one of them. How'd the thinking go?"

"The what? Oh. Oh, oh, I was going off to think, wasn't I!"

"And it completely slipped your mind!"

"Yes. Well, the fact is, there was a red-skin behind every rock and tree—"

"Oh, my! Those varmints again? Kill many?"

"A score at least. They'd surrounded me. If it hadn't been for Boone—"

"Daniel Boone?"

"Dan'l Boone, certainly. Who else?"

"Could you do with some tea?"

"Yes, I think I could."

"I thought you'd think so. So it's all ready. If you'll just push that wagon over . . ."

He was gazing at her in admiration. "It's nothing short of clairvoyance. And there's nothing better than tea for snakebite, you know."

"Has a snake been biting you?"

"No-o. One almost bit Turkey, only it ran away instead. Still, it's better to be on the safe side."

"It's a little complicated. Was there a snake?"

"Not exactly. There was the place where Turkey and the snake were, long ago. I just, as it were, put them back. Funny how hungry I am, after all that bacon Turkey and I ate—"

"Try those hors d'oeuvres things." She was regarding him with a little smile that was ironical and tender. "Isn't it odd," she asked, "when you can go out and find Daniel Boone and anybody you want to . . . that you never seem to meet a pretty girl. One might think—"

"Never?" he exclaimed. "Dearest, I had a rendezvous with an adorable girl not half an hour ago."

"Dear, dear! I'm not sure this isn't serious. Wish-fulfillment, or—"

"No," he said, "I don't think so. Because I can sit here and imagine a motor wreck so well I scare myself jumping for a brake pedal. And nobody'd yearn for a motor wreck. Say, these things are awfully good to eat. What kind of devilment is in them?"

"Oh, a little this and that. And chopped raw onion. We're immune to ourselves now, and poison to all the world. You see, I have my own subtle little ways of holding a man."

"You have," he agreed, emphatically. "I'll never let you guess how many."

"Why, darling! That was quite nice. Do you ever," she enquired, "happen to imagine me—in this day-dreaming you do?"

"Why, yes," he cried. "Of course. Often. Almost always. Good lord, I should say so."

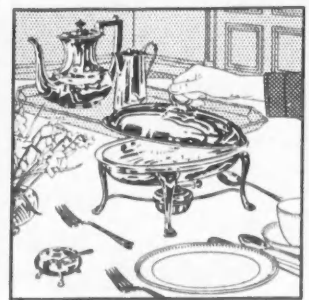
"When, for instance. When last?"

"Naturally, this afternoon. Oh, wait a minute." He dashed out to the hall and was back again in a moment with green things in his hands. He was unfolding them, cool, wet fronds of ferns protecting something; and in the midst, still fresh and exquisite, half a dozen wild orchids. "Lady's Slippers," he told her. "When I found them, who on earth else but you would I have been imagining?"

"Oh, you precious idiot!" She laughed softly. "Don't you ever get mixed up?" she asked him. "I wonder if—in your absent-minded way—if you're ever quite sure what is real. I mean," she went on dreamily, "are you quite sure this minute that you're not just imagining this room, and the fire, and these orchids—and me, and—"

He bent quickly over her, touching his lips to her hair, then tilting her face, warm and lovely, upward for his kiss.

"Don't talk like that," he begged. "You're giving me the horrors."



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used for the table is essential.
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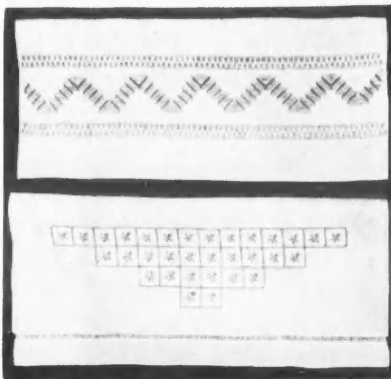
See Page 49

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES



C346—"Gardens." This very lovely little poem by T. E. Brown makes a beautiful sampler and a perfect companion for "Trees." The words may be worked either in fine chain stitch or outline stitch, and the flowers are all in simple stitches. The design measures about 7 by 10 inches, but it is stamped on cream sampler linen, size, 12 by 15 inches; price, 45 cents; cottons for working, 15 cents.

C326—Cushion in Cross Stitch. Design of roses and leaves in natural colors—very quick and simple to work. In green or black silk taffeta, size, 15 by 24 inches, front and back are priced at \$1.25; cottons for working, 15 cents. Heavy green cord can be supplied, if desired, at 40 cents and a form at 55 cents.



C348 — An attractive new design in weaving.



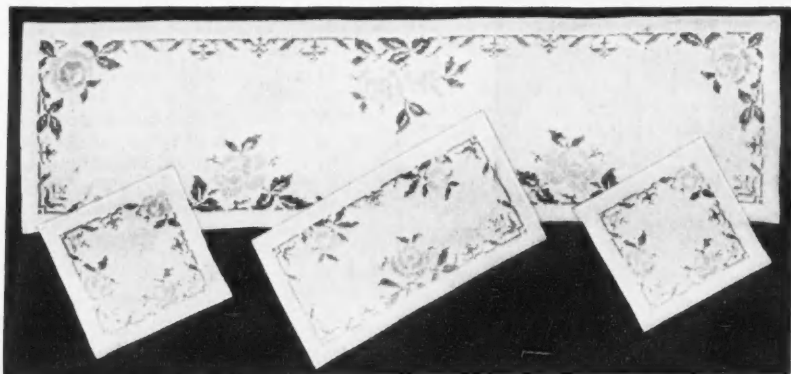
C326 — Rosebuds scattered on black taffeta.



C343 — "Little Dutch Girl" tray set.

C343—Little Dutch Girl Tray Set. A dainty and different design in chain stitch, to be worked in Dutch blue on fine cream or white linen or white on blue linen. Please be sure to say color desired. Full size tray cloth with serviette, tea cozy and egg cozy. The set is priced at \$1; cottons for working, 10 cents. A cozy form can be supplied at 35 cents. No form is necessary for the egg cozy—any small piece of flannel will answer.

C349—A Full-Blown Rose Bedroom Set. An ideal little set to brighten up your room. All work is in simple cross stitch—the flowers in two shades of rose and the leaves in bright green. The hems are simply turned on to the wrong side and slip stitched to the back of the work. Stamped on fine white or heavy cream linen, the vanity set is priced at 45 cents, cottons for working, 10 cents; the scarf, size, 12 by 38 inches, is priced at 55 cents; and cottons for working, 15 cents.



C349 — An exquisite rose bedroom set, all done in cross-stitch.

C348—A New Design in Weaving. A little more elaborate than our last design and much more effective. Please state color desired for working. Hems are turned on to the wrong side and simply slip stitched to the back of the work. Finest white linen huckaback towels, size, 18 by 33 inches, with instructions for weaving, price, 95 cents per pair; cotton for weaving, 15 cents.

C347—Golden Dragon Cushion. You could hardly think of anything lovelier to freshen up the living room. Stamped on heavy black taffeta silk, all work is in finest single strand embroidery, but when finished you will be amply repaid for your work, for it is as handsome as it is artistic and unusual. Size, eighteen inches square, front and back are priced at \$1.00, and cotton for working, 10 cents; a silk cord with tassel, to match dragon, can be supplied at 75 cents, and a form at 55 cents.

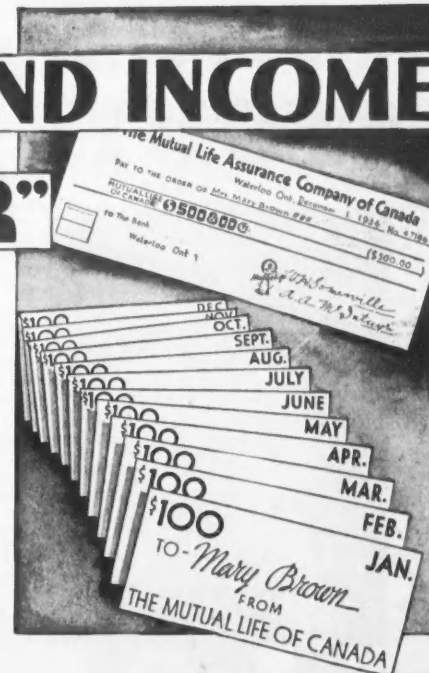


C347 — Dull gold for the dragon against heavy black taffeta, makes a handsome cushion.

In addition to these handicrafts, any of the articles shown in previous issues of *Chatelaine* are available on request. Order by sending a Money Order to Marie Le Cerf, *Chatelaine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

"CASH..AND INCOME for ONE YEAR"

A NEW PLAN is now available which provides for payment of \$500 in cash immediately at death and \$100 per month for twelve months. This allows one's family a reasonable time in which to adjust their scale of living to that provided by the estate. The saving required for this policy, which shares in profits annually, amounts to less than nine cents per day at age 25. (Larger or smaller amounts may be arranged as desired.)



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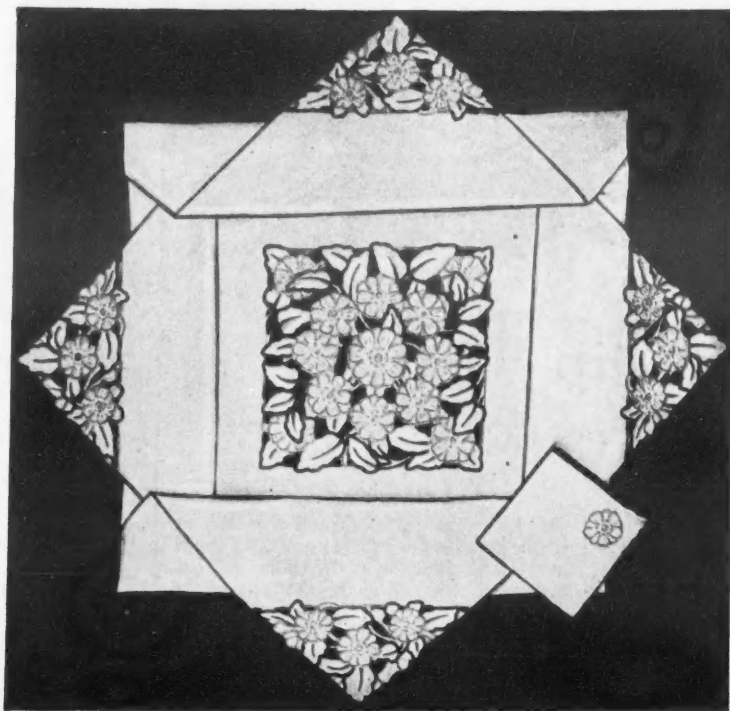
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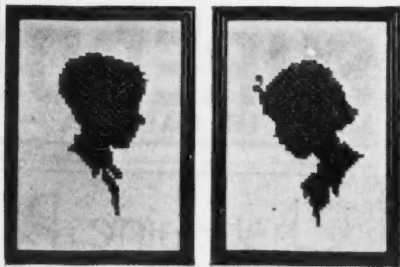
Moderate rates. American and European Plans . . . Special weekly rates.

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ATLANTIC CITY



C315—A beautiful piece of cut-work is this Marigold luncheon set.

Make These for Your Home



C350 — A dainty pair of silhouettes.

C350—Pair of Silhouettes. In cross stitch, stamped on fine white linen, size, 7 by 9 inches. Price per pair, 35 cents; cotton for working, 5 cents.

C315—Marigold Cut Work Luncheon Set. 36 and 45-inch size. A new and particu-

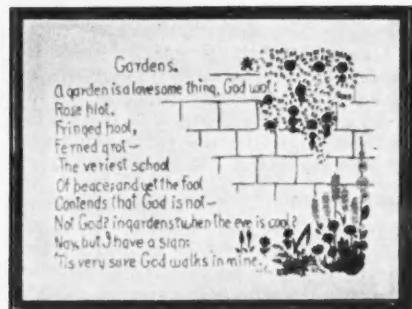
The sketch shows an attractive frame for the screen, available from the Studio.



larly lovely design and arrangement. Stamped on heavy cream linen, the 36-inch cloth and four serviettes are priced at \$1.50 and the 45-inch set at \$1.95; in heavy white linen the 36-inch set comes at \$1.65 and the 45-inch set at \$2.25. White, cream or colored cottons (green and gold only are used) come to 50 cents.

C345—Fire Screen or Flower Picture. A really gorgeous piece of work. The beautiful Darwin and parrot tulips in gold, rose, tangerine, mauve and purple satin stitch; leaves and stems in green satin stitch, and the bow in rows of mauve and purple chain

It is surprising how some small article that is new and charming will add interest to your home. Every house needs its "spring gift"—So Chatelaine's Handicraft Studio offers these attractive "spring accessories" to brighten your winter-worn home.

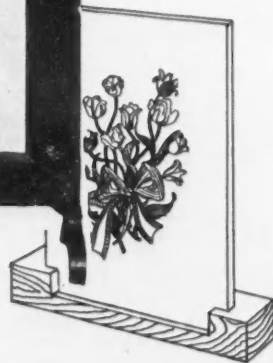


C346 — "Gardens," a sampler.

stitch. This is a piece that would make a prized heirloom, either as a screen or picture. The design itself measures 14 by 24 inches—perhaps you have a suitable frame on hand. Comes stamped on heavy cream linen or deep ecru, heavy crêpe linen, size, 22½ by 30 inches; price, \$1.00; and cottons for working come to 70 cents. The frame shown is hand carved and may be purchased from the T. Eaton Company at \$17.50, but a plain wood frame as illustrated, can be supplied by the studio at \$3.00 or the grooved block into which you fit the screen, mounted on light wood or beaver board, is priced at \$1.50.

An alternative way of mounting the screen—the grooved block may be ordered.

C345 — Darwin and Parrot tulips in a rarely lovely design for a fire screen.



the time spent on it. The design for the cozy shown to the right at the bottom of page 73 was taken from a Bulgarian embroidery book of instructions, adapted to the shape and requirements of the cozy. The tea cozy requires thirteen inches of natural color linen. The embroidery thread requires five skeins of rose, two of brown, two of turquoise, and one of green. In order to work the cross-stitch evenly, fine canvas is basted over the linen. Begin outlining the design first. This is done with brown, single thread. Inside the outline is filled with cross-stitch in the colors desired. Thread for inside part should be double. Pull the canvas out after the work is done.

Organdie Cozy

Nile-green organdie bordered with yellow marguerites is the delightful combination used for the dainty cozy shown. Half a yard of organdie is required, the cozy shape is cut, and the flowers are worked in buttonhole stitch, long and short stitch and satin stitch, directly on to the green organdie. The two sides of the cozy are made in exactly the same way, and then are oversewn together around the edges of the flowers. Ten skeins of embroidery thread are needed—green for the leaves, yellow for the marguerites and orange for the centres of the flowers.

Quaker Girl

An interesting novelty cozy, which would find swift sale at bazaars, is the Quaker girl illustrated. The materials required are four ounces of dove grey 4-ply fingering yarn, 1/2 yard of white organdie, 1 medium size cozy form, 1 doll with hair and of suitable size; 2 pairs of knitting needles, sizes 8 and 9.

On No. 9 needles cast 36 sts, k 6 ridges (or 12 rows) in garter stitch; change to No. 8 needles, continuing in garter stitch, * and k 4 sts, make 1, by knitting into back of st. K to within 4 sts at end of same row, 1 m., k 4.* Do this every fourth row until it is wide enough for cozy (70 sts). Continue until long enough for cozy, then work in single rib (k 1, p 1.) until knitting is long

enough where cozy shapes. Then on No. 9 needles, still knit in rib. Do another piece like this. Stitch up both sides neatly with cozy inside.

For bodice, begin at front, casting on 24 sts with No. 9 needles. Work 12 stocking sts more if required. (You must measure doll.) Beginning of next row, cast on 12 sts for sleeve, knit to centre of bodice, turn and purl back.* Knit to neck end, decrease by knitting 2 tog, turn and purl back.* Do this twice more, work 8 rows on remaining stitches. Take these stitches on safety pin, work the other side to match. When this is done, cast on 6 sts and join both fronts together by purling straight across. Do 8 more rows. Then take 12 sts off the beginning of next 2 rows. Continue until there are as many rows as in front. Press this work well before sewing up.

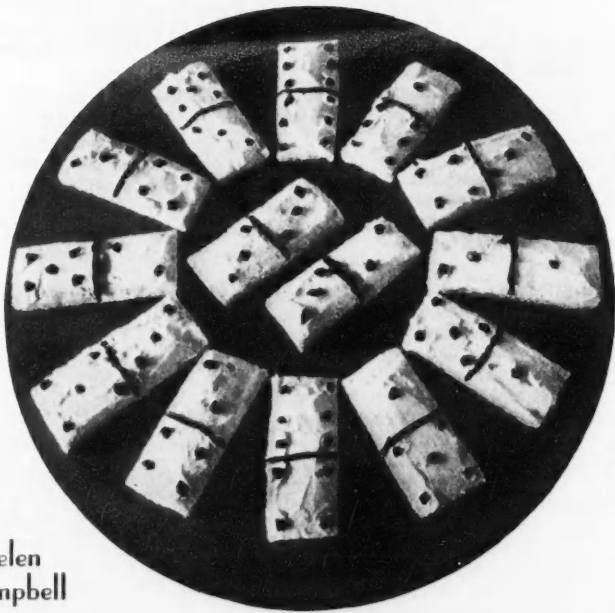
Stitch doll well to top of cozy for her waist, then put on her sweater and stitch skirt over the sweater at waist, finishing neatly and evenly. The organdie trimmings are all made of double material, and should be neatly finished off so that they may be removed and washed. Gather apron into band and cap into cuff, cutting patterns for these in paper first.

Scotch Plaid

Those who hail from the land of the heather will approve of this all-Scotch brand of cozy. It is very simply made of plaid silk. The thistle, of plain black, is appliquéd on, and the Glengarry is tucked in behind it. The spray of heather is made with white beads and green thread.

Petal Cozy

Gold and brown taffeta is used for the "party" cozy shown next to the Scotch one. Each petal, four inches square, is hand rolled from the corners and sewn separately on to a plain ground;—they are tacked down after all have been placed in position. The flower in the centre is placed in position afterward. The border of "leaves" around the edge is of the brown taffeta.



by Helen G. Campbell

GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT!

YOU'VE GUESSED it—dominoes! But edible ones this time and therein lies a world of difference.

Here is an idea for something new to serve with your tomato cocktail. Such a good idea, too, for they are the simplest things to make and can be counted on to start the conversation ball a-rolling. I pass it along to you from the clever chef of a smart hotel.

Cut bread about one-third of an inch thick in pieces the size and shape of a domino, toast on one side then spread the other side with well-seasoned cream cheese and decorate as shown with strips and dots of ripe

olives, pickled walnuts or green pepper. And here's a trick; get a pair of tweezers to add to your kitchen equipment, for picking up and placing tiny bits of this and that which you use in garnishing. The work is twice as easy and goes twice as fast.

You can moisten the edges with salad dressing, if you like, and dip them in finely minced parsley. But I think they're more effective just as they are. And simpler.

So if you want some little accompaniment to your cocktail which doesn't require fussing, try these and see if they don't make a big hit at your party.



"My Mail Man Brought a Tragedy"

"It was a letter from Grace and Bill McAllister saying they were motoring through and planned to stop over night with us. They were old friends and ordinarily Tom and I would have been delighted, but when I thought of my poor little guest room I couldn't bear having them see it. Just then Sarah Fleming dropped in and found me in tears. 'Silly,' she cried, 'haven't you heard about the new Andrew Malcolm bedroom furniture you can buy piece by piece like open stock china. It's lovely, and so reasonable.' I hadn't, but I hurried right down to my furniture store and was amazed to learn I could change my shabby bedroom into a pretty guest room at small cost. Then and there I bought a darling poster bed, and because I could use my present spring and mattress, I found I could afford a beautiful big dresser too. With some old fashioned rag rugs and new drapes it looked like a new room, and Grace was crazy about it. Since then I have added a Malcolm dressing table. You can buy more pieces any time and be sure they will harmonize in color and finish. Now I am proud to have guests."

These ancestral beds, roomy dressers, dainty dressing tables, deep-drawered chests and other historic pieces of our forefathers make bedrooms of irresistible charm. In old mahogany, rich walnut browns or honey-toned maple. Go see them in the stores.

Andrew Malcolm Colonial Bedroom Furniture



Make over
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piece by piece
—it costs so
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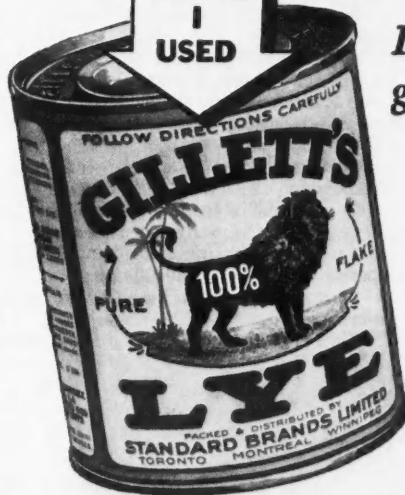
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It lifts
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C-3

A TRUE STORY



By
A MOTHER

Who tells of a simple aid to good health and a beautiful complexion

When children grow up with fine complexions and are "pictures of health," mother usually has contributed some good sound advice. We thank Mrs. Leo Platteborze of 22 Euclid Avenue, Struthers, Ohio, for her letter, below, telling what she found so essential in bringing up strong, healthy children:

"I am enclosing a photograph of my two oldest children in babyhood. They were both Nujol babies.

"I started my newest baby on it when she was three months old and she has a fair complexion and is just as regular as the rest of us.

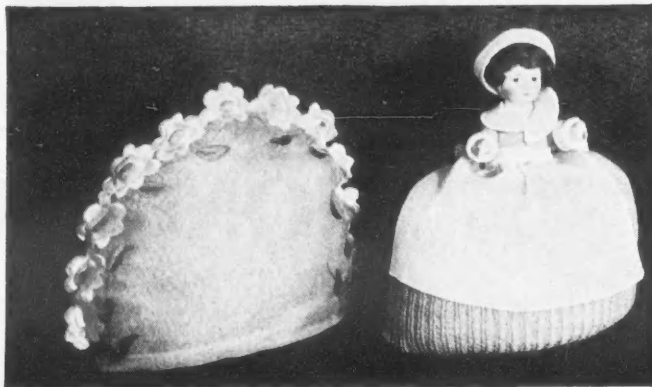
"The only disease the children have had has been measles and no bad after effects developed. They certainly are the pictures of health and I have always felt that we owe our gratitude and our 'regular health habits' to Nujol.

"We are constant users of Nujol. I always have an extra bottle on hand. It has kept us healthy all through the long hard winter we had. Our habits were regular.

"I really do think all children would be healthier if they were given Nujol—also grownups. It has done wonders for me. I have used it for a dozen years. Our boy is 12 years and sure is strong and very healthy. I really just couldn't keep house without Nujol."

Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco, (Canada) Limited, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Dept. 6-C.



Organdie Cozy

Quaker Girl

Tea Cosies in Party Dress

(Continued from page 73)

Smocked Cozy

Smocking is another departure for a tea cozy. The smocked cozy shown to the left at the bottom of page 73 is an exquisite piece of work. It is impossible to give detailed smocking instructions here, but the general idea can very easily be followed with the aid of a book of smocking designs. This cozy is made with one yard of green silk which is divided into three—twelve inches for the front; twelve inches for the back, and twelve inches for the lining. Baste the transfer of straight dots on to the silk, since transfer marks do not always wash out of delicate fabrics. After picking up each dot, tear away the paper and draw the material up to the size required for smocking, being sure that the ends are secure. Four strand floss was used for this piece of smocking—four skeins each of three different shades of brown; the same of green, and four skeins of gold. The outline stitches throughout the tea cozy were all of dark green, the cable stitches of brown, the wave stitches in three shades of brown and three shades of green. In the centre were worked four rows of diamonds in gold.

Miniature Cottage

This novelty cozy is an amazingly accurate model of a quaint little cottage. The original cozy, which is shown at right at the top of page 73 was ingeniously made out of heavy white felt obtained from a harness-maker's. It was 10½ inches across the base and measured 7¼ inches to the top of the roof. The roof, 12½ by 14½ inches, is made of the same heavy brown material that is sold as padding for ironing boards. Patches of green wool placed along the edge of the roof give an impression of moss. The chimney, is a piece of brown leather, marked

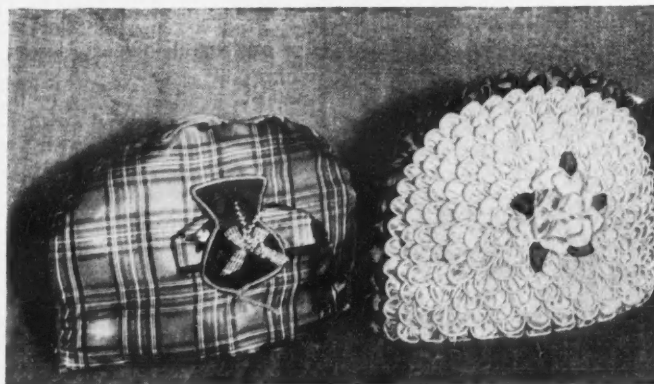
with ink to form bricks, and is glued into a slit cut into the roof. The roof is sewn over the walls of the house with white wool. The windows, of which there are three in front, one at each side and three at the back, are pieces of mica obtained from old car windows. They are criss-crossed and held in place with brown embroidery thread. The doors are of dark brown leather. Two thicknesses of sheet cotton batting are needed as thickness between the lining and the house. The lining is green sateen. Catch the two together with French knots in green wool. Finish lining at the bottom with a crochet chain-stitch of double green wool after sewing lining to felt. There is a rambler rose climbing over the doorway and hollyhocks, daisies and grass growing at each side. Pots of flowers show beneath the "glass" windows. All these are worked with wool in naturalistic colors.

Tea-Leaf Cozy

One of the most original designs in the competition was the tea-leaf cozy shown in the centre at the bottom of page 73. Since it is designed to remove and wash, it is made of green linen. Variety in color is introduced by turning up one leaf edge to show the dark underside. Two shades are, therefore, required. The pattern should be drawn first on to brown paper before the material is cut. The edges are finished with a picot stitch to give the idea of serrated leaf edge. At the base of the tea cozy the turned-up edge of leaf is embroidered to show portions of a clock-face, the hands pointing to one o'clock noon on one side and seven o'clock evening on the other. The veins of the leaf are, of course, embroidered in dark green, and the lettering "A Good Companion" in shades of yellow and orange. On the opposite side a night scene is embroidered with the pale yellow crescent moon, stars and the dipper, using the evening shades of blue. The embroidery is simple, done in cross-stitch in old sampler style.

Bulgarian Embroidery

The exquisite Bulgarian embroidery which is so effectively used on blouses and tunics, is beautifully suited to a washable slip-cover for a tea cozy. The work is, of course, close and detailed, but the results are well worth



Scotch Plaid

Petal Cozy



THEIR MEDICINE CHEST FOR 20 YEARS

JUST 20 years ago they found this safe all-vegetable laxative. Ever since, they have kept remarkably free from biliousness, colds, headaches, and the ills of bowel sluggishness. "That little box of NR Tablets is our medicine chest," they tell their friends.

Common sense tells you your doctor is right when he says: "Use an all-vegetable laxative." Modern diets, refined foods rob you of natural vegetable laxative elements you were intended to have. It's so sensible to go to nature for help. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contain natural plant and vegetable laxatives properly balanced—nothing else. No mineral or phenol derivatives. The best proof of the difference is the way you feel after using them. Refreshed, more alive, thoroughly clean inside. Not depressed and given out. Another proof. You'll find no need to increase the dose. They're non-habit forming. So kind to your system. It's important to use the right laxative. And so easy to find out for yourself. The handy NR box containing 25 doses, only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to The Lewis Medicine Co., Desk 201-CX, 67 Crawford Avenue, Windsor, Ontario.

Nature's Remedy GET A
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT **25¢ BOX**

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.



It's as easy as A-B-C. Toilets gleam. Stains and unsightliness vanish. Odors and germs are swept away. And Sani-Flush does all the work. Just shake a little of this odorless powder in the bowl (directions on the can). Flush the toilet. That is all!

Sani-Flush is made especially to clean toilets. Nothing else can take its place. Sani-Flush takes all the rubbing and scrubbing out of this job. It is fast and thorough. It keeps the bowl clean, bright, and sanitary. Cannot harm plumbing. Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on the can). Sold by grocery, drug, and hardware stores—25 cents. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., Toronto.

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TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

The London Films production based upon the famous novel by Baroness Orczy.

CAST:

Leslie Howard	— In London	— Sir Percy Blakeney
	In Paris	— The Scarlet Pimpernel
Merle Oberon	— Marguerite	— Lady Blakeney
Raymond Massey	— Chauvelin	
Anthony Bushell	— Sir Andrew Ffoulkes	
Joan Gardner	— Suzanne de Tournay	
Ernest Milton	— Robespierre	
Nigel Bruce	— H.R.H. the Prince Regent	

AN
ALEXANDER KORDA
PRODUCTION

course—Bring me the name of the Pimpernel, and this paper is yours."

"But—but how?" Marguerite stammered. "I don't know who he is!"

Chauvelin shrugged. "All London will be at Lady Grenville's ball tomorrow night. A clever woman—with her brother's life at stake—there is little she could not discover, I think."

A dreadful dilemma, which would have been a thousand times more horrible for Marguerite, had she known then who the Scarlet Pimpernel was. But that knowledge was spared her as yet, and she only thought of her husband as "the biggest fool in England, who despised her."

NEXT NIGHT, as Chauvelin had said, all London was at Lady Grenville's reception. The Prince of Wales graced it with his presence, and at his side, full of empty quips and cranks, dressed to the nines and vacuously smiling, "the biggest fool in England" was the centre of a group of laughing girls.

Chauvelin moved among the crowd, his eye on Marguerite. All at once a lackey approached him, a spy in his own pay, with a glass on a salver.

"Lord Hastings just slipped a note in Sir Andrew Ffoulkes's cuff," he said in an undertone, and Chauvelin nodded almost imperceptibly. He drifted over to where Marguerite sat, anxious and white.

"Ah, Lady Blakeney," he said, "won't you take pity on a lonely compatriot? Dance with Sir Andrew there, won't you?"

Marguerite looked up. "Why?" she asked.

"He's has a note in his cuff," said Chauvelin. "Get it! Or else—"

So Marguerite obeyed the menacing Frenchman. By a cleverly pretended faint, she managed to obtain a glimpse of the note. The words "... start tomorrow myself ... will be in the library at midnight" were all she could read, but she relayed them to Chauvelin, whose foxy face turned grim. At last he was on the trail.

But at midnight in the library, there was only the fop, Blakeney, sound asleep on the sofa. Chauvelin regarded him with amused distaste and set himself to wait. Ten minutes passed, twenty, half an hour—Chauvelin's head nodded, and he in turn fell asleep. When he woke it had long gone one. There was a scribbled note in his lap. It read: "Dear Monsieur Chauvelin. You looked so comfortable I hadn't the heart to wake you."

And on the couch Blakeney still snored.

TOGETHER IN their home at Richmond, in the early morning, Marguerite faced her husband, distraught.

"It's... it's about Armand, Percy. He's in terrible danger. They've arrested him... in Boulogne."

Blakeney's eyebrows went up enquiringly. "How do you know?"

"Chauvelin told me. He... threatened me. I thought... perhaps you might do something. You have influence at Court."

"Didn't you ask your... friend Chauvelin to help you?"

"Yes. He promised... but I don't trust him."

"He promised you your brother's life, eh? And what were you to give in exchange?"

Marguerite suddenly walked toward him. "What is the matter with you, Percy? Why do you hate me?"

"Why did you denounce the Marquis de St. Cyr?"

"So that's it! Why did you never ask what the Marquis de St. Cyr had done to me?"

"You didn't even know him, Marguerite!"

"No, but I knew his son. He asked me to marry him: I was only seventeen. His father heard about it. He had me arrested and sent to the prison of St. Lazare in Paris. D'you know what kind of women they send there, Percy? I'd have killed myself, only... the Revolution came; the glorious fourteenth of July, and I was free!"

Blakeney was staring at her. "But why this tardy explanation?"

"You asked me once if I sent the St. Cyr to the guillotine. I said yes, and you believed it—oh, so easily, didn't you? And yet I sometimes ask myself: Am I really guilty of their death?"

"If not you, who is?"

Marguerite ran on as if she had not heard him. "St. Cyr was plotting with Austria. I told a friend—a man I thought was a friend—"

"Chauvelin?"

"Yes. Chauvelin denounced him."

"And now Chauvelin promises you your brother's life—at what price?"

"I paid—a horrible price."

"Well?"

"I betrayed the Scarlet Pimpernel!"

She told in broken words the story of the note in Ffoulkes's cuff. Blakeney smiled.

"And was this famous Scarlet Pimpernel in the library at twelve?"

"Chauvelin says no, but I think he's lying. And through my betrayal a noble, generous man might lose his life. What am I to do, Percy? How can I warn him?"

Blakeney laughed. "Warn him? Against what?"

"Against the danger that threatens him if he goes back to France."

"My dear, if he's the kind of lunatic I take him to be, your warning won't stop him." Blakeney went to the door and stood looking back at her. "I'm going to my tailor's now, me dear—also my bootmaker's, and incidentally I want to see just what my influence at Court is worth in that little matter. Perhaps I can help after all!"

Marguerite clasped her hands. "Oh, Percy, if you could, I'd love you all my life."

Percy stared at her an instant. Then he broke into his asinine guffaw, the fop once again.

"Gad! I must remember that, me dear. I must remember that. Good-by, me dear; good-by!"

The door closed behind him, leaving Marguerite pacing to and fro restlessly in the beautiful room.

On the wall was a newly painted picture of her husband, and she stood before it, examining it speculatively; the handsome, careless face, the extravagantly perfect dress, the tasteful jewellery. All at once she started violently and moved closer to the canvas, her mouth half-opened, her eyes wide with incredulity. There was a gold signet ring on Percy's finger, with a device on it, plain to see. [Continued on page 85]



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To the Editor - - -

"First Lady"

I HAVE taken *Chatelaine* for years, and wouldn't miss a copy, but I have never ventured to criticize until I read the article this month by Jean Stevinson, on "The World's Worst Job." I know ministers' wives often do have a hard time, as I have two of them among my friends, and I know just what they have to put up with at times, but all ministers' wives do not think as Jean Stevinson does, thank God. Take, for instance, when she speaks of leading in public prayer. I'm glad our minister's wife can lead in prayer, because when she does she is a real blessing to all who listen to her, and the idea of likening the public prayer to dragging a dear friend through the streets, such nonsense! It would be just too bad for some of our meetings if every minister's wife felt like Jean Stevinson does on that subject.

In regard to the other things she mentions, I agree with her that the minister's wife is not *hired*, when her husband is, but I certainly resent what she says about public

Coming . . . THE PRAIRIE WIFE another in the "World's Worst Job" series.

"I have read all your articles," says the writer of this powerfully emotional story of what the prairie wife has to face, "and still I do not think that those brave women have plumbed the depths of what the daily round can bring. Comparatively, I am only a Prairie Bride and I have not endured what other women around me have endured—yet. But I only wish I had the voice of the trumpet that felled the walls of Jericho, and I would use it from the mountain tops to describe our life!"

An unforgettable picture of what thousands of Canadian wives are living day by day, "The Prairie Wife," is to be published soon.

prayer. We think highly of our minister's wife; she is a real leader, born to grace her position, and she is a spiritual woman, too.

The Scarlet Pimpernel

(Continued from page 9)

fops, fribbles and vacuous dandies second to none upon the face of the earth. Cards, clothes, wine and women, about in that order, appeared to be their entire philosophy—and chief among them, the Prince's close adherent, arbiter of his coats, cravats and ruffles, was young Sir Percy Blakeney, husband of that Marguerite St. Just who had once—said the Comtesse de Tournay and rumor—betrayed the St. Cyr to their death.

Marguerite had been for a time a well-known French actress, but coming to England at the Revolution, Sir Percy had met and married her. For a few months all had gone well, but then Blakeney discovered the tale of the St. Cyr, and taxed his wife with it. Marguerite openly avowed its truth, and since then Blakeney and his lovely young wife had been estranged. Sir Percy's absences from home were frequent and long, but no one—save a very few of his associates—dreamed of the desperate exploits that took him away.

He came drawing into Black's club one night, immaculate as usual from cravat to varnished boots, full to the brim of the kind of empty-headed frivolity that went with that set.

"Stap me!" he laughed, clapping a fellow member on the back. "I'm bubbling over with good humor this evening. Would you believe me—I've written a masterpiece! A masterpiece, sink me—all about this Pimpernel fellow they're all talking about."

"Let's hear it, then," growled one of the older men.

Sir Percy cleared his throat and began:

"They seek him here,
They seek him there,
Those Frenchies seek
him everywhere.
Is he in heaven,
Is he in hell,
That damned elusive
Pimpernel?"

There was a chorus of applause and laughter, as Sir Percy bowed. "Dem good, eh?" he chuckled. "I'll write it out—and then you can all learn it."

He drifted off, smiling inanely, to another room, where three or four young men were

talking over the fire. Instantly his demeanor changed, as they turned toward him; he became cold, hard, calculating. One of them, Lord Hastings, addressed him.

"The De Tournays arrive at Dover today, eh, Percy?"

Blakeney nodded. "All but the father. We shall have to go back for him. It's going to be devilish awkward, too. . . after what's happened."

"I'll go!" said Hastings. "And I!" "And I!" came from the others. Blakeney shook his head.

"Yes," he said. "We'll go all right. . . when I'm ready. Not before. . ."

He drove home, to find Marguerite looking over her picture, just painted by the famous Mr. Romney. She turned to her husband.

"What do you think of it?" she said.

Sir Percy put up his eyeglass. "Clever. . . but he's missed it. He's missed something. . . lost it. . . a look in the eyes."

Marguerite spoke very quietly. "Perhaps. . . I've lost it," she said. "Perhaps it was happiness, Percy."

He affected enormous surprise. "Happiness!" he exclaimed. "Why, good gad, my dear, how could you be unhappy? You're the most courted woman in town."

"By. . . whom?"

"Why, by everybody!"

"By everybody. . . except you!"

Sir Percy blinked, still in exaggerated astonishment. "Oh, well, damn it all, my dear: I'm your husband!"

But Marguerite was not to be put off. "Months after we were married, we were still happy. . . and then came this estrangement. Heaven knows it was none of my seeking. . ."

"Are you sure you can truthfully say that?" Sir Percy asked dryly.

She ran on. "Can you deny you've changed, changed so that I scarcely know you. You're never with me now—you're always away on one pretext or another. I'm always alone."

Blakeney looked relieved. "Then I've good news for you, my dear. Your brother's arriving from Paris."

"Armand?"

"Yes. He'll be here at any moment. And then. . . you won't be alone, will you?"

Armand St. Just was yet another of the Pimpernel's adherents. It had been he, who in Paris had emerged from that window with "Long live the king of France!" on his lips. He was now over there, a link in Blakeney's chain of rescuers, in touch with De Tournay, who was still being tempted by Robespierre. At Dover, Sir Andrew Ffoulkes and Mr. Dewhurst, the escort for the escaping comtesse and her son and daughter, anxiously awaited orders from Sir Percy in London. In a low tavern, Chauvelin, on his way back

That is the kind of wife a minister ought to have, in my estimation, and I know of one minister, a dear man, but his wife has spoiled charge after charge for him. So ministers need to pick their wives carefully.

A minister's wife is first lady in the congregation, and we want to be able to look up to her. We do to our minister's wife. She has taught some of our women to lead a meeting and we are never afraid to call on her to lead in public prayer, and she can do it too, because she herself is in real touch with God.—J.S.K.,

Marry a Christian

Jean Stevinson's article "The Minister's Wife" under your series entitled "The World's Worst Job," inspires me to comment that either the ministry should be celibate or ministers should confine themselves to marrying Christians!

Yours in the work of the Church—the world's finest job.—E.L., Toronto.

to London, consulted with a pair of his spies, late that night.

"Well? Did you follow them?"

"Yes. A sailor gave a letter to Ffoulkes."

"Did you get it?"

"It wasn't easy, but. . . we had six men there." He handed Chauvelin the letter.

"Where are they now?" queried the envoy.

"Gagged and bound on the ship out yonder."

Chauvelin said, as he opened the note: "You'll release them tomorrow and watch every movement they make. They may take you to this Pimpernel."

He read the note: "Dear Andrew," it ran, "a word of warning from the chief. Beware of Chauvelin and his spies at Dover. Armand St. Just."

Chauvelin turned to his spies. "Merièrès," he said to one of them, "get back to France at once. The moment young St. Just returns there, arrest him."

He stood fingering his chin thoughtfully. "Armand St. Just, eh?" he murmured. "And Marguerite St. Just—the famous actress! Well, she will give a great performance, by command of the republic—for her brother's sake."

He went out, silently and with pursed lips. An unlovely being, this Monsieur Chauvelin.

SO ARMAND St. Just returned to France, and Chauvelin to London, where he called with some secrecy upon Marguerite, Lady Blakeney. The envoy came straight to the point.

"You will assist me to discover this Scarlet Pimpernel, madame?"

Marguerite flared at him. "No, I will not. You tricked me once into giving you information—about the Marquis de Saint Cyr—and I shall never forgive myself."

Chauvelin smiled. "So you have forgotten what this same Saint Cyr did to you?"

"No, I've not," said Marguerite hotly. "But I'm no spy."

"That is your last word?"

"Absolutely."

Chauvelin's narrow face was thrust forward, close to Marguerite's own. "I—wonder!" he said. "By the way, how is your brother Armand?"

"Very well, I hope," said Marguerite in surprise.

"So," said Chauvelin, "do I. But yesterday he was arrested."

"Arrested!" Marguerite gasped. "Where—what for?"

"At Boulogne," said Chauvelin. "As a traitor to his country."

Marguerite stared at him, wide-eyed with horror. "You're lying, Chauvelin."

He took a paper from his pocket. "I have the proof of his guilt here, madame. He certainly goes to the guillotine, unless, of



A Children's Story—by Helen M. James

"Certainly not, he'd probably sell me a mustard plaster or a pill or something." He paid for the dictionary, tucked it under his arm and hopped off, for the sun was well up and he had a long way to go.

Out of the town, along the road, into the wood and there he met a cat, slipping along under the hedges.

"Oh, Puss!" called the Rabbit loudly. "Stop, will you?" The cat turned round and stared at him with a green and supercilious eye. "You don't know where I could find a dream, do you?"

"A dream!" said the cat rudely. "Why ask me? I never sleep at nights anyway." He waved his tail angrily and slunk off into the underbrush.

"Wretch," muttered the Rabbit. "He might at least have been civil. I hope he chokes—on a mouse too. That'll give him a good nightmare anyhow."

He crossed the road and bounded along the footpath. The sun was high in the heavens and he seemed as far from his object as when he started out. Suddenly a little shadow flew across his path. He tripped and almost fell.

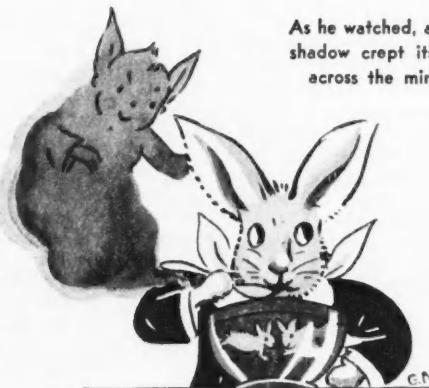
"Good gracious, dormouse! Just the fellow I'm wanting. Look here, you're a sleepy sort of chap, now where do you get your dreams?"

"I don't dream," said the dormouse indignantly, "and who are you anyway to step on my tail and then ask such silly questions?"

"Sorry," said the Rabbit apologetically, "but you've no idea how much I want a dream. Really, if I can't get one for tonight I don't know what I'll do." He drew out his bandana and wiped his eyes pathetically.

"My wife has the pleasantest dreams, and I toss and turn. I'm losing weight and my fur's all coming out. Really, dormouse, I'd be so grateful for your help."

"Well," said the dormouse now mollified,



As he watched, a little shadow crept its way across the mirror.

"bend down your head, and I'll whisper it." He stood up on his tip-claws and whispered:

"There's a funny old lady near here. She lives in a poppy field and she makes dreams out of them. She'll make one for you if you ask her nicely."

"Ouch! you tickle my ear dreadfully," said the Rabbit twitching. "But thanks all the same, I'm most grateful to you. You've been quite polite too, and, really, I've just met the rudest cat. You've no idea how bad his manners were. No respect or courtesy."

"Respect!" squeaked the dormouse, chuckling to himself as he scuttled off into the long grass.

"Respect—to a Rabbit!" His derisive laugh grew fainter [Continued on page 86]



"A dream!" said the cat rudely. "Why ask me? I never sleep at nights anyway."

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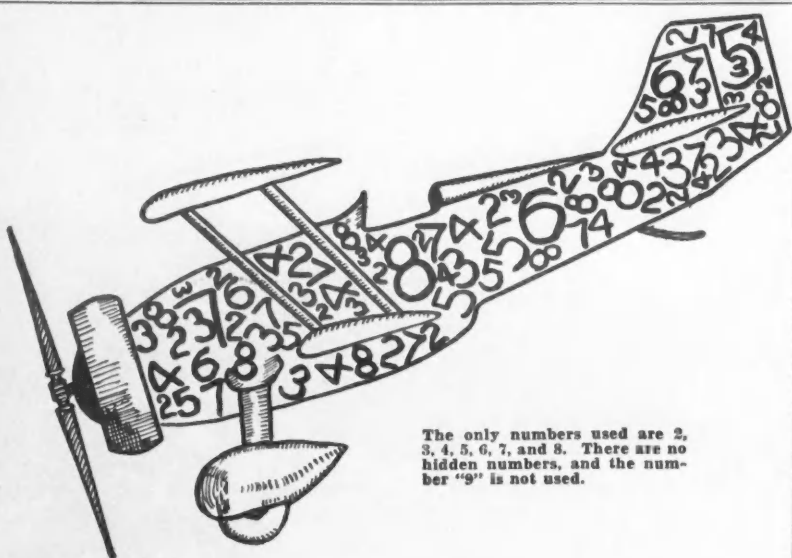


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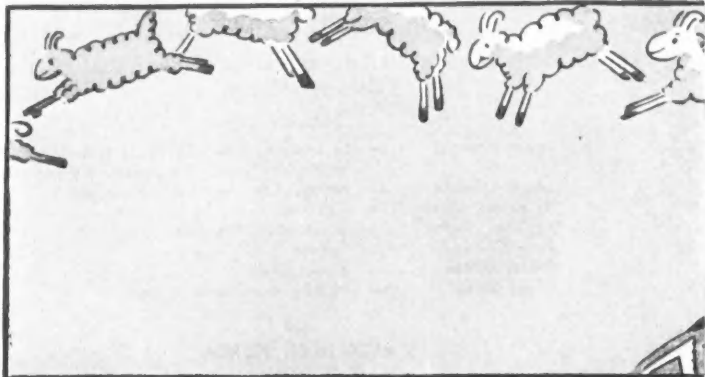
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MAB. C.



THE DREAMLESS RABBIT

THE RABBIT sat up in bed and thumped his pillow crossly. He couldn't sleep—not one wink. First, he had tried lying on his back, looking at the ceiling. Then he attempted to lie on his face, but his nose got rather twisted that way. Then he counted sheep, grey woolly ones, but still his eyes stayed wide open. He poked Mrs. Rabbitt cautiously in her furry ribs, but she only snored the louder.

"I do wish that I could snore myself off into a dream," he sighed. "What a blessing it is to have a good constitution!"

"Constitution, fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Rabbit, popping her head up suddenly.

"You had onions and cheese for supper, how could you expect to get any sleep, let alone a dream. Now I had some nice hot cereal with a touch of lettuce, and look at me."

She tucked her ears back under the pillow and in a minute a fine loud snore broke the silence. Mr. Rabbit regarded her enviously, then pulled the covers up under his whiskers, only to toss and turn till the bedclothes tied themselves in knots under his ears and his hind paws grew chillier and chillier. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Surely there must be a dream, or a bit of sleep or something in the world somewhere," he complained bitterly to himself. "I've a good mind to start out and see if I can't find one somewhere."

He hopped out of bed, buttoned himself into a knitted vest, and with a last anxious glance at Mrs. Rabbit, who most certainly would have objected to his going out so early, slipped out of the back door, through the cedar swamp and down the road.

"I think," he muttered to himself, "that I'll try the town first; it's a sleepy sort of place anyway." He yawned prodigiously. "I could do with a nice dream, right this minute. My! I hope that somebody has them for sale or something."

He entered the cobblestone streets and hopped down to the square where the women

were already drawing pails of water at the fountain.

"It's the Rabbit, poor creature; give him a drink," said one, filling a bowl with water.

"I don't want a drink, thank you," said the Rabbit with dignity. "I'm a very poor sleeper and I'm out looking for a dream, a nice cosy dream that I can get into at ten o'clock and stay in all night. Do any of you know where I could find one?"

"He's daft," cried the woman. "Listen to him. A dream!"

The Rabbit sighed.

"I really mean it. My wife has the nicest dreams all night. She hardly ever wakes out of them, while I wiggle round the bed and thump the pillow. Oh, well, thanks all the same, I must be getting on." He hopped down the street looking in at all the store windows as he passed. Some books caught his eye and opening the door he popped his ears in politely.

"Would you by any chance have any dreams? I'm needing one badly." The little old man who kept the shop looked at him over his glasses.

"Can you read?" he enquired. "Because if you can, I've books that will certainly induce sleep."

"Of course I can," returned the rabbit indignantly. "I'll have you know that I'm a very well-read animal."

The old man climbed up a step ladder and came down with two musty volumes.

"Now here," he said, blowing the dust off them, "is a French grammar, and better still, here is a dictionary. Now I could almost guarantee the dictionary."

The Rabbit pawed them over doubtfully.

"I might take the dictionary. It really isn't what I wanted at all. You see I thought you might sell me a proper little dream. Everyone has them at nights but me."

The old bookseller shook his head.

"You might try a druggist," he suggested. But the Rabbit sniffed as he fumbled for some change in his vest pocket.



"Would you by any chance have any dreams? I'm needing one badly."

The Scarlet Pimpernel

(Continued from page 81)

The device was—the Scarlet Pimpernel! Marguerite almost dropped to the floor as the terrible realization came to her. She turned to run, calling wildly for the servants, but as she did so one of them entered with a letter. It was from Chauvelin, brief and to the point.

"My lady," it read, "I have at last discovered the identity of the Scarlet Pimpernel. Tomorrow I shall catch him; and true to my word I present you now with the note that would have sent your brother to the guillotine. You have saved him."

Marguerite, white as a sheet, turned to the messenger who had come with the note. "Where is Monsieur Chauvelin?" she asked.

"Madame, he left for France this morning."

Hurrying, scurrying frenziedly, Marguerite rushed to the house of Sir Andrew Ffoulkes. In brief, panting words she told him of her discovery and of the deadly peril in which Percy stood.

"Wh-where is he?" she demanded.

"Gone to Boulogne," said Sir Andrew.

"To—save Armand?"

"Yes, and De Tournay. They're both in prison there."

Marguerite's mouth set. "I'm going to him," she said. "I must warn him—or die with him."

Sir Andrew nodded. "I'll go with you," he said. "There are ten of us in England here, the rest in France—"

"I'll save Percy," said Marguerite through set teeth, "if I have to kill Chauvelin myself. Or I'll go to the guillotine with him!"

BOULOGNE. The trap set. Armand and De Tournay in prison there, and Chauvelin waiting, waiting, for the Scarlet Pimpernel.

The town is in an uproar, all agog for the Englishman's capture. Every stranger is suspect, old or young, man or woman, for who knows what disguise this devil of an *anglais* will adopt next?

Chauvelin sits there, waiting, waiting. And then one of his spies runs in.

"They have escaped—from the prison—Armand St. Just and De Tournay!" he babbles.

"What!" Chauvelin leaps up. "How—where—where are the jailers?"

"Missing!"

A man runs in. "Citizen Chauvelin! Citizen Chauvelin!"

"Who are you?"

"A jailer from the prison."

Chauvelin leaps at him. "So! You're one of them! I'll—"

The man drops to his knees. "It was no fault of mine, citizen! The others would have killed me if I hadn't taken the money to free those accursed aristocrats. But I'm a good patriot, citizen—and I'm not losing my head if I can help it. I've got information, too, that'll save yours."

"What?"

"The Scarlet Pimpernel promised to find us all jobs in England. We're to meet him at ten o'clock. . . . at the Lion d'Or—"

"At the Lion d'Or—"

Chauvelin's fury changes to a sly, thoughtful smile. The trap is set again.

THE LION D'OR was a little fisherman's tavern by the shore. In front of it, the beach with its tumbling waves—and outside, a fishing-boat from England, with Marguerite, Ffoulkes and the rest. They are waiting for a signal—a signal from the landlord, Brogard, who is in Percy's pay. By the wave of a lantern he is to signify "Danger" or "All safe!"

It comes: "All safe!"

"Put me ashore," says Marguerite.

A purse of gold convinces Brogard that she has business with the Pimpernel, and she sits to wait by the fire. But she is hardly there, when there is a sound outside. Chauvelin and his soldiers have surrounded the inn.

"Quick—to the attic!" hisses Brogard, and Marguerite runs hastily aloft.

Chauvelin stamps in. "Citizen Brogard—under arrest!" he snaps. "Betraying the Republic, helping the enemies of France, harboring a gang of dangerous criminals—"

He ticked off a string of charges on his fingers, while Brogard stared at him hopelessly. At last Chauvelin whipped round on him.

"You've one chance," he snarled, "or I'll hang you on your own sign out there. What time is the leader of your gang coming here?"

"T-ten o'clock!"

"How does he know it's safe? What's the signal?"

"A lantern in the attic window, waved up and down for danger, across when all's clear."

Chauvelin thrust him aside. "Come on, sergeant!" he said, and together they ascended the rickety stairs. From the door they saw Marguerite. She was holding a candle and moving it rapidly up and down before the dark pane.

Chauvelin laughed. "That is the wrong signal, Lady Blakeney," he said. "Let me try."

He began to wave the candle to and fro across the window.

"A quarter to ten," he said, glancing at his watch. "This will bring him—the damned elusive Pimpernel."

DOWNSTAIRS, as ten struck, a man in priest's garb sat over the fire—Chauvelin—listening to an approaching whistle of "God save the king." The door was opened and Blakeney stood in it.

"Good evening, Monsieur Chauvelin," he said ironically. "How nice of you to wait up for me. I had no idea, by the way, you were in—holy orders."

Chauvelin slammed down the book he was reading. "Enough of that!" he said. "The game's up. All the trumps are in my hands—this house surrounded by soldiers—"

A man slipped quietly in, with a pistol. He thrust it into Chauvelin's back.

"Thank you, Wilnot," said Blakeney. "Just in time. Are the others aboard—St. Just and De Tournay?"

"Yes."

"Splendid!" Blakeney reached out and took the pistol. "All right; you get to the ship, too. I'll be joining you in a minute, after I've finished with our friend here."

Wilnot went out, and Blakeney faced the Frenchman. Chauvelin was smiling to himself.

"And still," he said, "I have all the trumps in my hand. Upstairs there, under arrest, there is a woman—"

Percy stared at him, in swift realization of Marguerite's presence—and peril.

"Is the game up, Sir Percy?" Chauvelin asked quietly. "Is this the last adventure?"

Blakeney folded his arms. "I—give up, Chauvelin!" he said. "What next?"

Chauvelin grinned. "There is a firing squad outside," he said.

Sir Percy nodded. "And my wife?"

"Don't be alarmed," said Chauvelin. "I don't want her life. She's free, the moment you die."

Blakeney threw the pistol on the table. "I'll make a bargain with you," he said. "Get her out of this—to the ship—now, and I'll walk in front of that firing party of yours."

Chauvelin gave an order and Marguerite was brought down. At sight of Percy, she turned deadly pale.

"I—I wanted to give my life to save you. Forgive me, Percy."

Blakeney laughed. "It's nothing, my dear. I'm in no danger," he said gallantly.

"Percy—" Marguerite faltered. "I—I want to die with you."

She fell in a faint and Percy caught her. He motioned to Chauvelin.

"Take her out while she's still uncon-

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- Baked pie shell (8-inch)

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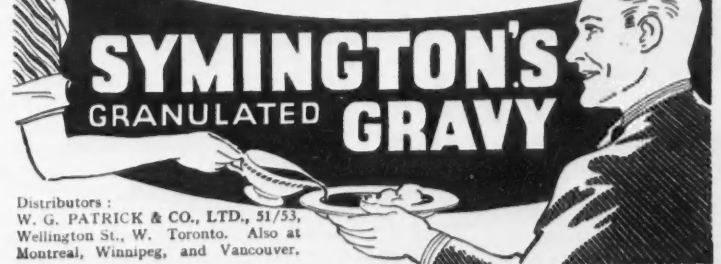
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Full length or Ankle length

Children's Knitted Socks

by
MARY E. SIEBURTH



Child's Socks

Materials: 2 Ounces cream 4-ply fingering

1 Ounce yellow fingering
2 Balls mercerized darning cotton, 3-strand

1 Set No. 12 steel needles
1 Set No. 13 steel needles

Measurements: Length of leg to heel, 10½ inches
Length of foot, 7½ inches for longer if required.

Directions!

The No. 12 needles are used for casting on only, the socks being worked on the No. 13. Using the Cream Visylka and No. 12 needles, cast on 60 sts, 20 on each of three needles. Change to No. 13 by knitting in one needle at a time. Knit the top in rib or k. 1, p. 1, bringing up the silk not in use at the back of the work, and using as required.

2 Rounds cream; 5 Rounds yellow
1 Round cream; 5 Rounds yellow
2 Rounds cream; 1 Round yellow
2 Rounds cream; 5 Rounds yellow
1 Round cream; 5 Rounds yellow
3 Rounds cream;

Break off the yellow thread and leave end to darn in later.

Now knit in plain knitting, keeping the last stitch in the 3rd needle for the back seam. Knit this one purl. Continue in this way for 20 rounds.

Next Round:

K. the first 2 st tog. K. to the last three sts in round; k. 2 tog., p. 1; knit 5 rounds without decreasing. Continue these 6 rounds three times more. In the 6th round after the last decrease * k. to the last 13 sts; join in the mercerized cotton, k. silk and cotton together for the next 26 sts, still keeping the back seam st in purl. Drop the mercerized thread to the back of work, and continue the remainder of the round as usual. Pick up the thread where it was joined in, and work the next 26 sts as in previous round. Continue like this, leaving cotton at back to work comfortably; work in this way for 18 rounds.

Heel:

Place the 26 heel sts on one needle; take 2 safety pins and clasp the other st, 13 on each pin. Work on the heel sts in alternate rows of purl and plain, slipping the first st in every row; discontinue back seam stitch. Work for 25 rows ending with a purl row, and shape for the heel as follows: Sl. 1, k. 15, sl. 1, k. 1, pass the sl. st over the knitted st, turn. * Sl. 1, p. 7, p. 2 tog., turn; sl. 1, k. 7, sl. 1, k. 1, pass the sl. st over the knitted one; turn. Repeat from * until all the stitches are knitted on to one needle. Break off mercerized cotton.

Take a needle and slip off five of the heel sts. With the needle on which the other heel sts are on, knit up 13 sts from the side of heel, place the instep sts carefully back on a spare needle and knit.

Pick up the 13 heel stitches on the other side, on the needle on which the other 5 stitches are and knit.

Next Round:

Knit to the last 3 sts on first needle; k. 2 tog., k. 1; second needle knit plain; third

needle k. 1, k. 2 tog., knit to the end of the needle. Next round knit plain. Repeat these two rounds three times more.

Continue in plain knitting for 43 rounds; if longer foot is required knit extra length here.

Toe:

Starting from the middle of the sole, knit to the last 3 sts on needle; k. 2 tog., k. 1; join in the mercerized cotton and knit both together for remainder of sock.

Second Needle:

K. 1, k. 2 tog., knit to the last 3 sts, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

Third Needle:

K. 1, k. 2 tog., knit to the end of the needle.

Second and third rounds knit plain. Repeat these 3 rounds three times more.

First needle knit plain, second needle k. 1, k. 2 tog., for entire round; place the sts on 3rd and 1st needles on one; graft the sts together, thus:

Grafting Toe:

To join two pieces of knitting without a ridge, proceed in the following way. Have an equal number of sts on two needles, with the wool at the right-hand side, having the right side of work toward you. Thread the wool in a wool needle; *insert the wool needle as if for knitting into the first st of the front needle, draw it through the st and slip it off the needle. Insert the wool needle as if to purl into the second st of the front needle, draw the wool through and let the st remain on the needle. Passing the wool needle under the first needle, insert the wool needle as if to purl in the first st of the back needle, draw the wool through the st and slip it off the needle. Insert the wool needle, as if to knit, into the 2nd st on the back needle, draw the wool through and let the st remain on the needle. Bring the wool forward on the needle and repeat from * until all sts are worked off. Turn sock inside out and darn in the end. This resembles a row of plain knitting.

Darn in the ends of silk, cut the mercerized thread through the centre of the heel sts, and tie 2 strands together, securing all strands in this manner.

Work another sock in the same way.

Ankle-Sock: Child 5-6 Years

Materials: 3 Ounces cream fingering (makes 2 pairs)
Few yards of contrasting color

Cast on 60 sts as directed for the preceding sock. Knit the cuff, k. 1, p. 1, as follows:

2 Rounds cream; 3 Rounds yellow
1 Round cream; 3 Rounds yellow
3 Rounds cream; 1 Round yellow
3 Rounds cream; 3 Rounds yellow
1 Round cream; 3 Rounds yellow
4 Rounds cream; Break off the yellow.

Turn the work inside out, and start knitting in the opposite way; that is, you will now be knitting along the needle you have just knitted. Knit this round plain, decreasing 8 sts, as follows:

K. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 6, k. 2 tog., throughout entire round. Continue in the rib for 23 rounds; in the 24th round follow the directions from * in the preceding sock.

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106

No. 106 — Let the blouse or the contrasting collar and bow bring a gay note to your costume. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39 inch material.



1526

No. 1526 — A charming and unusual blouse which features a vest-front and raglan sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 35 inch contrasting.



107

No. 107 — A loose, full-sleeved blouse that is admirably suited to afternoon wear. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

SECRETS OF A VARIED WARDROBE

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scious," he said. "My boat should be at the point now. And then—I'm at your service." He stooped and kissed Marguerite. "Good-by, my sweet; it's good to know that you love me, even a little."

Inside the inn, Chauvelin alone. He is listening intently.

Outside, sharp orders. "Ready!"

"Present!"

"Fire!"

A ragged roll of musketry. Chauvelin heaves a sigh of relief and begins to tear off his priest's soutane. The door opens behind him.

"Finished?" he calls, without looking.

A voice—Blakeney's voice—ringing, cheerful, full of mockery: "I'm so sorry, Chauvelin. I had to come back for my hat." He takes it and puts it on jauntily. "It's such a demned good hat, y'know."

Chauvelin gazes at him a wild instant, as if he had seen a ghost. "Seize him!" he babbles.

Soldiers filed in, Percy laughed again.

"Always so impulsive, my dear Monsieur Chauvelin," he says. "You see—this is my firing party. Allow me to present Ffoulkes, Dewhurst, Hastings—but there, you know them already."

He made a gesture toward the floor. "You look rather excited, Chauvelin. I think you need cooling down, so—"

They raised a trap in the floor leading to the cellar, and thrust the stupefied Chauvelin into it. Then, rolling a heavy barrel over it, they went out into the night.

THE COAST of England was in sight. Percy and Marguerite, hand in hand, stood in the ship's bow.

"Are we really free, Percy?" Marguerite asked.

Her husband laughed. "Not you, darling. Chauvelin said you'd be free the moment I die. It won't be a moment sooner—"

Marguerite leaned her head against his coat. Together they watched the cliffs of England grow clearer against the night.

The Dreamless Rabbit

(Continued from page 83)

but the Rabbit did not even stop to listen.

"An old woman, a poppy field—that shouldn't be hard to find." He wrinkled his pink nose and started up the hillside. Reaching the top, he stood on his hind legs and peered from side to side as far as he could see. There was no sign of a little woman or of a little house, but there below him, in the valley, stretched a carpet of red, a field of poppies blowing in the sunshine.

"Now where do you suppose the little old lady is?" he wondered to himself, and as if in answer to the unspoken question, a funny old person with a bunch of poppies and a pair of scissors appeared from nowhere at all. The Rabbit bowed politely and held out a furry paw.

"Good day to you," he said genteelly.

The old lady looked at him with mild interest.

"Good dreams," she answered. "And what might you be doing so far from home?"

The Rabbit sighed heavily.

"Dear old fairy—for you are one, aren't you? I heard that you sold dreams. Now I am, without exception, the most sleepless Rabbit that ever hopped the earth. I simply can't catch a dream at nights. I lie awake and it is very trying because my wife is such a good sleeper. I would be most grateful if you could sell me one. I could pay a little money down and the rest in installments. We bought our furniture that way."

"Dreams are not furniture. I do not sell mine. They are gifts," said the old fairy gently. "But what kind of a dream did you want?"

"Oh, just a nice restful one," said the Rabbit rather hopelessly.

"Would you like a nice one about your wife?" asked the old lady, but the Rabbit turned quite pale around his whiskers.

"Good gracious, no! You see," he added apologetically, "I live with Mrs. Rabbit all day. It's a little too much to have to dream about her all night, too."

"I have some nice ones tucked away in my cupboard," continued the old fairy. "Now, if you were only a little boy, I could give you a lovely one, all about skates and squirrels and snowballs. Or if you were a young girl, I have an exceptionally nice one about a prince; but you being a Rabbit, makes things very difficult. What do you generally have for supper?" she added.

"Oh, a bit of bread and cheese and a Spanish onion," said the Rabbit airily, but the old fairy shook her head.

"No dream of mine would visit you after

such a repast. Now, a little hot porridge or some such cereal would be better. Mine are dreams, you know, not nightmares."

"I hate porridge—hot heavy stuff; sticks to my whiskers. Do I have to have it?" grumbled the Rabbit, as the old fairy began to fade into the poppy field, nodding sleepily as she went.

"Certainly," she called back, "a good bowlful."

"Hot cereal," muttered the Rabbit indignantly. "I shan't like that for supper."

HE HOPPED homeward, down the hill on the other side, along by the wood and the dusty highway, through the town again, till at last at dark, very footsore, he limped wearily into the cedar swamp where he lived.

"Now where on earth have you been?" enquired Mrs. Rabbit crossly. "You look quite moth-eaten and dusty. I've had your cereal ready this last hour waiting for you." "I've been all over the country," answered the Rabbit, hanging his vest up on a near-by twig, "looking for a dream."

"A dream," gasped Mrs. Rabbit, pausing as she hopped around the kitchen. "Did you find one?"

"Well, not exactly," said the Rabbit, looking with distaste at the steaming bowl of porridge that his dutiful wife was placing before him, "but I found an old fairy that gives them away. I was willing to pay her a bit too, but she's promised me one for nothing." He frowned as the steam reached his quivery nose.

"Can't I have a salad instead of this stuff?" but Mrs. Rabbit shook her ears severely.

"If you ate good food like this every night, you wouldn't need to go wandering round, looking for a dream." The Rabbit took up a big spoon and tried a spoonful. It wasn't so very bad, so he had another and then another of the steaming cereal and began to feel quite pleasantly sleepy.

His big spoon grated against the bottom of the tin bowl, and soon he could see the reflection of his furry face appearing vaguely on the shining surface—a pair of grey whiskers and a quivering pink nose.

As he lazily watched, a little shadow no bigger than his paw crept its way across the mirror, and stretched and stretched till it reached the edge of the bowl. Up it slipped, unfolding and curling around him, like a sleepy cloud, and the Rabbit, leaning back on his pillow, closed his eyes happily.

"My little dream," he whispered to himself, "and at the bottom of the porridge bowl. Who ever would have thought of finding it there? Wasn't it luck that I finished the stuff? The old fairy was right after all. It was nice of her not to forget. What a big field of poppies she lived in, all blowing in the wind. How sweet. . . how very sweet. . . they. . . smell. . ."

The Rabbit's whiskers drooped sideways, his pink nose twitched sideways and was still. He was tucked up cozily in the middle of his little dream, fast asleep.

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No. 1225 — The tiny, stand-up collar and pointed lapels are signatures to this spring's fashion. The knee-length coat is certain of another season's popularity. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 54 inch material.

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Advance Views



No. 103



NYMPH AT EVENING

No. 103 — Evening frocks for spring and summer are going to go all-chiffony and nymph-like. This version is an exquisite blend of simplicity and sophistication. The pattern includes a smart overblouse. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.

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*CROCHETED
BARETTE
STITCH
BLOUSE No. 122

This Vogue
for HAND CROCHET

Smartly flattering are those chic crocheted things so highly favored by fashion—things that you yourself can crochet easily. Make them with J. & P. Coats' Mercer-Crochet, the dainty, evenly spun threads of lasting, lustrous color. Black, white, ecru, linen and lovely pastels—at your favorite store.

The coupon below will bring you literature and instructions for crocheting the very newest designs.



*PLEATED CROCHET
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An alluring creation fashioned with J. & P. Coats' Mercer-Crochet white.

*CROCHETED JABOT
No. 65
A smart accessory made with J. & P. Coats' Mercer-Crochet light cream.



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Made in Canada by the
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*The Canadian Spool Cotton Co., Ltd.,
Dept., X-39, P.O. Box 519, Montreal, P.Q.

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Please send FREE instruction leaflets for crocheting articles illustrated (). Illustrated instruction leaflet for Empire Medallion Tea Cloth, 2c. (). I enclose 10c for Book No. 30, "Your Home and its Decoration" (). Check literature you want.

Name.....
Address.....

GETTING THEM READY FOR EASTER

No. 683 — A little boy's suit of jacket, trousers and blouse — simple and very manly looking. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54 inch and $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35 inch material.

No. 436 — There's nothing quite so charming as the round, smocked yoke for a little girl. This pattern also includes panties. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 39 inch material.

No. 465 — Her Easter suit consists of frock with contrasting yoke and pleated skirt, worn with a Norfolk jacket. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54 inch and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.



Chatelaine Patterns
Price 15 cents

No. 160 — An unusual shoulder-line, seamed to form imitation shoulder-capes, contributes to the charm of this frock. Sleeveless, it is an ideal frock for summer. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 years. Size 12 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 149 — Pyjamas for the 'tween-age girl or for her older sister. These are particularly graceful, with their flared trouser-legs and fluttering sleeves. Sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 15 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 35 inch material.



These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering Patterns name the number and size of the style desired.



ALL that you ever liked in a tomato is yours in Heinz tomato products. Nothing is missing of the rich summer sunshine which Heinz tomatoes have been storing up for your winter enjoyment.

Heinz Tomato Juice is the *pure juice*. It is pressed from luscious tomatoes at the height of their glorious red-ripeness. Except for a pinch of salt it is unaltered. Earth, sun and dew perfected its flavour, and gave its health-giving vitamins.

You get the same unequalled, true tomato taste in every tomato product Heinz makes: Ketchup . . . Chili Sauce . . . Cream of Tomato Soup. This is because Heinz kitchens are close to the fields where

Heinz tomatoes are grown, from pedigreed seed. From garden to kitchen, to bottle or tin, is only a matter of a few hours.

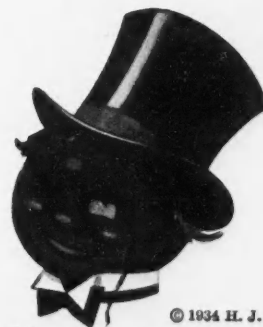
With these tomato aristocrats Heinz blends only the finest ingredients. In the ketchup—Heinz own distilled and aged vinegars, pure cane sugar and spices searched out in the Orient by Heinz trained buyers, are used. No Chili Sauce can taste quite like Heinz for the same reason. In Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup there is fresh, sweet, thick cream. Everything Heinz makes is pure in colour and flavour. Serve reminders of summer's sunniest days—treat your family to Heinz Tomato Products often. Prices are low.

H. J. HEINZ CO., Toronto. Plant established at Leamington, Canada, 1909.

Heinz Pickles
Heinz India Relish

Heinz Evaporated Horse Radish
Heinz Soups—16 kinds

Heinz
Tomato
Products



© 1934 H. J. Heinz Co

Talk about your
Aristocracy!





LIVE—AND LET LIVE

.. by preventing disease

.. by stopping slaughter

H. NAPIER MOORE

SO MANY really nice people are scared away from print by the presence of names they cannot confidently pronounce that I begin by suggesting that you would undoubtedly be interested in news of a communist state demanding of its people that all sickly babies be at once done away with and that all young maidens walk about the streets stark naked.

Now, perhaps, I can bring in Lycurgus, who actually did impose those obligations on citizens of the ancient Greek state of Sparta.

Under the code of Lycurgus, every citizen belonged to the state, not only spiritually but bodily. Unhealthy new-born children were destroyed. At the age of seven, all boys became the charges of government institutions, and, through courses in gymnastics, dancing, ball games and feeding, were physically trained to be perfect soldiers. Girls were, by law, compelled to appear naked at all public functions, not only that their bodies might be hardened, but to guard against any affectedness that pretty clothes might develop.

It was the practice of all Greeks to keep themselves fit. They knew that one cannot possess a healthy mind if the body is ailing. The Spartans went further. They counted a healthy citizenry as a military necessity and an economic essential. Communism more extreme than Lenin ever dreamed wrecked their state. But their devotion to health gave the English language an adjective. "Spartan—heroically brave and enduring."

IN CANADA, being much more advanced than the Ancient Greeks, what have we done up to now?

In time of war we went to no end of trouble and expense to keep our troops healthy. They were inoculated against every conceivable infection. They were examined regularly. That was military necessity.

In time of peace, what of the economic and humanitarian necessities?

Approximately 180,000 Canadians are continuously on the sick list. Adding individual expense and the loss of working days, statisticians tell us that the cost of sickness to the country is about \$1,311,000,000 a year—three times the annual cost to Canada of the Great War

On prevention and cure we have spent some \$51,406,000 a year—maintaining public hospitals, sanatoria and asylums. That doesn't include private medical and nursing costs or philanthropic expenditures. But it's the extent of what might be called our national assault on disease.

NOW PARLIAMENT has passed a resolution instructing the Dominion Government to adopt an active health policy in co-operation with the provinces, a resolution supported by medical members.

What can such a policy, properly carried out, achieve?

Edward Jenner's discovery of the effects of vaccination conquered smallpox because it guarded healthy people from infection.

Periodic examination of people before they are laid low would prevent a lot of them from being laid low. Detection of disease in its incipient stages makes cures possible.

Apply that thought to cancer, which kills as many as 9,578 Canadians in one year; to heart disease, which has claimed as many as 13,734 Canadian lives in one year; to tuberculosis, which kills some 7,500 Canadians every year.

Apply it to the more than 1,100 Canadian mothers who have died each year in child-birth.

IF CONCRETE examples of the value of health machinery are needed, twenty-one years ago the terrible toll of syphilis, which deals death, disability and insanity, brought about Dominion co-operation with the provinces and provincial co-operation with municipalities. Since then, an expenditure of \$5,000,000 has resulted in 400,000 persons being brought under treatment and in a material reduction in the number of hospital and institutional beds being used for this and kindred maladies.

THERE ARE some 10,000 students in Canadian universities. But there are 25,000 patients in our insane asylums at public expense. Municipalities and governments endow our educational institutions as an investment in those who will be

tomorrow's nation. What of an investment in disease prevention on the same basis?

THAT IS the idea back of the promotion of a national health programme. The Ministers of Health of all the provinces are on record as being alive to the necessity of co-operation. There need be no delay in carrying it into effect.

Co-operation between Dominion and Provincial governments being secured, there still remains the question of public co-operation. It's a weird thought, but the person who will rush an automobile to a garage the moment he hears a knock in the engine hasn't half as much consideration for his or her own physical machinery.

Contemplation of facts such as those set out above should surely abolish apathy.

COUPLED WITH a national health programme there ought to be a national Anti-Slaughter campaign to reduce the disgraceful death and injury toll exacted by the careless and reckless driving of motor cars on our highways and city streets.

In Parliament, Thomas L. Church has proposed a Government enquiry into the increasing number of automobile fatalities and accidents, with the stiffening of penalties under the Criminal Code for those guilty of negligence.

Why not write a letter to Mr. Church and give him your support? Let him know that you, for one, do not share what seems to be an unexplainable apathy of the public toward massacres on the road.

Were as many people shot down by gangsters as are killed by imbecile drivers, there would be a public outcry.

Few of the past year's fatalities have been due to "accident." Practically all of them could have been avoided had one person or another acted with the caution born of ordinary common-sense.

If the instincts of courtesy and consideration vanish from a person the moment he or she takes control of a powerful machine that one slip may make an instrument of death, then they must be replaced by fear of swift and telling punishment.

\$1,000.00 FIRST PRIZE

for naming this lovely digestible CRISCO PIE

1034 OTHER PRIZES

\$500 2ND PRIZE **\$100 4TH PRIZE**
\$250 3RD PRIZE **\$50 5TH PRIZE**
 10 PRIZES, \$10 EACH · 20 PRIZES, \$5 EACH
 AND 1000 SILVER-PLATED SERVERS

*Send your entry with outside wrapper
 from 3-lb. can of Crisco*

Just put on your thinking-cap for 5 minutes. And you may light on the perfect name for this perfect Crisco pie. Isn't that an easy way to win \$1000—or one of the other cash prizes? Try it. Of course, it's easier to find a pat name if you make the pie, exactly as the recipe reads, with Crisco, the digestible vegetable shortening. Then it will be wholesome for everyone in the family—even the youngsters!

This is Winifred Carter speaking!

I'd like to introduce myself because I go over all the Crisco recipes that you read—yes, and name them, too! I really love to do it. I think a recipe name should sound tempting or descriptive, don't you? I remember what fun it was to christen "Chocolate Sundae Pie" and "Dinner in a Dish." And you'll find the whole family helping you after they've tasted this luscious pie!

If anyone is afraid of pie—

Many people say they can't eat ordinary pie. But, as one woman put it, "I felt as if I had discovered America when I found I could eat Crisco pies with digestive comfort." That's because Crisco pastry is crispy, flaky and quick-digesting! Of course, the whole secret is Crisco itself—it's creamed and creamed out of pure vegetable oils until it's light and velvety. It doesn't overtax the stomach!

Crisco features at your grocer's!

Grocers feature the 3-lb. can of Crisco—it's the truly economical size to buy. It costs you less than three 1-lb. cans. Plenty of wholesome Crisco in this generous size to help you make many lovely fluffy cakes, light pastry and crisp fried foods! Crisco makes everything taste good because it's so sweet and fresh. It's specially made to keep that way for weeks—without refrigeration, too! Do save the outside wrapper from the 3-lb. can to send in with your name—so you'll be in line to win a wonderful cash prize!

WINIFRED S. CARTER

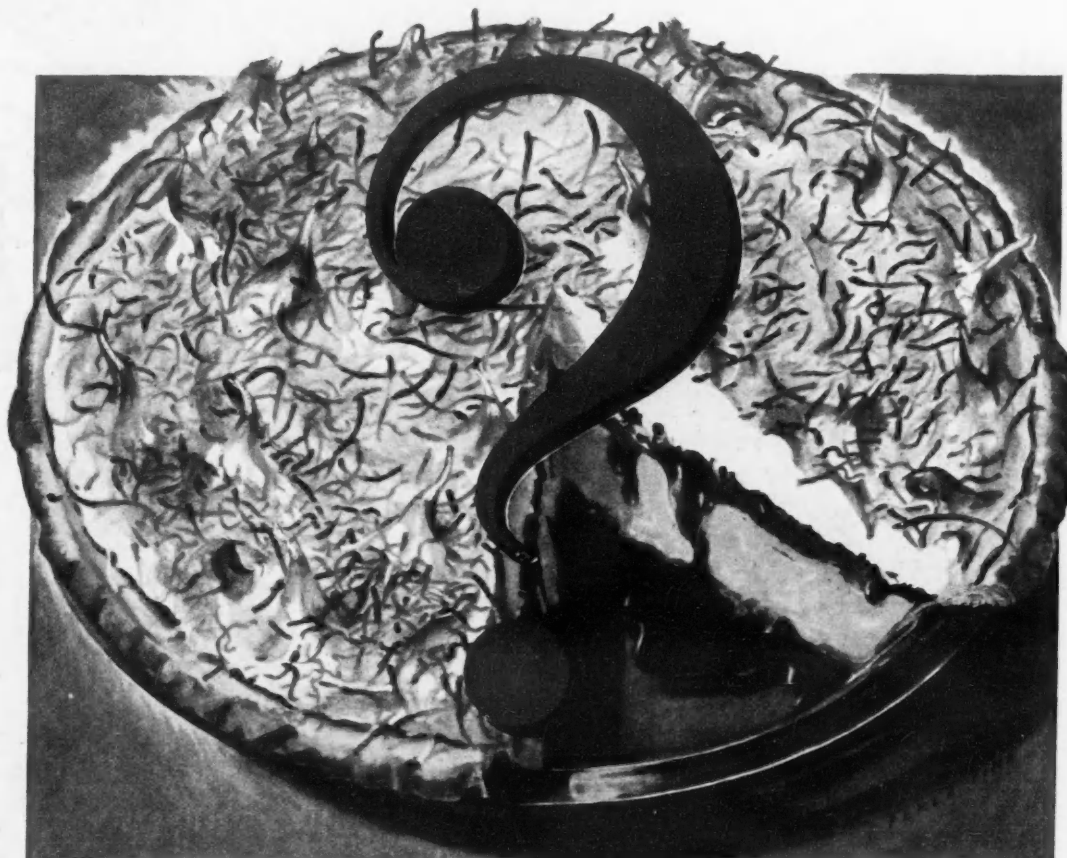
MADE IN CANADA

CRISCO

REGISTERED TRADEMARK



digests quickly



\$1000 FIRST PRIZE FOR NAMING THIS PIE

2 cups milk 3 eggs (separated)
 ½ cup sugar ½ teaspoon vanilla
 ½ teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon lemon flavoring
 4 tablespoons cornstarch 1 cup grated coconut
 ½ cup currant jelly or strawberry jam

Heat milk in top of double boiler. Mix sugar, salt, cornstarch. Add slowly to hot milk, stirring constantly. Stir and cook over boiling water about 10-15 min. Beat egg yolks. Stir into custard and cook two minutes. Remove from stove. Add flavorings and ½ cup of the coconut. Cool. Pour into a baked shell made of digestible Crisco pastry. (See recipe.) Spread top with jelly or jam. Cover with meringue made by beating 3 egg

whites stiff and adding 6 tablespoons finely granulated sugar. Sprinkle with remaining ½ cup coconut. Bake in low oven (300° F.) until coconut is lightly browned.

Digestible Crisco Pastry Shell: Sift 1½ cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in ½ cup Crisco (the digestible vegetable shortening) until in coarse flakes. Add 4 to 6 tablespoons ice-cold water, using as little as possible. (Chill pastry now, if you desire a very flaky, crisp texture.) Roll out on lightly floured board. Fit smoothly over inverted pie plate. Prick well with fork. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

Read these EASY Contest Rules

ALL YOU NEED TO DO:

1. Submit a name (one, or as many as you like) for the Crisco pie, recipe for which is given above. The simplest way to name the pie is to make up the recipe, and to serve the pie to your family. They'll help you name the pie.

2. Write your suggested name, or names, clearly on one side of a sheet of plain paper.

3. Put your name, address and name and address of your grocer at the top of each sheet you send in.

4. Attach to your entry an outside wrapper from a 3-lb. can of Crisco or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

5. Mail your entry before midnight March 10th to:

CRISCO CONTEST, Dept. XCH-35, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

6. It is understood and agreed by entrants that any or all names submitted (and the names of the contestants) may be used by the makers of Crisco as they see fit in advertising and other publicity.

7. If two or more contestants submit a name which (in the opinion of the judges) shall be deserving of a prize, the full amount of that prize shall be given to each.

8. The judges of the contest will be:

Miss Sarah Field Splint, editor, Food Department, McCall's Magazine
 Miss Katharine Fisher, director, Good Housekeeping Institute
 Miss Alice Blinn, associate editor, Ladies' Home Journal

9. The decision of the judges shall be final.